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HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS

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PREFACE.

The present volume, 30, of the publications of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society takes the place of the original number left for general index, and is made up of papers read at the annual meetings of the Society in 1903 and 1904. The delay in printing of these has been occasioned by the presentation in consecutive form of the valuable Cadillac papers contained in volumes 33 and 34. It was deemed best by the officers of the Society to have the important original documents relating to the earliest settlements in Michigan, and to the founding of Detroit more than two centuries ago, prepared and published complete before printing the more miscellaneous matter now offered.

Volume 31 contains the proceedings of the annual meeting of the Society for the year 1901, and each subsequent volume the report for that year. This book, therefore, has no such details or necrological record as it was not printed until after the four succeeding volumes. It would have been unwise to omit this number entirely, and no better use could have been made of the material thus accumulated. With this explanation the apparent discrepancy of presenting papers that were prepared and read after the year naturally indicated by the number of the volume in which they appear is made plain. The forty-four separate articles in this book, on a great variety of topics, are of more than ordinary historical and pioneer interest and value. At the beginning, we have The Boundaries of Michigan, by Prof. Claude S. Larzelere, illustrated by nine maps which show the changes made and proposed, and is of permanent value. The references given indicate thorough research and competent work. George H. Cannon gives another phase of Michigan's Boundaries with Wisconsin. As we read about them we wonder how it happened that anything was left to the State after slicing off great tracts of land on the south and west. Leaves from an Old Time Journal from a chainman with the surveying party on the Wisconsin border continues the same subject.

Mecosta County and its Hub, by Miss Ella J. Ramsdell, presents the

beginning and growth of that county and Big Rapids; Judge C. C. Fuller follows with Pioneer Days in Mecosta County from his experiences—reveries suggestive of a cozy nook, a cheerful fire and good company.

The Moravians in Michigan, by John E. Day, outlines the persecution of these saints of the early time. The Moravians in Detroit, by C. M. Burton, president of this Society, is a specimen of the thorough work that always characterizes Mr. Burton's historical research.

Seventy Years of Michigan, by L. D. Watkins, mirrors the life of a busy man who came to the territory in 1834, and who lives on the farm his father bought of the government that year, three generations of the family now occupying it.

A paper on Dr. John J. Bigsby has an introduction by State Geologist, Dr. A. C. Lane, of the life and work of this man. The Geography and Geology of Lake Huron which follows is from one of Dr. Bigsby's books which is now out of print.

An article on William Burnett, by Edward S. Kelley, narrates the life and work of a pioneer trader and home builder who married an Indian woman and whose descendants are among the most worthy citizens of Michigan. A sketch of Sullivan M. Cutcheon, by Charles Moore, presents the life and career of one of the worthiest men of our own times. "To know him was to love him."

In Evidences of Prehistoric Men on Lake Superior, John T. Reeder of Calumet refers to the earliest records. Mr. Reeder is clerk of the Tamarack Mining Co. and is a cultured gentleman, and an expert on Indian relics. Progress in Reformatory Work, by Lucius C. Storrs, secretary of the commission on corrections and charities, is a long jump from the remote past to the living present, and it makes one glad to live when conditions are made better and to know something of the people engaged in the work.

The Twentieth Michigan at Petersburg, by Gen. Byron M. Cutcheon, brings clearly to mind one of the great events of the civil war, which today seems more of a romance than a reality, and Michigan's important part in it.

Coming now to the papers of 1904, we have Old Keweenaw, by Rev. Joseph A. TenBroeck, who invites the reader to the Bay to hear the eternal swish of the restless waters, and read the quaint epitaphs in the churchyards. In Mrs. Mary A. Child's Reminiscences of Old Keweenaw, we have another turn of the kaleidoscope, with the same figures, and

central among them is John Senter of Houghton, whose biography finishes the history of this section.

Michigan State Rights, by Mrs. Anna Reid Knox of Sault Ste. Marie, tells of the narrow escape Michigan had from war over what is now one of the great utilitarian public works of this State and the United States —the "Soo" canal.

Indians of the Grand River Valley, by Dwight Goss dates back to the time of the Ottawas, the Potawatomies and the Chippewas, when white men hod-nobbed with Noonday, Sagenish and other primitive possessors of the soil.

The Pioneer Missionary, by a daughter, Mrs. Etta Smith Wilson, is suggestive of the great quantity of religion needed by the early ministers —and as to their wives, of such is the kingdom of saints uncrowned.

Men and Events in Congress by E. W. Barber relates to the latter part of the civil war and the period of reconstruction based on personal recollections.

"Le Pere Juste," (Father Joos), by Father O'Brien of Kalamazoo, is one of the portraitures of the early times in Michigan which would be lost were it not that a competent writer has presented them in a permanent historical record.

Yankee Springs, by Mrs. Mary E. Hoyt, was the name of a place that was well known to all the early settlers in Southwestern Michigan; it is a theme for wood violets and bursting buds; and these pages fairly revel in the newness of pioneer life. A brief sketch of William W. Gibbs by Dwight N. Lowell recalls a man who barely escaped being a genius.

Seals and Seals of Michigan, by Mrs. M. B. Ferrey, is profusely illustrated, and is an interesting account of the great seal of the State, and is worthy of a permanent place in the collections of this Society. Mrs. Ferrey is the efficient clerk of the Pioneer and Historical Society, and needs no further introduction. Dr. W. J. Beal of the Michigan Agricultural College illustrates very interestingly and humorously the changes exhibited in the different dies cut of Michigan's Coat of Arms.

Owosso, by Mrs. Mary E. Shout, and the Passing of the Old Town by Lucius E. Gould, present entertaining views of early events in Shiawassee County. Only those who knew of these periods can describe them.

Small Perils of History, by James V. Campbell, a distinguished judge of our independent supreme court shows the evolution of history and the mistakes that not only creep in but which are constantly being per-

petuated. The Old Bank of Michigan by Friend Palmer relates an interesting episode of early financial history.

Autobiographical Notes of E. Lakin Brown is the simple narrative of a good man's life, with some joys and many sorrows, some fame and much reward, quaintly and even diffusely told by one formerly well known in Michigan.

The history of Ascension Church at Ontonagon, by Hon. Alfred Meads gives a full report of the struggles of these pioneer members to build and after the disastrous fire to rebuild the edifice.

Michigan Journalism by William E. Quinby of the Detroit Free Press is devoted to editors of Detroit papers, among whom have been some of the noted journalists of the United States.

Legal Reminiscences by Judge Joseph Moore of the supreme court, is a careful summary of the bar of Oakland and Lapeer counties, with sparkles of humor and no malice, and optomistic views of the future.

Colleges, by Rev. W. B. Williams of Charlotte, presents some of the early struggles to establish institutions of learning, of which there were many failures.

From Vermont to Lake Superior in 1845, by George W. Thayer of Grand Rapids affords the reader an opportunity to compare the methods of travel sixty years ago with those of the present time, and indicates the wonderful progress that has been made during the actual careers of men now living. Other papers that occupy the closing pages of the volume, are Pioneer Memories by Robert Campbell of Jackson; the Autobiography of Captain John G. Parker of Ontonagon, which records the first shipment of copper through the "Soo" canal; Some Distinguished Women of Michigan by Helen V. Walker of Flint; Reminiscences of Ottawa's Settlers by W. M. Ferry formerly of Grand Haven and Democratic candidate for Governor of Michigan; Sketches of the remarkable life of Hon. Peter White so closely identified with the Upper Peninsula, one of the foremost makers of Michigan's prosperity and history are interspersed with quaint French-Canadian dialect poems. The lesson taught by this good man's life is one of the greatest incentives to ambition in boys of the present day, showing them what pluck, industry and principle may do for a man who has only these on which to rely.

Last but not least is a paper by Mrs. Thomas D. Gilbert of Grand Rapids on the "Soo," with fine pen pictures and artistic touches that hold the reader's attention.

Volume 30, therefore, as will be seen by this outline of its contents is almost entirely filled with pioneer sketches, which are worth preserving for the information they contain, and has more illustrations than any of its predecessors.

L. D. WATKINS, *Manchester, Chairman.*
EDWARD W. BARBER, *Jackson,*
EDWARD CAHILL, *Lansing,*
PETER WHITE, *Marquette,*
JUNIUS E. BEAL, *Ann Arbor,*
Committee of Historians.

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PAPERS READ AT THE MEETING OF THE SOCIETY IN 1903.

THE BOUNDARIES OF MICHIGAN.

BY PROF. CLAUDE S. LARZELERE.[1]

Many subjects of interest to the student of American history and government are to be found in connection with the "Territory of the United States Northwest of the Ohio." The question of the division of this extensive area and of the boundaries to be laid down arose at an early day and continued for many years to cause heated controversies. No part of our country offers a more fruitful field for a study of such questions.

From the first the idea prevailed that this western territory should be formed into States to be admitted to the Union in due time. A diversity of opinion arose as to the proper size of the contemplated States. The predominant idea at first was to make divisions much smaller than were ultimately formed. Thus we find a resolution of Congress as early as Oct. 10, 1780. "That the unappropriated lands that may be ceded or relinquished to the United States by any particular State . . . shall be settled and formed into distinct republican States, which shall become members of the Federal Union; . . . that each State which shall be so formed shall contain a suitable extent of territory, not less than one hundred nor more than one hundred and fifty miles square, or as near thereto as circumstances will permit."[2] At that time there was no reason for believing that the region beyond the Mississippi would ever be added to the

[1] Claude S. Larzelere was born in Iowa, 1866, but has been a resident of Michigan most of the time since he was an infant. He lived, as a boy and youth, at Quincy, Branch county, Mich. He was graduated from the Normal School at Ypsilanti in 1889, and was superintendent of schools at Lowell, Mich. from 1889-1893. He graduated from the University of Michigan in 1895. He became superintendent of schools at Jefferson, Ohio from 1895-1899. He attended Harvard University 1899-1900, receiving his M. A. degree in the latter year. Since 1900 he has been Professor of History, Central State Normal School, Mount Pleasant, Mich.

[2] Journal of Congress, VI, 146, 147.

United States, and the vastness of the territory which the States were about to relinquish was not realized, so that such a division would not appear to create an undue number of new States. Moreover, they would have about the average area of the Thirteen Commonwealths; for if each were made one hundred and twenty-five miles square, a medium of the resolution, this would give an area of 15,625 square miles, and six of the old States had a smaller extent and seven had a larger area.

When Virginia relinquished her claims to the lands northwest of the Ohio she adopted the foregoing proposition of Congress and inserted the condition in the deed that the territory should be divided into States not less than one hundred nor more than one hundred and fifty miles square.[1]

On June 5, 1873, Mr. Bland brought forward in Congress "an ordinance to accept conditionally the cession of Virginia, [the first proposed cession], and divide it into districts of two degrees of latitude by three degrees of longitude, . . . each district to be received into the Union as a 'sovereign' State, as soon as it could count 20,000 inhabitants. This pioneer ordinance for colonizing the territory northwest of the Ohio was seconded by Hamilton, and referred to a grand committee."[2] This was evidently the forerunner of Jefferson's plan.

Washington, as is well known, was greatly interested in the country beyond the Alleghanies. It is sometimes asserted that the first definite plan for the formation of new States in the West was made by him and that Jefferson got his idea on this subject from him.[3] This statement is somewhat stronger than the evidence would seem to warrant. Washington wrote to James Duane, a member of Congress from New York, Sept. 7, 1783, in regard to the Indian policy and settlement of the western country. In that letter he said: "From the best information and maps of that country it would appear that the territory from the mouth of the Great Miami River, which empties into the Ohio, to its confluence with the Mad River, thence by a line to the Miami fort and village on the other Miami River [Maumee], which empties into Lake Erie, and thence by a line to include the settlement of Detroit, would, with Lake Erie to the northward, Pennsylvania to the eastward, and the Ohio to the southward, form a government sufficiently extensive to fulfill all the public engagements, and

[1] Journals of Congress, IX, 48.
[2] Bancroft, Hist. of U. S., VI, 81, from Papers of the Old Congress, XXXVI, Mss.
[3] See Adams, Maryland's Influence on Western Cessions, Johns Hopkins University Studies, III, 41; Shosuke Sato, Land Question in U. S., J. H. U. Studies, IV, 81, 82, 86, 87.

to receive, moreover, a large population of emigrants; and to confine the settlement of the new State within these bounds would, in my opinion, be infinitely better, even supposing no dispute were to happen with the Indians, . . . than to suffer the same number of people to roam over a country of at least 500,000 square miles, contributing nothing to the support, but much, perhaps, to the embarrassment, of the Federal Government.

"Were it not for the purpose of comprehending the settlement of Detroit within the jurisdiction of the new government, a more compact and better shaped district for a State would be for the line to proceed from the Miami fort and village along the river of that name [Maumee] to Lake Erie; leaving in that case the settlement of Detroit, and all the territory north of the rivers Miami [Maumee] and St. Joseph's between the Lakes Erie, St. Clair, Huron, and Michigan to form hereafter another State equally large, compact, and water-bounded."[1]

It will be noticed that Washington suggested a State with limits closely resembling those of Ohio, and another to coincide approximately with the Lower Peninsula of Michigan.

A committee of Congress, of which Mr. Duane was chairman, reported upon Indian affairs in the western country, Oct. 15, 1783. The report said that Washington had been consulted and his ideas appear in the recommendation of the committee that a district of the western territory be erected into a distinct government, and that a committee be appointed to report a plan of government for such territory.[2]

A committee, with Jefferson at its head, was appointed, and reported a plan for the division and organization of the western territory. This report was adopted with some modifications, April 23, 1784, and is known as the Ordinance of 1784. This was never put into effect, being superseded by the more famous ordinance of three years later. Jefferson's plan as adopted by Congress provided:

"That so much of the territory ceded or to be ceded by individual States to the United States, as is already purchased or shall be purchased of the Indian inhabitants, and offered for sale by Congress, shall be divided into distinct States, in the following manner, as nearly as such cession will admit; that is to say, by parallels of latitude, so that each State shall comprehend from north to south, two degrees of latitude, beginning to count from the completion of 45° north of the equator; and by meridians of longitude, one of which shall pass through

[1] Sparks, Life and Writings of Washington, VIII, 483.
[2] Journals of Congress, XIII, 307.

the lowest point of the rapids of the Ohio, and the other through the western cape of the mouth of the Great Kanawha: but the territory eastward of this last meridian, between the Ohio, Lake Erie, and Pennsylvania, shall be one State whatsoever may be its comprehension of latitude. That which may be beyond the completion of the 45th degree between the said meridian, shall make part of the State adjoining it on the south: and that part of the Ohio, which is between the same meridians coinciding nearly with the parallel of 39° shall be substituted so far in lieu of that parallel as a boundary line."[1]

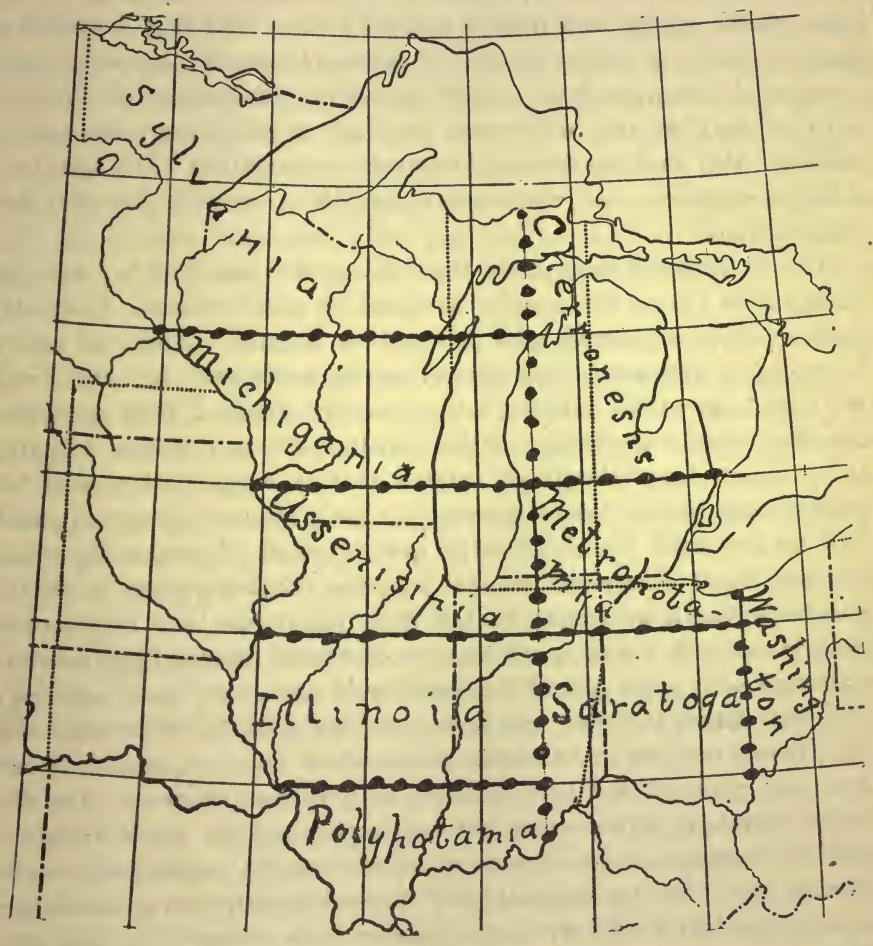
Mr. Jefferson had provided his territorial children with long classical names even before their birth, which Congress had the good sense to drop. The report, made in Jefferson's handwriting, provided:

"That the territory north of 45°, . . . and extending to the Lake of the Woods, shall be called Sylvania; that of the territory under the 45th and 44th degrees that which lies west of Lake Michigan shall be called Michigania; and that which is eastward thereof within the peninsula formed by the lakes . . . shall be called Cherronesus, and shall include any part of the peninsula which may extend above 45°. Of the territory under the 43d and 42d degrees, that to the westward, through which the Assenippi or Rock River runs, shall be called Assenisipia; and that to the east, in which are the fountains of the Muskingum, the two Miamis of Ohio, the Wabash, the Illinois, the Miami of the Lake, and the Sandusky Rivers, shall be called Metropotamia. Of the territory which lies under the 41st and 40th degrees, the western, through which the River Illinois runs, shall be called Illinoia; that next adjoining to the eastward, Saratoga; and that between this last and Pennsylvania, and extending from the Ohio to Lake Erie, shall be called Washington. Of the territory which lies under the 39th and 38th degrees, to which shall be added so much of the point of land within the fork of the Ohio and Mississippi as lies under the 37th, that to the west . . . shall be called Polypotamia; and that to the eastward, farther up the Ohio, shall be called Pelisipia."[2] It will be noticed that the larger part of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, northern Wisconsin, and a part of Minnesota, were to constitute the State of Sylvania; Michigania was to be west of Lake Michigan instead of east of it; the northern portion of the Lower Peninsula, and the eastern end of the Upper Peninsula were to be called Cherronesus; while the southern portion was to be included in the State of Metropotamia.

[1] Journals of Congress, IX, 109.
[2] Jefferson's Writings, III, 409.

If this had been carried out the present territory of Michigan would have been included in at least three different States.

In fixing the size of the contemplated States Jefferson did not depart materially from the provisions of the resolution passed by Congress, Oct. 10, 1780. The area of the region was not known accurately at that



JEFFERSON'S PLAN AS ADOPTED BY CONGRESS 1784. CONGRESS HOWEVER OMITTED THE NAMES.

time, but the divisions provided for in the Ordinance of 1784 would have been, on an average, only a little more than one hundred and fifty miles square.[1]

To the person fond of speculating upon historical "if's," it is in-

[1] Bancroft, History of U. S., VI, 116; Donaldson, Public Domain, 11.

teresting to contemplate what would be the number of States in our Union, today, if Jefferson's scheme had been followed and if it had been taken as a precedent in fixing the size of new States as the country expanded. How our history and government might have been affected the imaginative mind may ponder. The boundaries set forth in the Ordinance showed an almost total disregard for the natural features of the country and it soon became evident that such a system of small rectangular States would not be convenient in all cases. In a petition to Congress from people of the proposed State of Franklin south of the Ohio, they objected to the lines as laid down. The eastern meridian, they said, would separate several communities which naturally belonged together, and the western meridian would divide the Kentucky settlers.[1]

It is to James Monroe more than to any one else that we owe the change from a small-State policy to a plan for larger States. About this time he made a journey into the western country. After his return he wrote to Jefferson. "My several routes westward," he said, "with the knowledge of the country I have thereby obtained, have impressed me fully with a conviction of the impolicy of our measures affecting it. . . . I am clearly of opinion that to many of the most important objects of a federal government their interests, if not opposed, will be but little connected with ours; instead of weakening theirs and making it subservient to our purposes, we have given it all the possible strength we could; weaken it we might also, and at the same time (I mean by reducing the number of States) render them substantial service. A great part of the territory is measurably poor, especially that near Lakes Michigan and Erie; and that upon the Mississippi and the Illinois consists of extensive plains which have not had, from appearances, and will not have, a single bush on them for ages. The districts, therefore, within which these fall, will, perhaps, never contain a sufficient number of inhabitants to entitle them to membership in the Confederacy. The tendency which at present prevails for a dismemberment of the old States not only increases their strength but will also add to the diversity of interest."[2]

It is scarcely necessary to call attention to the great mistakes which Mr. Monroe made as to the fertility of this region and the somewhat amusing conclusions which he drew from his insufficient knowledge.

[1] Turner, Western State Making at the Time of the Revolution, in American Historical Review, I, 259.
[2] Monroe's Writings, I, 117.

His journey, however, and his mistakes had a great influence upon the history of the Old Northwest.

Moreover, it was not the supposed infertility of the soil which alone influenced Mr. Monroe; political considerations affected him in a large measure, also. Some time before he had written to Jefferson in regard to the separation of Kentucky from Virginia, "On the part of the Union, or rather of the States upon the Atlantic, it is, in my opinion, their policy to keep a prevailing influence upon the Ohio, or to the westward, . . . ; besides they [the new western States] will outnumber us in Congress unless we confine their number as much as possible."[1]

It should be kept in mind, also, that the movements to form the States of Vermont, Kentucky, Franklin, and other proposed States west of the Alleghanies influenced many against the creation of a large number of small States. This, without doubt, had its effect in making Congress ready to listen to Monroe.

As soon as Mr. Monroe was back in Congress after his western trip, he made a motion to recommend to Massachusetts and Virginia a revision of their acts of cession so as to empower Congress to make such division into States of the ceded territory, as the situation and future circumstances might require; but in the territory northwest of the Ohio, to be not less than three nor more than five States. This was referred to a grand committee.[2]

While the report of this committee was under consideration in Congress, Mr. Grayson moved that it be recommended to Virginia and Massachusetts so to alter their acts of cession that five States should be formed out of the territory northwest of the Ohio. The boundaries were to be definitely fixed. There were to be three States south of a line running due east and west through the southern point of Lake Michigan. These were to be separated by lines running north and south through the mouths of the Wabash and the Big Miami River. The two northern States were to be separated by Lake Michigan. This motion was lost by a tie vote.[3] The boundaries were similar to those assigned conditionally in the Ordinance of 1787. If the resolution of Mr. Grayson had been adopted by Congress and accepted by Massachusetts and Virginia, the boundaries of the States in the Northwest would have been definitely fixed and much future trouble might have been avoided.

The report of the committee which had been appointed, in which the

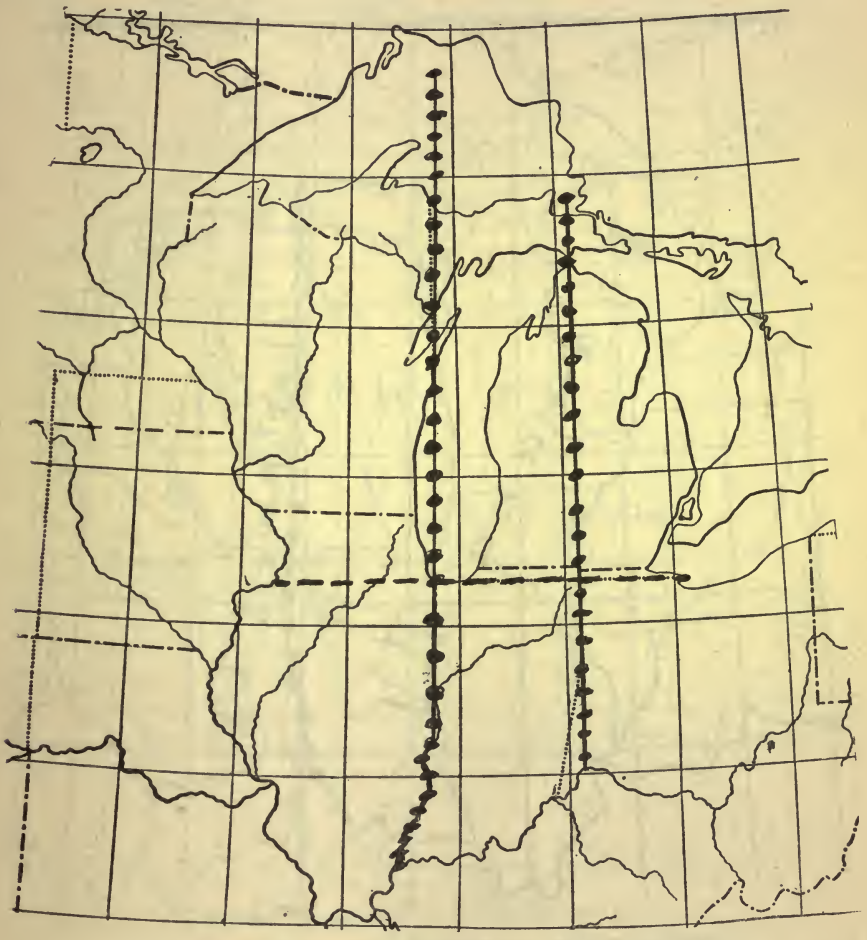
[1] Monroe's Writings, I., 107.
[2] Monroe's Writings, I. p. 56.
[3] Journals of Congress, XI, 97.

handiwork of Monroe appears, was adopted July 7, 1786, as follows: "Whereas it appears, from the knowledge already obtained of the tract of country lying northwest of the river Ohio, that the laying it out and forming it into States of the extent mentioned in the resolution of Congress, Oct. 10, 1780, and in one of the conditions contained in the cession of Virginia, will be productive of many and great inconveniences: That by such a division of the country, some of the new States will be deprived of the advantages of navigation, some will be improperly intersected by lakes, rivers, and mountains, and some will contain too great a proportion of barren, unimprovable land, and of consequence will not for many years, if ever, have a sufficient number of inhabitants to form a respectable government, and entitle them to a seat and voice in the federal council: And whereas in fixing the limits and dimensions of the new States, due attention ought to be paid to natural boundaries, and a variety of circumstances which will be pointed out by a more perfect knowledge of the country, so as to provide for the future growth and prosperity of each State, as well as for the accommodation and security of the first adventurers. In order, therefore, that the ends of government may be attained, and that the States which shall be formed, may become a speedy and sure accession of strength to the Confederacy:" it was resolved that it be recommended to Virginia and Massachusetts to revise their acts of cession so that not more than five nor less than three States might be formed northwest of the Ohio.[1]

In due time Virginia and Massachusetts made the desired change and the way was clear for the provisions contained in the Ordinance of 1787, which were: "That the said territory, for the purposes of temporary government, be one district; subject, however, to be divided into two districts, as future circumstances may, in the opinion of Congress, make it expedient. . . . "There shall be formed in the said territory, not less than three, nor more than five States; and the boundaries of the States . . . shall become fixed and established as follows, to wit: The west State in the said territory shall be bounded by the Mississippi, the Ohio, and Wabash Rivers; a direct line drawn from the Wabash and Post Vincents, due north to the territorial line between the United States and Canada; and by the said territorial line to the Lake of the Woods and the Mississippi. The middle State shall be bounded by the said direct line, the Wabash from Post Vincents to the Ohio, by the Ohio, by a direct line drawn due north from the

[1] Journals of Congress, XI, 100.

mouth of the Great Miami, to the said territorial line, and by the said territorial line. The eastern State shall be bounded by the last mentioned direct line, the Ohio, Pennsylvania, and the said territorial line. Provided, however, . . . That the boundaries of these three States shall be subject so far to be altered, that if Congress shall hereafter



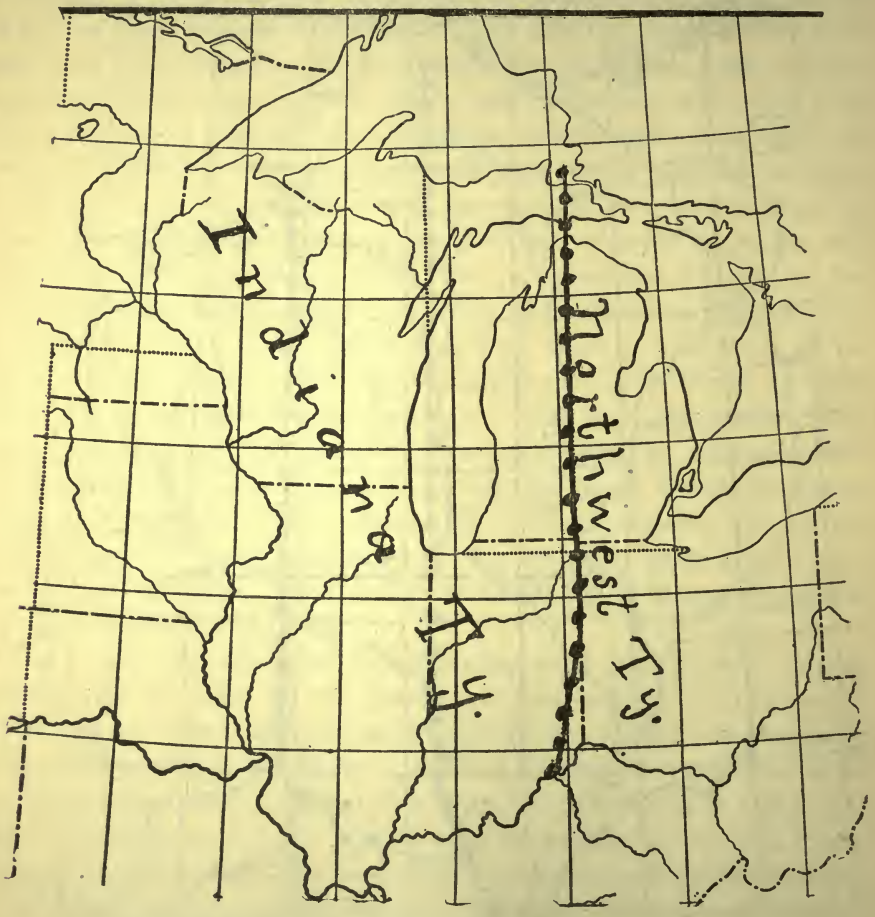
ORDINANCE OF 1787. PROPOSED STATES.

find it expedient, they shall have authority to form one or two States in that part of the said territory which lies north of an east and west line drawn through the southerly bend or extreme of Lake Michigan."

This provision in regard to the boundary lines of the future States was contained in that part of the Ordinance which was to "be considered as articles of compact between the original States and the peo-

ple and States in the said territory, and forever to remain unalterable, unless by common consent." How inviolable this "compact" remained will be seen further on.

The western country attracted settlers from the eastern States and it was not many years before the people in the eastern part of the

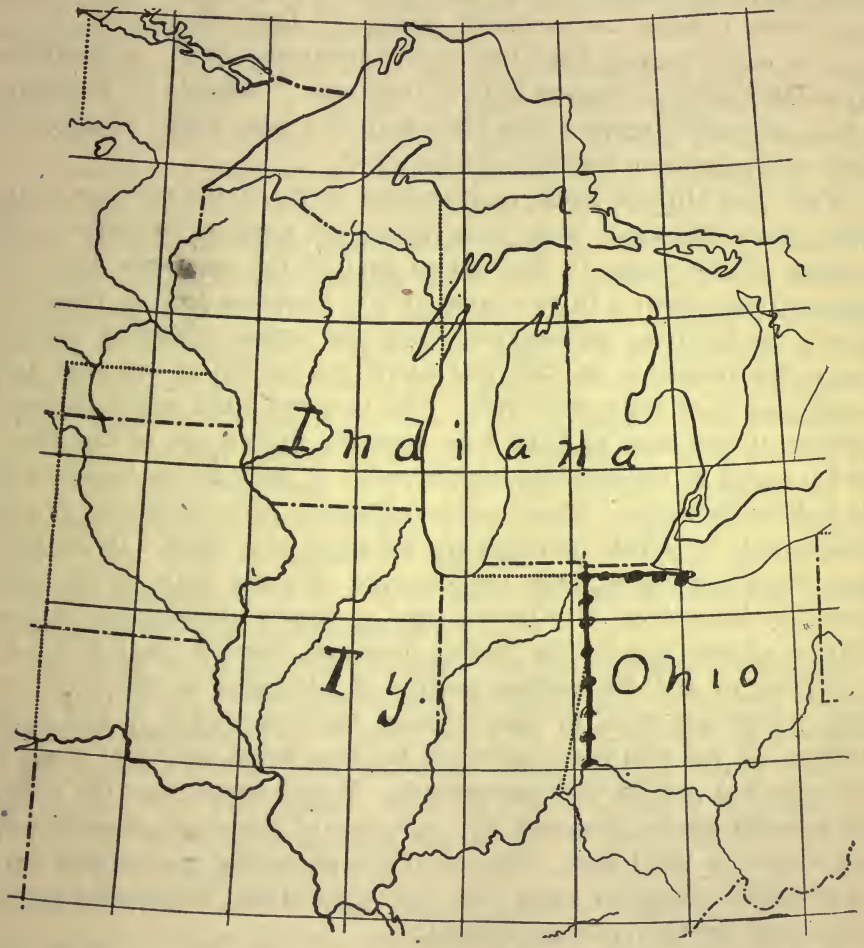


DIVISION OF THE NORTHWEST TERRITORY, MAY 7, 1800.

Territory began to desire the formation of a separate State. In 1799 the question of dividing the Territory came up in the House of Representatives and was referred to a committee of which the chairman was William Henry Harrison, the delegate from the Territory, and whose views in regard to the division prevailed.[1] May 7, 1800, the Territory

[1] Hinsdale, The Old Northwest, 305.

was divided by a line beginning on the Ohio at a point opposite the mouth of the Kentucky River, running thence to Fort Recovery, and then due north to the boundary between the United States and Canada.[1]



ENABLING ACT FOR OHIO, APRIL 30, 1802.

The act contained a provision that when the eastern portion should be admitted as a State the western boundary should be a north and south line through the mouth of the Miami according to the act of 1787. The division line ran north and south through the present territory of Michigan just at the Straits of Mackinac, leaving the eastern half of the Lower Peninsula and the eastern end of the Upper Peninsula connected with the region that soon became the State of Ohio.

[1] 2 Statutes at Large, 59.

An act was passed by Congress, April 30, 1802, to enable the people of the eastern division to form a State government. The boundaries of the new State were to be the same as those of the present State of Ohio except that the northern boundary was to be "an east and west line drawn through the southerly extreme of Lake Michigan . . . until it shall intersect Lake Erie or the territorial line." A provision was added that the eastern half of the Lower Peninsula of Michigan, which had been connected with Ohio until this time, might be added to Ohio by Congress or disposed of otherwise.[1]

While this bill was under consideration in the House of Representatives, much discussion arose over fixing the northern boundary and cutting off the people in the eastern part of the peninsula from the proposed new State. It was asserted that Congress had no power to divide the Territory without consulting the people concerned, according to the Ordinance of 1787, and admit one portion at one time and another part at some other time. The proposed lines would be inexpedient, it was said, as Lake Erie would be thrown out of the State, and it would be inconvenient for the people in Michigan to be attached to Indiana Territory. "There was no obligation upon Congress," it was maintained, "to decide definitely the boundary of a State. If the ultimate right of Congress, after the formation of a new State, to alter the boundary be doubted, they have a right to remove all doubts by so declaring at this time." The feeling prevailed, however, that it would be easier to add the eastern portion of Michigan to the State of Ohio afterwards than to take it from the State after it had been formed. It was said that a glance at the map would show that it could not remain a part of Ohio permanently. It was argued that the State, as bounded by the proposed bill, was one of the most compact and convenient in the Union. The vote upon separating the eastern part of Michigan from Ohio was a close one in the House, thirty-eight favoring it and thirty-four being opposed.[2]

This exclusion of Wayne County, which comprised the eastern half of the peninsula, from the new State was distasteful to the people of that region. It was, moreover, an act of gerrymandering. The people of that county were mostly Federalists and they were left out in order that the convention which was to be held to decide upon the question of forming a State government would be sure of a majority in favor of the measure, the Federalists, as was well known, being opposed to the step. It was also desired to have the new State safely in the Repub-

[1] 2 Statutes at Large, 173.
[2] Annals of Congress, 1 Session, 7 Congress, 1120-1123.

lican column in national elections.[1] In a contemporary letter to Judge Burnet, Solomon Sibley, a prominent citizen of Detroit, says that annexation to Indiana will be the eternal ruin of the county, but the ruin of 5,000 people is of little importance to the few political aspirants who have brought about this condition.[2]

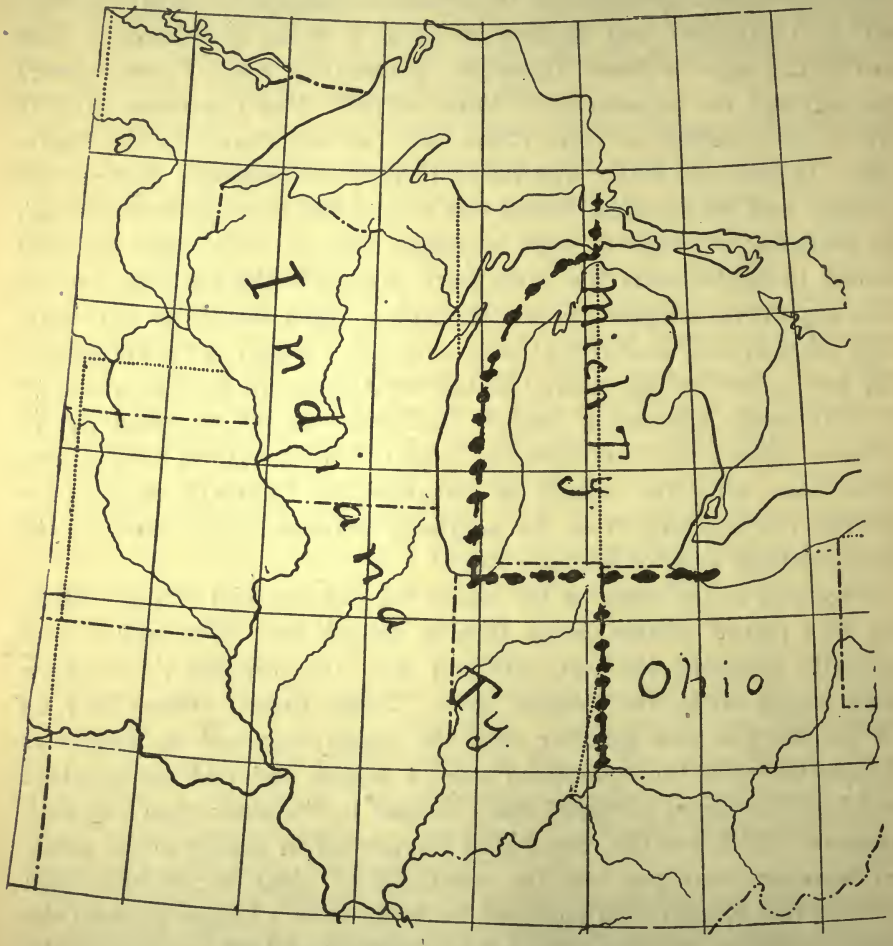
The convention provided for in the act of Congress of April 30, 1802, met at Chillicothe and decided to form a State government. This convention, says Professor Hinsdale, "planted the seed of controversies that affected the boundaries of three States." The Ordinance of 1787 left it for Congress to form either three or five States in the Northwest. In case the latter was decided upon, the boundary between the northern and the southern States was to be a line east and west through the southern extremity of Lake Michigan. The act of Congress in 1800 seemed to contemplate the three-State plan, but the enabling act for Ohio apparently adopted the five-State plan. This act, as we have seen, fixed the northern boundary of Ohio by the line named in the Ordinance. But now a proviso was placed in the constitution of the new State by the Chillicothe convention that if that line "should be found not to intersect Lake Erie, or to intersect it east of the mouth of the Maumee River, then, with the consent of Congress, the boundary should be a straight line running from the southerly extreme of the Lake to the most northerly cape of Maumee Bay."[3]

According to the maps of the times[4] the southern end of Lake Michigan was placed further north than it should have been, and it was generally supposed that an east and west line through its southern point would strike the Detroit River. Judge Burnet relates that an old hunter who was familiar with the region happened to appear at Chillicothe while the convention was in session and told the members that Lake Michigan extended much farther to the south than had been supposed. This was the reason that the proviso in regard to the northern boundary was put into the constitution.[5] May it not have been the Evil One himself who appeared in the guise of a hunter to plant the germs of future trouble? The act of Congress of 1803 recognizing the State of Ohio did not mention this proviso.

After the formation of the State of Ohio, Michigan was a part of Indiana Territory, as the remainder of the old Northwest Territory was

[1] Burnet, Notes on the Northwest Territory, 331, 337; Chase, Preliminary Sketch of Ohio, 23; St. Clair Papers, II., 580, note.
[2] Burnet, Notes on the Northwest Territory, 494.
[3] Hinsdale, The Old Northwest, 323, 324.
[4] For maps see Reports of Committees, House of Representatives, 1 Session, 24 Congress, II., No. 380.
[5] Burnet, Notes on the northwest, 360, 361; Hinsdale, The Old Northwest, 324.

then called. January 11, 1805, that part of Indiana Territory north of a line drawn through the southern extremity of Lake Michigan and east of a line drawn through the middle of that lake to its northern extremity and thence due north to the boundary between the United States and Canada, was set off by Congress as the Territory of Michi-



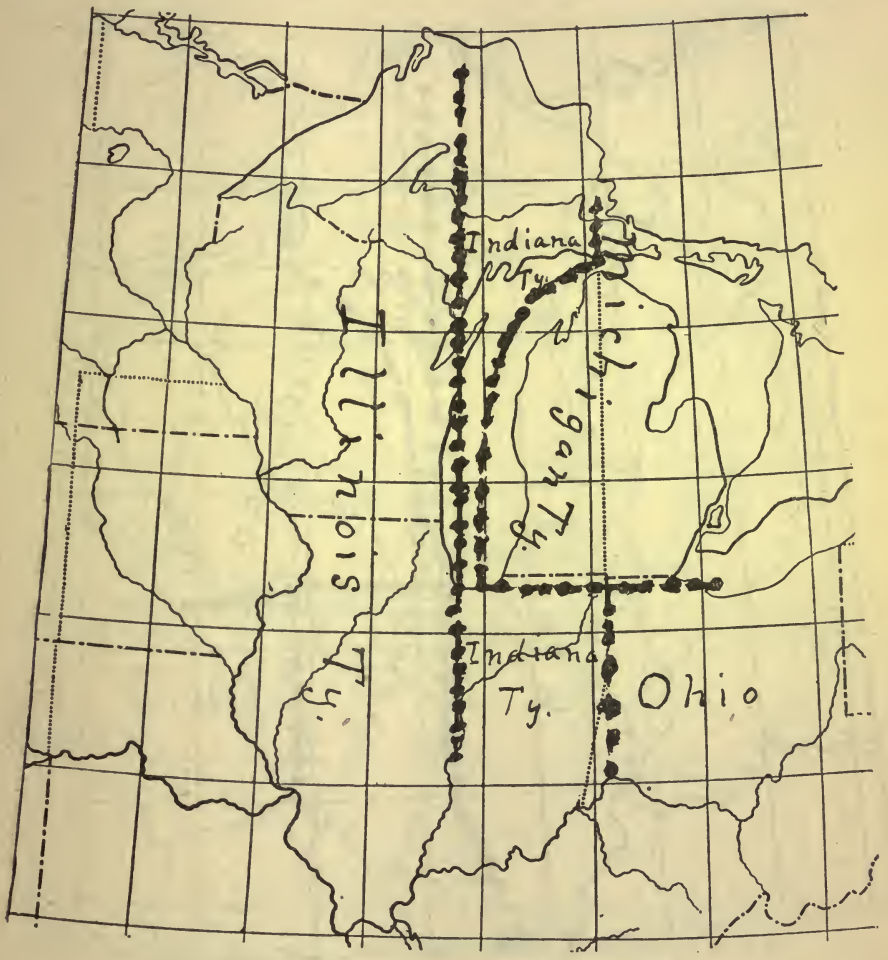
MICHIGAN TERRITORY, JAN. 11, 1805.

gan.[1] This is the first time that we have a political division by the name of Michigan. As will be noticed, the Territory included the Southern Peninsula, the eastern end of the Northern Peninsula, and a strip of land now contained in Ohio and Indiana.

The Territory of Illinois was next formed, in 1809, consisting of "all

[1] 2 Statutes at Large, 174.

that part of the Indiana Territory which lies west of the Wabash River, and a direct line drawn from the said Wabash River and Post Vincennes due north to the territorial line between the United States and Canada."[1] This left the Upper Peninsula belonging to three territories: east of the meridian of Mackinac was Michigan Territory; the part be-



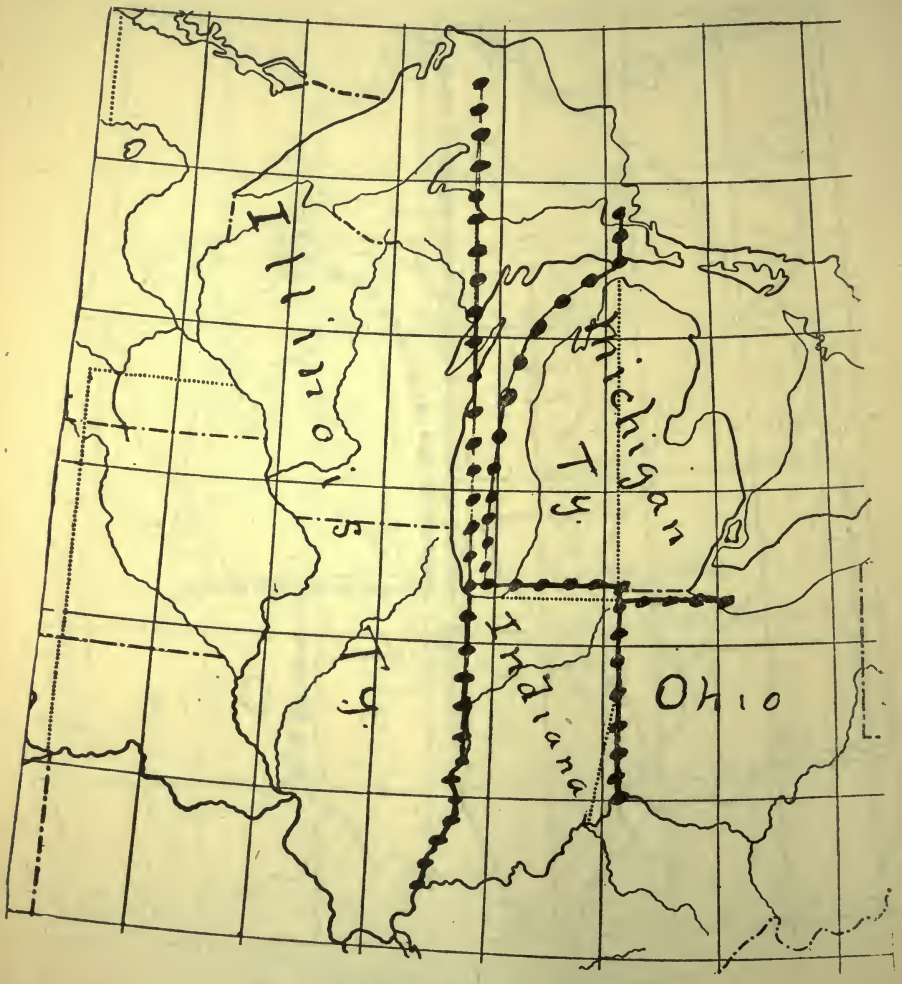
FORMATION OF ILLINOIS TERRITORY, 1809.

tween this meridian and the meridian of the present western line of Indiana, which ran near the present city of Menominee, constituted a part of Indiana Territory; while the portion west of this last line belonged to Illinois Territory.

So far the provisions of the Ordinance of 1787 had not been violated.

[1] 2 Statutes at Large, 514.

But the next step was a clear violation of the compact in that instrument which was to be changed only with the mutual consent of Congress and the people of the Territory. The act to enable Indiana to form a State government, in 1816, fixed the northern boundary at a point ten miles north of the southern extremity of Lake Michigan, the

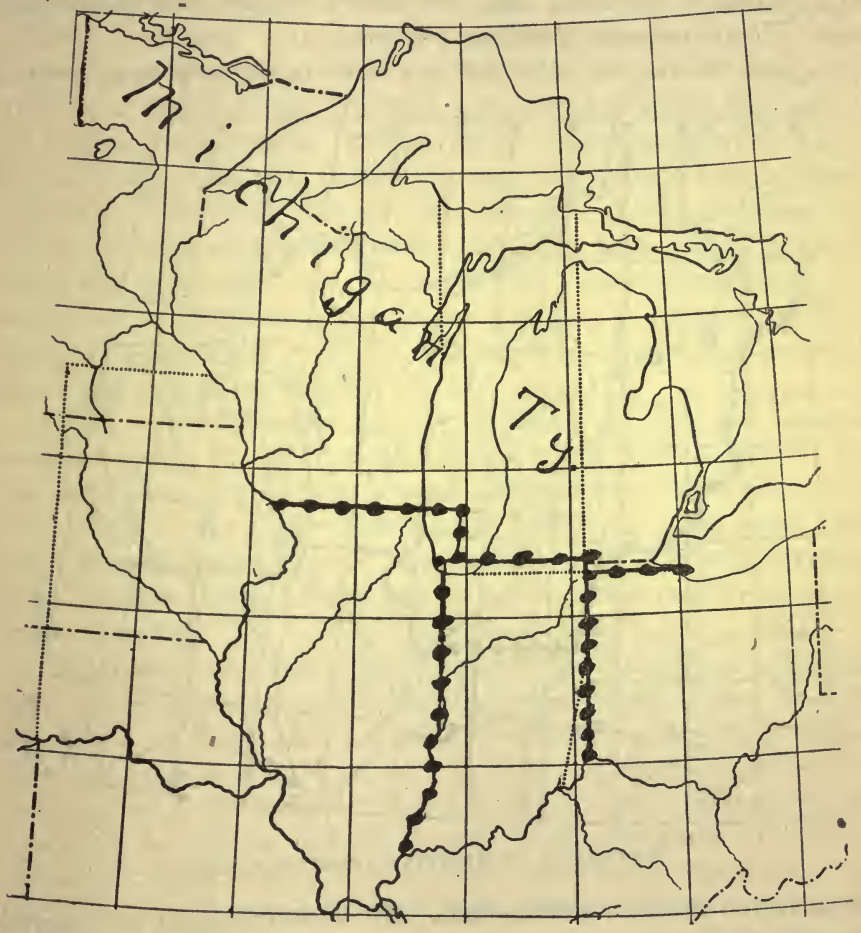


INDIANA ADMITTED, 1816.

present line.[1] The consent of the people of the former Northwest Territory was not asked in the matter, but a provision was inserted that this change in boundaries should be ratified by a State convention, and if not ratified, they should remain as before.

[1] 3 Statutes at Large, 289.

This pushing of the boundary of Indiana ten miles to the northward at the expense of Michigan was evidently for the purpose of obtaining a frontage upon Lake Michigan for the new State. Some years later it was argued in defense of this line that the framers of the Ordinance of 1787 doubtless intended that the States to be formed should all be



ILLINOIS ADMITTED. MICHIGAN TERRITORY EXTENDED, 1818.

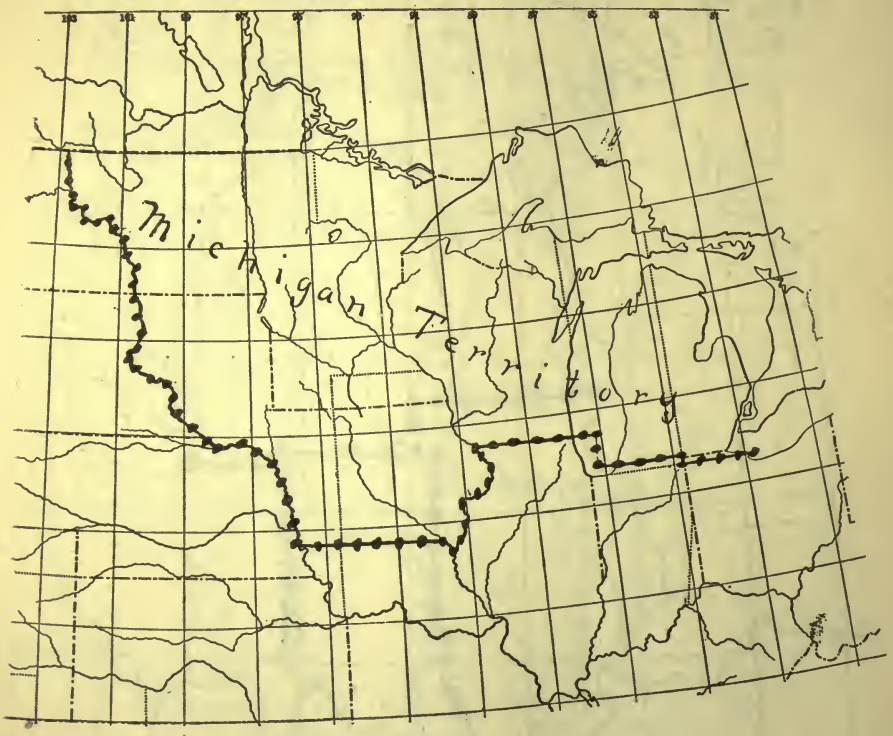
given the advantages of the Great Lakes.[1] The change met with no opposition in Congress. The only man interested was the delegate from Indiana and he was chairman of the committee that arranged the boundaries.[2] Michigan had no delegate in Congress at that time.

[1] Senate Documents, 2 Session, 23 Congress, III, No. 134.
[2] House Reports, 1 Session, 23 Congress, III, No. 334, p. 20.

The settlements in that Territory were all in the eastern part and the people made no protest until several years later.

After the admission of Indiana in 1816 the central part of the Upper Peninsula between the meridian of Mackinac and Menominee was left outside the limits of any State or Territory and with no government. It remained a "no man's land" for only two years, however, when it was incorporated with Michigan Territory.

In 1818 Illinois was admitted as a State with its present northern



EXTENSION OF MICHIGAN TERRITORY, 1834.

boundary at 42° 30′ north latitude. By the enabling act of Congress the remainder of the old Northwest Territory was made a part of Michigan Territory,[1] which then included the present States of Michigan, Wisconsin, the part of Minnesota lying east of the Mississippi and a narrow strip of Northern Ohio.

In 1834 Michigan Territory reached its greatest extent. In that year all the territory of the United States west of the Mississippi as far as the Missouri and White Earth River, and from the State of Missouri

[1] 3 Statutes at Large, 431.

to the British Possessions, was made a part of that Territory.[1] This extension included the present States of Minnesota, Iowa, and the eastern part of the Dakotas.

It has been seen that the boundary between Ohio and Michigan attracted some attention when the former was admitted. From time to time the definite location of the line was attempted, but no serious difficulty arose until Michigan was ready for statehood.

As early as 1805 the governor and one of the judges of Michigan Territory in a report to the President said: "The southern boundary of the Territory is indefinite. Though, in the present maps of the United States, a line of latitude through the southern bend of Lake Michigan appears to strike Lake Erie near the mouth of the Miami [Maumee], yet, in the maps of Arrowsmith and McKenzie, such a line of latitude would not strike Lake Erie, but would pass entirely south of it. The anxiety of the southern settlers of the Territory is great not to be attached to Ohio, which would be incommodious to them, but to Michigan, which is so much more convenient.[2]

In 1812 Congress authorized the President to cause the surveyor-general to mark the line according to the act of April 30, 1802.[3] The war with Great Britain and other causes postponed the surveys until 1818, when it was found that the line would run about eight miles south of the northern cape of Maumee Bay. But there were evidently some mistakes in the surveys and it was felt that they could not be depended upon.[4]

At different times the subject received the attention of Congress. Thus, in 1828, the Committee on Territories in the House reported that it was obviously just that the States formed in this region should enjoy, as near as may be, equal advantages in their connection and communication with Lakes Erie and Michigan; and it seemed not unreasonable to suppose that the framers of the Ordinance of 1787 intended that these States should so corner upon one or the other of the Lakes, as to equally benefit all of them. The committee recommended that observations be made to ascertain where a line drawn through the southern extreme of Lake Michigan would strike Lake Erie.[4]

About this time Ohio attempted to get Congress to ratify the provisions contained in the constitution of that State that if a line from the southern end of Lake Michigan due east should be found to fall

[1] 4 Statutes at Large, 701.
[2] American State Papers, Public Lands, I., 249.
[3] 2 Statutes at Large, 741.
[4] House Reports, 1 Session, 20 Congress, III, No. 196.

south of Maumee Bay, the northern boundary should be a line drawn from the southern end of the Lake to the northern cape of the Bay.[1]

No action was taken by Congress until 1832 when the President was directed to have accurate observations made as to the true location of the boundary.[2] A report of these observations was made to Congress in 1834, which showed that the line would run south of Maumee Bay.[3]

The People of Michigan were now desirous of becoming a State and a memorial was sent to Congress from the Legislative Council asking that provision be made for admission. Boundaries were suggested as stated in the Ordinance of 1787 and in the act setting off the Territory in 1805.[4] A bill for admission was reported from committee but got no further.[5]

The next year, March 11, 1834, the Committee on Territories in the House reported that it was not expedient to admit Michigan at present; that they had considered the subject of the boundary between Ohio and Michigan and the changing of that between the latter and Indiana; and that they think it unnecessary to adopt any new legislation in regard to the boundaries of the States.[6]

At the same session the Committee on the Judiciary in the Senate made a report upon a bill to establish the northern boundary of Ohio. The committee had no doubt of the authority of Congress to settle and establish that boundary according to the proposition contained in the constitution of that State. They deemed it expedient so to settle it, and they reported a bill for that purpose. This bill passed the Senate by a large majority, but failed in the House.[7] Again, the next session, a similar bill was reported and passed the Senate, but again failed in the House.[8]

It will not be necessary to follow all the details of the fierce controversy that now ensued. Legally, the question was between Ohio and the United States Government as Michigan was still a territory, but the people of that territory carried on the contest vigorously while the Government at Washington tried to act as peacemaker.

The disputed tract extended from Indiana to Lake Erie, being five miles wide at one end and eight miles at the other, and containing 468 square miles. The bone of contention was not so much this strip

[1] House Reports, 2 Session, 20 Congress, I., No. 2.
[2] 4 Statutes at Large, 596.
[3] House Executive Documents, 1 Session, 23 Congress, VI., No. 497.
[4] Senate Documents, 2 Session, 22 Congress, I, No. 54.
[5] House Journal, Feb. 26, 1833.
[6] House Reports, 1 Session, 23 Congress, III, No. 334.
[7] Senate Documents, 1 Session, 23 Congress, IV, No. 354.
[8] Senate Documents, 1 Session, 24 Congress, III, No 211

of excellent land as it was the mouth of the Maumee with its commercial advantages and the promising town of Toledo.

Both the State officers and the Territorial officers attempted to exercise jurisdiction over the region. In some instances they met with resistance and a few blows were exchanged. The governor of Ohio appointed a commission to run and mark the line claimed by that State under the protection of an armed escort. Governor Mason of Michigan issued orders to the commander of the militia to call out troops at his discretion and commanding him to arrest the Ohio commissioners "the moment they stick the first stake in the soil of Michigan." He is further ordered "to fire upon the first military officer or man who persists in crossing the boundary line as at present claimed by Michigan, with any hostile intention."[1] The Ohio surveyors attempted to run the line and were promptly arrested. The milita was now called out on both sides and appeared upon the scene. But no human blood was shed in this "Toledo War," and the matter was settled by politicians and not by soldiers.[2]

Memorials were presented to Congress in profusion. Voluminous reports were made by committees. A vast amount of correspondence took place. The President was called upon to settle the matter. He in turn asked the Attorney-General what could be done and sent messages to Congress transmitting bulky information. The Secretary of State under the direction of the President, appointed two commissioners to confer with the two governors and endeavor to prevent an armed collision. They proposed a temporary settlement of the difficulty but could not still the troubled waters. President Jackson removed Stevens T. Mason from his position as Secretary and acting Governor of Michigan Territory for being over zealous in behalf of his territory; but he was so popular that he was elected governor of the State under the constitution which had been adopted and he practically continued to act as chief executive, the people having made it so warm for the new governor which President Jackson sent out that he departed for that portion of the Territory lying west of Lake Michigan.

The Attorney-General told the President that all the executive department could do was to see that the laws were faithfully executed; that the disputed tract had been for several years under the jurisdiction of Michigan Territory. He expressed the following opinion in regard to the controversy:

[1] Senate Documents, 1 Session, 24 Congress, I, No. 6.
[2] See Mich. Pioneer and Historical Collection, XI, 216; XII, 411.

1. That Congress, by receiving Ohio into the Union without objecting to the proviso in her constitution that should a line running due east from the southern bend of Lake Michigan fall south of the mouth of the Maumee, then, with the consent of Congress, the northern boundary of the State should be a line running from the south end of Lake Michigan to the northern cape of Maumee Bay, implicitly assented to that proviso.

2. That assent, however, did not involve or include an assent, on the part of Congress, to the then actual and present extension of the northern boundary, it being the contemplation of the parties that the decision of Congress upon the giving or refusing assent should be made at a future day, and by some future act, on the ascertainment of a particular fact, which has not even yet been duly ascertained.

3. "That until this last-mentioned assent shall have been given, by Congress, the tract in dispute must be considered as forming, legally, a part of the Territory of Michigan.

"If I am correct in these views, it will then probably be admitted on all hands that until the line provisionally fixed by Congress in 1802, and the constitution of Ohio, for the northern boundary of Ohio, and expressly fixed by the law of 1805, for the southern boundary of the Territory of Michigan, shall have been altered by Congress, or by the decree of some competent judicial tribunal, it will be the duty of the President to consider it as the boundary of the Territory of Michigan, and to protect and maintain, in accordance with it, and by such legal and appropriate measures as may be within his power, the jurisdiction and sovereignty of the United States."[1]

In a letter to the Secretary of the Territory the Secretary of State said: The President "has believed, from the beginning of the struggle, that, without further legislation on the part of Congress, the country in dispute is to be considered as forming legally a part of the Territory of Michigan, and that the ordinary and usual jurisdiction over it should be exercised by Michigan. He has never admitted the right set up by Ohio."[1]

But Andrew Jackson was a politician; so were the members of Congress politicians; and politics now helped to bring affairs to an issue. The President was anxious to be succeeded by Martin VanBuren. The presidential election was at hand. Ohio had electoral votes to be given for or against Mr. VanBuren. Moreover, Indiana and Illinois also had

[1] Senate Documents, 1 Session, 24 Congress, I, No. 6.

votes that were valuable, and they, having stolen a march on the antiquated Ordinance of 1787 by pushing their northern limits beyond the line laid down in that instrument and being interested in keeping their booty, naturally took the side of Ohio in the controversy. And Michigan was only a territory with no votes in the electoral college. It would never do to displease the people of the three States. On the other hand, it was desirable that Michigan and Arkansas, Michigan's southern twin, should be admitted, if possible, before the election as they were expected to go Democratic. But it would not do to admit one without the other as the balance in the Senate upon the slavery question must be maintained.

An attempt was now made to please all the interested parties by giving to Ohio the line which she desired and recompensing Michigan by including the Upper Peninsula in the limits of the new State. It was also felt that the fifth State to be formed in the Old Northwest would be too large if the Upper Peninsula were included in it. It is said that Mr. Preston, of South Carolina, a member of the Judiciary Committee of the Senate, suggested the idea of giving the Upper Peninsula to Michigan. When that committee was considering a bill to establish the northern boundary of Ohio, Mr. Preston said that the region west of Lake Michigan was too extensive for one State. A map which was consulted showed a continuous water-way through the Montreal and Menominee Rivers and the Lake of the Desert, making the peninsula an island. Mr. Preston suggested that that would make a good dividing line, and a bill was reported accordingly. This did not pass.[1]

The Senate Judiciary Committee, March 1, 1836, again reported a bill for the establishment of boundaries, giving the Upper Peninsula to Michigan. The report said: "If Michigan be not sufficiently large, it is easy to remedy that objection, and if the Ordinance is to remain unchanged, as it must, unless the State of Virginia will assent to an alteration of it, so immense a tract of country as Wisconsin presents ought not to be formed into a single State. Whatever disadvantage may arise from connecting with Michigan a portion of the country west or north of the Lake is, we think, not to be weighed with the inconvenience of subjecting, for ever after, to the jurisdiction of a single State, all the inhabitants who may reside in the region north and west of that Lake."[2]

But the people of Michigan did not want the Upper Peninsula with

[1] Thwaites, The Boundaries of Wisconsin, Magazine of Western History, VI, 498.
[2] Senate Documents, 1 Session, 24 Congress, III, No. 21, p. 17.

its unrealized wealth of copper, iron, and lumber; they wanted Toledo on the Maumee. Congress, however, would not admit the State until the boundaries fixed in the enabling act of June 15, 1836, giving Ohio her desired line and adding the Northern Peninsula were ratified by a State convention. A regularly elected delegate convention refused to do this. The Democratic politicians again brought their influence to bear. The State officers who had been elected under the Constitution of 1835 wished to take their offices. The men who had been elected members of Congress were anxious to take their seats. A State government had been formed under the Constitution of 1835. "Theoretically the Territorial government was in force, but practically, the State government." Michigan was essentially a State out of the Union for about a year.

Another convention was called by five citizens "in the name of the people in their primary capacity. This was in pursuance of a scheme worked out in the Democratic caucuses. Although elections of delegates were much ridiculed they were held" in party caucuses. The "frost-bitten convention, so-called because it was held in December, met at Ann Arbor and ratified the boundaries as laid down by Congress, "having no more authority to do so," to quote Professor Hinsdale, "than the crew of a Detroit schooner or a lumberman's camp in the valley of the Grand River." Still further, and most astounding of all, the two Houses of Congress, by large majorities, passed an act, approved January 26, 1837, accepting this convention as meeting the requirements of the act of admission, and so declared Michigan one of the States.[1]

Let us consider, now, briefly, the western boundary of our State. It has been seen that the people of Michigan did not want the Upper Peninsula, but that the valuable gift was thrust upon them. The people living to the west of Lake Michigan, on the other hand, felt that the Northern Peninsula naturally belonged to the fifth State that was to be formed out of the Northwest Territory and they objected strenuously to being deprived of it. Congress, however, was settling boundaries in the Northwest regardless alike of former compacts and the wishes of the people.

As early as 1828, the Committee upon Territories in the House had reported a bill for the creation of the Territory of Chippewau, including the present Wisconsin, the Upper Peninsula, and certain territory west of the Mississippi. By 1830, a bill reported in Congress had

[1] Hinsdale, The Old Northwest, 335.

changed the name to Huron, with the Upper Peninsula still included.[1] In 1832, a bill was reported in the House changing the name to Wisconsin and fixing the eastern limit by a line running due north from the northern end of Lake Michigan.[2] This would have given nearly all of the Upper Peninsula to Wisconsin. But she was to be deprived of this large tract upon the northeast as she had been deprived of a large region upon the south and as she was still further to be deprived of a vast district in the Northwest.

April 20, 1836, the Territory of Wisconsin was formed with the boundary between the new Territory and Michigan as follows: "A line drawn from the northeast corner of the State of Illinois, [in Lake Michigan], through the middle of Lake Michigan to a point in the middle of said lake and opposite the main channel of Green Bay, and through said channel of Green Bay to the mouth of the Menomonie River; thence through the middle of the main channel of said river to that head of said river nearest to the Lake of the Desert; thence in a direct line to the middle of said lake; thence through the middle of the main channel of the Montreal River to its mouth; thence with a direct line across Lake Superior to where the territorial line of the United States last touches said lake northwest."[3] The enabling act for Michigan, June 15, 1836, stated practically the same line in different words.[4]

Congress directed, June 12, 1838, that a survey be made by the Surveyor-General of the United States of the line between Michigan and Wisconsin.[5] Nothing was done in the matter and two years later the work was entrusted to the War Department.[6] The next year, Jan. 3, 1841, the President transmitted to Congress the report of the surveyor.[7] It was found that the boundary could not be run because the line laid down by Congress did not agree with the topographical features of the country. The region was an unexplored wilderness and the maps of it were incorrect. The surveyor suggested that Congress make the description more definite.

Wisconsin thought this a favorable opportunity to renew her demands for the Upper Peninsula. A message from her governor to the legislature and an act of the latter favoring the establishment of the

[1] Thwaites, "The boundaries of Wisconsin," Magazine of Western History, VI, 495.
[2] House Reports, 1 Session, 22 Congress, I, No. 145.
[3] 5 Statutes at Large, 10.
[4] 5 Statutes at Large, 49.
[5] 5 Statutes at Large, 244.
[6] 5 Statutes at Large, 407.
[7] Senate Documents, 2 Session, 26 Congress, IV, No. 151.

boundary at the meridian of Mackinac were presented in Congress.[1] Again, the next year, 1843, the governor sent a vigorous message to the legislature in which he "demanded" that "the birthright of the State" should be given to her by Congress.[2] The committee of the legislature of Wisconsin to whom this message was referred said in its report that the boundary which Congress had "attempted to establish violates the spirit, intent, and fair construction of the Ordinance." But as Michigan would not now be willing to give up the tract, the committee suggested that Wisconsin be recompensed for its loss by the construction of certain railroads, canals, and harbors, and the improvement of its waterways. An address was prepared and sent to Congress. To quote Mr. Thwaites: "Probably no State ever adopted a more belligerent tone towards Congress than did Wisconsin in these singular documents." If the demands were not granted, secession from the Union was threatened, and it was hinted that force might be used, as "the integrity of her boundaries must be observed, whatever may be the sacrifice." A member of the legislature suggested that this document, which set forth the wrongs suffered by the Territory by encroachments upon her borders on different sides, should be called "a declaration of war against Great Britain, Illinois, Michigan, and the United States."[3] No attention was given to this belligerent memorial by Congress.

The act of Congress of August 6, 1846,[4] providing for the formation of a State government in Wisconsin and its admission into the Union did not materially change the line between that State and Michigan but made it conform more closely to the actual geographical features.

In conclusion let me state the boundaries of our State as they exist at present: Between Ohio and Michigan the boundary is on the line drawn from the southern extremity of Lake Michigan to the northern cape of Maumee Bay and thence northeast to the boundary between the United States and Canada in Lake Erie. Thence our boundary follows the international line through Lake Erie, the Detroit River, Lake and River St. Clair, Lake Huron, St. Mary's River, and Lake Superior "to a point where the said line last touches Lake Superior, thence in a direct line through Lake Superior to the mouth of Montreal River."[5] Between Michigan and Wisconsin the line runs from the mouth of the Menominee River, "thence up the channel of said river to the Brulé River; thence up said last-mentioned river to Lake Brulé;

[1] House Documents, 2 Session, 27 Congress, 111, No. 147.
[2] Thwaites, "The Boundaries of Wisconsin," Magazine of Western History, VI, 503.
[3] Thwaites, "The Boundaries of Wisconsin," Magazine of Western History, VI, 530.
[4] 9 Statutes at Large, 56.
[5] 5 Statutes at Large, 49.

thence along the southern shore of Lake Brulé in a direct line to the center of the channel between Middle and South Islands, in the Lake of the Desert; thence in a direct line to the head waters of the Montreal River; * * * thence down the main channel of Montreal River to its mouth.[1] From the mouth of Menominee River the line runs through the center of the most usual ship channel of Green Bay to the middle of Lake Michigan; thence through the middle of that lake to the northern boundary of Indiana,[2] which is an east and west line ten miles north of the southern extremity of the lake; thence east along that boundary to Ohio.

MECOSTA COUNTY AND ITS HUB.

BY ELLA J. RAMSDELL.

"One day a man about forty-five or fifty years of age, dressed in home-spun, carrying a rifle, with a pack strapped on his shoulders, and around his waist several steel traps, traveling from the south-west reached the Muskegon river at a point which is now in the First Ward of the City of Big Rapids. Following the river south to a bend, he cut down a few saplings, made a frame-work, cleared a few rods of under-brush and piled the same on the sapling rafters. A spring close by (which is running yet) furnished him with water. There, in that primitive home alone and unknown, with the nearest neighbor, excepting Indians, a dozen miles away, lived John Parish the first white settler of Mecosta County. He was a bachelor and fished, hunted and trapped for a living." All information sets the year as 1851 that Mr. Parish built the little hut. In 1853, he purchased land near his hut and some years afterward, in 1867, engaged in lumbering in what was named Green Township, founding the village of Parish (now Paris), and there he lived and died respected by all who knew him. His death occurred in Big Rapids in the old Pacific House.

John Davis and family located in the county about the same time as John Parish, but farther to the northwest. In July, 1852, William Brockway and family moved to the new country. In February, 1853, a little girl (Alice) came to them. She was the first white child born

[1] 9 Statutes at Large, 56.
[2] 5 Statutes at Large, 49.

in the county. Alfred L. Clark is among the living today who were here in 1854. In 1855, Duncan McLellan followed an Indian trail out of Croton, Newaygo County, where he had been living, and made his way to John Parish's shanty. He secured a tract of pine as a little timber prospecting was then going on in this section. In March Zera French and family, and George French with mother and sisters removed to the new country. Charles Shafer and family arrived February 15, 1857. John Fenning came the same year.

So, with every year bringing new arrivals, the foundation of our county was soon laid. The new county of Mecosta was not established until February 11, 1859. Previous to this it had been attached to Newaygo county for municipal and judicial purposes, the combined territory being then a portion of the Ninth Judicial Circuit of Michigan. The county seat of the new county was fixed at the village of Leonard, which name was changed the following November to Big Rapids. On the first Monday in April, 1859, the first election was held for county officials at which time the following were elected: Sheriff, Alfred L. Clark; clerk and register, Orrin Stevens; treasurer, Charles Shafer; judge of probate, Jesse A. Barker; county surveyor, Augustine N. Williams. But two of these are still living, Charles Shafer and Alferd L. Clark. William T. Howell was appointed prosecuting attorney for the county. One month later on the first Monday of May, 1859, the first meeting of the county board of supervisors was held. There were at that time but two organized townships, Green and Leonard. The first term of court was held in April, 1860, presided over by Judge F. J. Littlejohn of Allegan.

The first lawyer in Big Rapids was a transient. He came in the fall of 1859, and left early in the winter. He found but little to do, and did that little so unpopularly that he eked out a very meagre living,—in fact he was starved out, and left on the approach of cold weather wearing his summer clothes. It is related that when someone asked him why he did not go to work, he replied with an oath that he had a profession, and, "If that doesn't support me, I'll starve before I'll work." It is to be hoped that he found some more congenial abiding place than Big Rapids. The next lawyer, H. W. Wiltse, who came in 1860, evidently found things different, for he was elected prosecuting attorney the same fall. He practiced law until his death in the fall of 1862. Ceylon C. Fuller came in May, 1860. He is the only one of early lawyers who is still living. J. O. Coburn another early lawyer of prominence enlisted in the Union Army in 1862, and died in Libby Prison.

In 1869, the legislature passed bills incorporating the city of Big Rapids and attaching the west half of the unorganized county of Clare to Mecosta for municipal and judicial purposes. The population of the county in June, 1860, including the unorganized county of Osceola and also the four towns in Montcalm, at that time attached to Mecosta, was 965. At the election in November following, 164 votes were cast in the county for president and vice-president. In 1864, the population was 1,382. The present population is about 20,693.

Mecosta county with her 16 townships forms a perfect square. The first two organized were Leonard or Big Rapids and Green in 1858; then came Hinton, 1860; Deerfield and Mecosta, 1861; Wheatland, 1862; Grant, Aetna, and Millbrook, 1865; Fork and Sheridan, 1867; Chippewa, 1868; Austin and Colfax, 1869; Martiny, 1875, and Morton in 1877. The board of supervisors at first consisting of but two members now number 21, one each for the sixteen townships and one each for the five wards of the city of Big Rapids.

There are twelve villages in the county. The village of Morley owes its existence to the construction of the Grand Rapids & Indiana railroad. The first settlers came in 1869. Up to 1870 it was the terminus of the Grand Rapids & Indiana railway. The village of Paris (as has been previously stated), was established by John Parish in 1864. A mile north of this village are the beautiful grounds of the State Fish Ponds. Mecosta village owes its existence to the construction of the Detroit, Lansing & Northern railroad, December, 1879. About the newest village in the county is Barryton—August 3, 1894; the founder was Dr. Barry of Rodney.

Mecosta County has been a separate judicial district since 1873; and in 1881, it and Newaygo County were organized into the Twenty-seventh Judicial Circuit. At the same session of the Legislature, it was made a part of the Twenty-seventh Senatorial District, with Manistee, Osceola and Wexford counties; and a part of the ninth Congressional District with 12 other counties.

Before there were many settlers in the county a sawmill had been erected and lumbering begun. This was done by Warren & Ives in the fall of 1856. It was started for the first time and a few boards sawed on July 4, 1857. The settlers were so pleased over this affair, that a jubilee was held—speech-making, jollifying, and closed with a dance. The first steam power, a steam sawmill and planing machine, was used in 1865. The first flour mill was erected in 1866. The same year saw the first brick structure. The first school was begun May,

1858, on section 28, township of Green. The first religious society was the Methodist, beginning October, 1865; the pastor being William J. Aldrich. The following summer this society erected the first church. In 1865, the first secret order was organized at Big Rapids. The lodge was known as No. 171, F. & A. M. The first bank was in 1867 and the First National bank in June, 1871. The first hotel, the Pacific House, was opened in the summer of 1858. Edson Fuller, father of Ceylon C. Fuller, opened the first general store in 1859. The stock had to be hauled by teams from Grand Rapids. The first newspaper, The Pioneer, issued its first number April 17, 1862, Charles Gay, publisher. In 1869, Stephen L. Bigelow deeded to the county land and buildings a few miles northwest of Big Rapids for the first Poor Farm. This County House was burned. In the spring of 1883 another was built at Stanwood but was burned in the fall. It was rebuilt in the winter and was used up to 1900 when it burned. Now a substantial brick structure stands in its place. Before September, 1860, the only means of crossing the Muskegon was by canoes or a rope-ferry, but this date saw the completion of the first bridge. In November, 1857, a weekly mail was established between Big Rapids and Greenville with Jesse L. Shaw as postmaster. In December, 1863, a tri-weekly mail between Big Rapids and Newaygo. About the same time, Mr. Van Sickle of Big Prairie started out with a rickety old two-seated wagon, the first of its kind in the history of the county. In November, 1865, the first daily stage route was established between Big Rapids and Newaygo. The December following, a weekly route between Big Rapids and Hersey. The Grand Rapids & Indiana road reached Morley, October 11, 1869, but did not come through to Big Rapids until a year later, October 10, 1870, when it was formally opened from Fort Wayne to Paris. In 1871, it was completed to Reed City. The two other roads of the county are the Chicago & West Michigan, completed to Big Rapids in July, 1873, and the Detroit, Lansing & Northern in the spring of 1880. These two roads west and east are now known as Pere Marquette.

The county although young did its share in the war. May 13, 1861, George French went to Grand Rapids and enlisted in Company K, Third Regiment, Michigan Infantry, and soon afterwards returned to Big Rapids for more volunteers. Ten enlisted with him and constituted the first squad of volunteer soldiers from this county. They were mustered into the United States service June 10, 1861, and shortly after ward accompanied their command to the front, where they did their full share toward earning for the "Old Third" its brilliant record. Of

the original number five lived to return home. In 1862, '63 and '64, Mecosta sent her full quota to the front.

The early history of Big Rapids is so closely connected with that of the county that it will need to be touched upon but briefly. The town was first named Leonard, after Dr. F. B. Leonard of New York, who owned much of the land now known as the first ward. But by the lumbermen it was called "the Big Rapids," on account of the rapids in the Muskegon at this place. Hence the name was changed to Big Rapids by which it was more generally known. Charles Shafer came to the village in 1857. He says: "I found a very small clearing in the woods and about fifteen or twenty persons in all. Chauncey P. Ives had thrown a rude dam across Mitchell Creek, at the foot of the hill where it now crosses Michigan avenue, and had erected a saw-mill, known since as the 'Old Red Mill.' It was an old-fashioned, rough-boarded structure in which was one upright saw. The trees had been cut out of Michigan avenue south and a narrow roadway opened for travel. On the east side of the avenue for a long distance north and south a rude brush fence was constructed, so that the domestic animals might be safely corraled between this point and the river. The price of corner lots at this time was $100 each and inside lots $50. I at once purchased two lots on the southwest corner of the block bounded by Michigan avenue and Elm street. The house I built was one and a half stories high, boarded up and down with rough lumber, and as no shingles could be had rough boards formed the roof also. My first bricks for a chimney were hauled from Grand Rapids by team and cost $65 per thousand. Flour at this time was $5 per barrel. During the winter of 1857-8 there was a great scarcity of food in the northern part of Michigan. Food was also scarce in the new village, but wherever it was found that the families were getting short of meat as well as money, there always remained one alternative. Messrs. Williams, Kirkpatrick and James Jones constituted themselves a committee of three to procure a supply, and with guns, ammunition and torches they would embark in a dugout for a night's deer-stalking up the river, usually returning next morning with an ample supply of venison, landing near Maple street as a distributing point. The meat was freely and gratuitously divided among all the settlers. It was the same with other provisions. There were no favored ones in those days, it was share and share alike. It is related that as late as 1861 when a partial freight line by wagon had been established by Mr. B. E. Hutchinson, when the roads were bad and many goods awaiting transportation, it

often was impossible to bring but a limited amount of provisions; and on the arrival of the cargo with perhaps only one barrel of flour, a dozen persons some perhaps from a distance in the country, would all be found awaiting its arrival. It often happened that in order to make the flour go around each would receive only a milkpan full.

"Dr. Woolley was the first physician and was crowded with work from the first day he came. As there was no other physician in all this region his practice extended as far north as Clam River, (near Cadillac, and through the woods at every point of the compass for thirty or forty miles. The first lawsuit in the village was a case of assault and battery; the People versus McAllister, tried before Charles Shafer, justice of the peace. As there was no jail to go to, McAllister paid his fine, $10, and went on his way rejoicing. The first celebration of the Nation's birthday was held in the woods not far from where the Methodist church now stands, July 4, 1859, at which nearly 100 persons attended. It is said that Mr. Standish of Newaygo, was the orator on the occasion."

W. Perry Montonye, now deceased, another of the early settlers, gives us the following: "In the spring of 1858, I pulled out of Grand Rapids in a stage coach from the corner where the Morton House now stands. I had paid three dollars for my fare. When the corner now occupied by the Bridge Street depot was reached, the stage broke down, stuck in the mud, and disgusted with the slow-poky vehicle, I got out and footed it to the nameless settlement. About two years after, I walked to Grand Rapids and there stood the old coach just as I left it."

In the early days Indians and wild animals were plentiful. Of the latter there were wolves, deer, bears, lynxes and wild-cats. The Indians were friendly tribes of Chippewas. With all the hardships and trouble the settlers seemed to enjoy life and have jolly times, according to the stories that some of them tell. But the old days are gone and the new days are here and with them many changes. Big Rapids, instead of being a village with a few settlers is now a city of about 5,000 population. It is called the "Water-power City" on account of the excellent water-power furnished by the Muskegon. The river is lined with many factories, but there is still room for more. There are (in 1904) thirteen churches, four large brick schoolhouses, two parochial schools, the German and Catholic, and the Ferris Institute, a commercial and training school which commenced in May, 1884, with fifteen pupils, but now has a yearly enrollment of over 1,000. The Court House is as fine as any in this part of Michigan. There are two banks,

two telephone companies and two large hotels with several smaller ones. All of the prominent secret orders are here represented. The Board of Trade consisting of the progressive business men of the city is constantly working along the line improving the condition and increasing the business of the city. Two new plants located here during the past year through its efforts are Armour & Co.'s large warehouse, made of field stone, and a salting station owned by Heinz' Pickle Co., both of which have been a great benefit to our markets.

There are two Women's Clubs, and through their efforts the "Town Improvement Club" has been organized. A park has been commenced in the city, and within the past few months a free Library—the Phelps—has been opened. Another fine institution in the city is Mercy Hospital. In 1878, the Sisters of Mercy erected a temporary frame structure which burned three or four years later and was then replaced by the present handsome brick building. The city is improving along every line and we hope some day to see it as fine, if not the finest of any city in the State.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

"From 1860 to 1870 the village made fair progress. Gus. Williams started early in the 60's the second hotel on what is now the Fairman Block corner. He did not finish it, and in 1864 A. S. Mason and Green Brothers bought him out, completed the structure, and it was for years called the Mason House. It changed hands several times, and in October, 1879, was being run by a Mr. White, when fire broke out in the woodshed, and the entire hotel, barn and all buildings as far south as Hobart's brick store were consumed."

"Thomas Lazell came here in 1860 and built a house which is still standing. He says he crossed the Muskegon River in a canoe, there being no bridge. Messrs. Stearns and Woolley were then running the Pacific House. Among the structures he aided in erecting were the big house on the Tom Stimson (now the N. H. Vincent) farm. In 1865 he erected the first steam saw-mill in this section. He placed it at the foot of what is now Mill street (and the street took its name therefrom). He did planing, matching, etc. J. K. P. Snyder's father, a few years later, put up a small mill at the end of Mitchell Creek."

"It was during the winter of 1861-2 that the villagers came to the conclusion that their numbers and necessities warranted a newspaper, and when it was learned that Newaygo county just then had within its borders the man needed, C. C. Fuller began negotiations, and the

result was Charlie Gay was induced to come to this village to print a paper. He bought from W. W. Woolnough of Battle Creek, a Rumage press, but did not set it up because later he secured, from a lady at Greenville, a Washington hand press, which was more serviceable. With a lot of type then in his possession, and some new material bought from Pease & Sons, of Detroit, there was enough to answer the purpose, and on April 17, 1862, in a little building on Michigan Avenue owned by Charles Shafer, was issued the first number of the Mecosta County Pioneer; four pages, five columns to the page, cleanly printed, with Charlie Gay publisher and proprietor and C. C. Fuller editor. From that day to this, while there have been partnerships and companies and changes, Mr. Gay has retained a controlling interest and been the head of the paper, standing by the ship through all of its ups and downs and justly wearing the honor of being the pioneer publisher of Mecosta county."

"One of the most prominent conventions held in Mecosta County's metropolis was the second annual meeting of the Northwestern Michigan Press Association, Monday and Tuesday, July 14 and 15, 1879. The following journalists were in attendance:

C. S. Ramsey and wife, Cheboygan Tribune.
App. M. Smith, Manistee Times.
Frank Bracelin, Montague Lumberman.
Hon. E. G. D. Holden, S. F. Aspinwall and wife, Grand Rapids Journal.
L. A. Barker and wife, Lake City Journal.
T. T. Bates and wife, Traverse City Herald.
G. E. Matthews and wife, Fremont Indicator.
E. L. Sprague and wife, and Miss O. Spencer, Traverse Bay Eagle
A. H. Johnson, Sutton's Bay Tribune.
L. M. Sellers, Cedar Springs Clipper.
A. Chase, Evart Review.
G. W. Minchin, Reed City Clarion.
J. W. Hallack, Sparta Sentinel.
E. O. Rose and wife, Charlie Gay and wife, M. W. Barrows and wife, Big Rapids Pioneer-Magnet.
O. D. Glidden and wife, D. F. Glidden and wife, Big Rapids Herald.
W. T. Slawson and wife, V. W. Bruce and wife, Big Rapids Current.
W. S. Stevens, and wife, Hesperia Hesperian.
Maj. J. W. Long, wife and nurse, Isabella Times.
J. H. Wheeler and wife, Sherman Pioneer.
A. Bilz, Miss Fannie G. Bilz and Miss Allie Sabin, Spring Lake Republican.
C. F. Chapin, Cadillac News.
Gen. A. A. Stevens and C. C. Sexton, Grand Rapids Democrat.
Frank H. Rose, St. Johns Home Chronicle.
James Vandersluis, Grand Rapids Banner.
W. S. Benham, Grand Haven Herald.
E. F. Grabill and wife, Greenville Independent.
F. Weller and wife, Miss Theresa Quinlin, Muskegon News and Reporter.
W. M. Harford, Muskegon Chronicle.
W. A. Smith, Charlevoix Sentinel.
R. R. Johnson, Muskegon Journal.
C. P. Rice, Muskegon Daily Times.
Don Henderson, Allegan Journal.
J. Parmiter and wife, Hart Journal.

The following representatives of papers outside the Northwestern Michigan Press Association were present:

Gill R. Osmun, Detroit Evening News.

W. S. George and wife, Lansing Republican.

Rev. H. Lamont, Chicago Witness.

After a business meeting Monday afternoon, an evening was spent in social chat and festivity. At ten o'clock they were serenaded by the city cornet band, and then followed an enjoyable banquet at the Armory Hall, prepared by R. R. White, proprietor of the Mason House. After being seated in the hall, S. S. Wilcox of Big Rapids presiding, Dr. Bigelow in behalf of the citizens, delivered an eloquent welcoming address. The banquet over, T. T. Bates, of the Traverse City Herald, delivered a feeling response to the address of Dr. Bigelow. Then followed the toasts:

"Michigan"—Response by Hon. E. G. D. Holden, of the Grand Rapids Journal.

"Our Schools and Colleges."—Response by Hon. W. S. George, of the Lansing Republican.

"The Editor's Guests" (Will Carlton)—Recitation by Kittie May Woolley of Big Rapids.

"The Press—Indispensable to American Progress."—Response by Hon. M. Brown of Big Rapids.

"Woman—May she never be Underestimated."—Response by E. O. Rose of Big Rapids Pioneer Magnet.

"Our Second Century"—Response by Rev. E. W. Miller of Big Rapids.

"The Newspaper Man—His Ups and Downs."—Response by G. E. Matthews of the Fremont Indicator.

The responses were excellent and loudly applauded. At the business meeting Tuesday morning, E. O. Rose of Big Rapids, was elected president. Tuesday forenoon the entire party spent a couple of hours riding about town and witnessing the various objects of interest, carriages for that purpose being furnished by the citizens. At eleven o'clock the fire department came out for its review and was cordially praised. The party left in the afternoon for the north, on an excursion to Mackinac Island. This meeting was the largest assemblage of newspaper men ever seen in the State up to this time.

CHARLES SHAFER.

The following sketch of one of Mecosta County's oldest pioneers, and his wife, grandparents of the writer of the foregoing article, Miss Ella J. Ramsdell, was written by James B. Haskins, of Howard City, in 1901, and published by the Saturday Grand Rapids Evening Press:

Sitting together in the same room in a home on Linden street in Big Rapids are a venerable couple who have seen this city grow from its

infancy in the great pine wilderness. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Shafer are the oldest living residents of the city and have been a very real part of its history.

They came here in 1857. Mr. Shafer was born near Wilkesbarre, Pa., eighty years ago, (in 1823). His father was a soldier in the Revolutionary war and Charles was one of seven children, five daughters and two sons. He was thrown on the world alone at the age of ten years and thence on made his way unaided. In 1846 he married Miss Jane Heasley in Maunch Chaunk, Pa., the couple taking their wedding trip to Philadelphia by stage coach.

In 1854 he came west, settling first in Walker township, Kent county, where they lived for three years. Then Mr. Shafer decided to prospect a little, and in the fall of 1857 went to Newaygo, then in the beginning of its glory as a lumbering town, and from there followed an old Indian trail to the spot on which Big Rapids now stands. Just one shanty, occupied by Augustine W. Williams, was up at that time, and there was a little mill on the spot now covered by the foot of Michigan avenue.

Mr. Shafer cleared the trees from a spot on the avenue and that winter the lumber for the cottage which the couple afterward occupied was sawed out at the little mill. In January of that year, 1858, there came a severe sleet storm and the lumber for that shanty was covered with a solid inch of ice. The weather continued cold and in order to get the house in readiness for spring occupancy he built it of ice coated lumber. They moved in in February, set up a stove, and were nearly drowned when the ice on the lumber began to melt. During the winter of 1859, Sam. Bailey, who, with others had come to the little settlement the previous summer, cleared the road which later became Michigan avenue. A mile of Maple street was cut through the same winter. Mr. Shafer's trade was that of a carpenter, and he found his services in great demand, though money was very scarce, there being months at a time when there was not $5 in cash in circulation in the entire country. On account of fires, however, there are but two buildings now standing which he built in the city. There was true fellowship between the pioneers in those days. Each fall they would gather together their savings and go with their ox-teams to Grand Rapids and Kalamazoo, returning with enough supplies to last them through the year to come. They would live high for a while, but along toward the end of the year there was more than a little borrowing to eke out an existence.

In 1859 the legislature organized Mecosta county, which was joined

for all municipal and judicial purposes with Newaygo county and the townships of Reynolds, Winfield, Maple Valley and Pierson, of Montcalm county. In 1860 the census showed that about 900 persons were residents of this territory, of which about 500 were in Mecosta county proper. In 1859 Mr. Shafer was elected county treasurer, and creditably filled the office through the following four years. In 1870 he was reelected and served two years. He also served several terms as justice of the peace, in a time when "there was much jangling and fuss over trivial things," and the office was no sinecure. He was appointed postmaster of the village by President Buchanan in 1858, the postoffice being named Leonard, and the town going under that name for four years. In 1860, however, the name was changed to Big Rapids, an appellation given long years before by the Indians on account of the rapids in the Muskegon river here.

Mr. Shafer resigned the postmastership in 1871. He was well-to-do then, and was in a way to become comfortably rich when he made the mistake of his life in indorsing bank papers for friends who later failed him. Fire added to his misfortune in 1871 and shortly afterward he retired from active business life. Even the fine residence, the erection of which was begun before his misfortune came, stands today in a partially completed state, as it has for nearly thirty years. The venerable couple live there today, together with their only remaining daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Hopkins, and granddaughter, Ella J. Ramsdell.

In 1876 Mr. Shafer's sight began to fail and two years later he became totally blind. Mrs. Shafer,[1] also, has been an invalid for a dozen years or more, and the two are now simply awaiting the peace which in time will come to both. Mr. Shafer has been a master Mason for thirty-nine years and is now a charter member of Big Rapids lodge, No. 171, F. & A. M.

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[1] Mrs. Shafer died Jan. 22, 1903.

PIONEER DAYS IN MECOSTA COUNTY.

BY JUDGE C. C. FULLER.[1]

When I was requested by your Secretary some time since, through his fair assistant, to prepare a paper for this occasion, I inquired what subject I should select, and was informed that I could write on what I chose, but was also requested to avoid a repetition of the facts given last summer in the fine paper read by Miss Ramsdell, therefore if I should repeat anything contained in her paper, it will be concerning such events as came under my personal observation before she was born, and clothed in such language as not to be deemed a repetition.

In making a few extemporaneous remarks at the annual meeting of this Society in 1904, I stated that I was perhaps more of a pioneer of Grand Rapids than Big Rapids, as I first saw that now flourishing metropolis of Western Michigan which is the pride of our State, the first days of November, 1845, when it was a little frontier village of about one thousand inhabitants, with muddy streets, no bridge across the river, and mainly celebrated as an Indian trading post, where the red men congregated once a year to be paid by the Government, their annual stipend of half a dollar each and be robbed of much of that by merchants who claimed to be their creditors.

The older residents of that now beautiful city well remember those of that day now gone to their reward, such as Louis Compau, Col. Amos Roberts, Aaron B. Turner, Henry R. Williams, R. C. Luce, Wm. Haldane, Wilder D. Foster, John W. Pierce, A. D. Rathbone, Hiram Rathbone, Canton Smith, John T. Holmes, Charles P. Calkins, Dr. Charles Shepard, E. B. Bostwick, Judge Withey, W. G. Henry, James Miller, Z. G. and Jacob Winsor and others I might mention, who laid the foundations of the Grand Rapids of today.

In 1857 the Detroit and Milwaukee Railroad, now the Grand Trunk, reached Grand Rapids, or rather came within a mile of town, and while during its construction the little city flourished, its advent together with the financial panic which soon followed was almost a death

[1] Ceylon C. Fuller, was born at Chardon, Ohio, June 25., 1832; in 1845 removed to Grand Rapids, Mich., where he was educated, and at Hiram college, Ohio, where he was a class and room-mate of President Garfield. He studied law and was admitted in 1860. Practiced at Big Rapids his present home. He was a Representative in 1869-70, and served as postmaster, prosecuting attorney, judge of probate and circuit court commissioner. In 1882 elected judge of 27th judical court and served one term.

blow to business of all kinds; the price of property as well as labor fell to almost nothing and ruin seemed to be awaiting all, until the war of the Rebellion came to the rescue of business men and prosperity was brought about by those terrible years of strife. Being myself one of the sufferers from the business depression, I left the home I had learned to love about May 1st, 1860, and went to the wild and almost uninhabited region now known as Mecosta County, with its twenty-five thousand people, and selected the little hamlet which had been designated as the judicial seat of said county at its organization in 1857, now known as the enterprising city of Big Rapids, and how do you suppose we reached the place? I will tell you. We chartered a good team of horses and lumber wagon, loaded all our worldly possessions, including wife and self into the latter, and started for the north on April 28th, expecting to reach the end of our seventy-five miles journey in three days which we did, but what a trip! A few miles out of Grand Rapids the road was fair, then came mud, then a little better traveling and finally on the morning of the third day we started into the forest, and for twenty miles labored through among the trees on a track which had been "under-brushed," (you old woodsmen will know what that means), running over roots, through mudholes and around fallen trees, until finally at night, worn out and weary with walking and riding as much of the way it was not safe to ride, the little opening in the woods came into view and our future home was presented to us in all its romantic yet rough unattractiveness.

Only one little store, a boarding house, a small red saw mill near by, a blacksmith shop, a building occupied as a post office and for county offices, all in one room, a schoolhouse, a small hotel, five dwelling houses, a little building which had a sign on its front reading "Law Office," and a barn were all the buildings to be seen, fifteen all told. A village had been platted called Leonard, now Big Rapids, a few lots cleared and a few streets cut out, that is, the trees had been cut but stumps and logs prevented travel except on foot, and instead of being improvements, the work of man had disfigured the fair face of nature, as the rough appearance of the landscape was far less beautiful than had been the case before the forest was invaded by the woodman's axe. To me, there is no more grand and beautiful sight than "the pathless woods," for "the groves were God's first temples," but these groves have been destroyed by vandal hands, and in their places we see the busy city and fruitful field.

Being young and ambitious yet poor in purse, I took off my coat

and went to work cutting down more of those beautiful trees, as I had purchased some lots on which to build a dwelling, and ere long had cleared room enough for the purpose, and before the winter came I had a little cozy house to call my own. There had been a young lawyer in the village during the summer of 1859, who walked out of the woods late in the fall, with only a summer suit of clothes, having sold the rest of his wardrobe, as well as his books, to pay his expenses, and finally left as I was told, stating that he had a profession and would not work—would starve first. The writer was able by hard work and frugality to avoid starvation although we could not indulge in luxuries if so disposed. Grand Rapids was our market and the cost of transportation by teams was a big item—I remember that a barrel of salt cost me three dollars in that city and six dollars freight. We had no bridge over the Muskegon river in the spring of 1860. In low water it was a comparatively easy matter to ford the rapids, but when the water was high a canoe was a necessity.

I was appointed postmaster soon after my arrival. The mail came once a week from Greenville forty miles distant, and the mail carrier came on horseback, when on time, each Thursday noon, but he was always on the wrong or east side of the river while the village was all on the west side. When the water was low he could cross, but when high he blew his horn and some one would go over in a "dugout" and fetch the carrier and his mail across. I was allowed an hour in which to distribute and make up the mail. People from the surrounding country for many miles distant came to town on Thursdays, and "mail day" was as great an occasion as the Fourth of July. There was no post-office north of us this side of Traverse City, and some parties came a long distance for their mail as there were lumber camps and an occasional settler fifty miles or more up the river. Sunday was for several years also a favorite day for men employed in lumber camps, as well as settlers who lived at a distance to come after their mail, and a trip from my house to the post-office was almost an hourly occurrence on pleasant Sundays. We could enforce no rules for opening or closing the office in those days.

I have stated that there had been a lawyer before me who became discouraged and left late in the fall in his summer clothes, but another came in the summer of 1860 who remained, and when not professionally engaged, worked at his trade as a carpenter which was a good share of the time. His name was Howard W. Wiltse, and he died in 1862. Lawyers from Grand Rapids and Newaygo were frequently retained in

important cases, amongst whom were E. S. Eggleston and Lucius Patterson of Grand Rapids and Col. J. H. Standish, James Barton and William T. Howell of Newaygo. The latter was appointed later by President Lincoln Judge of the new Territory of Arizona. Hon. F. J. Littlejohn of Allegan was our first Circuit Judge, and his circuit extended from Allegan County to the Straits of Mackinac. Col. Standish always accompanied the Judge on his rounds, both traveling on horse back, and was retained in all cases by my clients for the first few years. We were always successful no matter whether for the plaintiff or defendant and it was understood that he was my standing assistant. We rarely had a jury trial for a civil case then. Some people were so uncharitable as to suggest that Judge Littlejohn was controlled by the Colonel, mesmerized, as it was then called, and hypnotized, now. That may have been true, as the Colonel was known to have practiced mesmerism in his younger days, but we attributed our success to the justice of our causes and the ability with which they were tried. All these names I have mentioned as belonging to the Bench and Bar have long been chiseled on the monuments which mark their owner's graves, excepting that of Judge James Barton, who still is a hale old man of ninety-two and bids fair to round out a century. We had another judge in later years. A tall dark-haired man with a Websterian head and intellect, who possessed the ability, if he had lived, to fill any position in civil life to which he might have aspired, with credit to himself and honor to the State, but he was cut down in his prime and the world was made so much poorer thereby. His name was Augustine H. Giddings, a native of Great Barrington, Massachusetts. Some of you must have known him.

I should state perhaps that the first post-office was a log shanty and the letters were put in cracks here and there, while frequently each one who came for mail looked over the collection and selected his own if he found anything for him, as the postmaster was too busy at the sawmill near by or engaged elsewhere about the premises, to wait upon him. The mail was brought from Croton, Newaygo County by a man on foot occasionally in what we used to call a carpet-bag. I do not speak from my own knowledge of this but from hearsay. There was no post-office north of Big Rapids in 1860 unless at Traverse City, where Hannah, Lay & Co. had settled and engaged in lumbering, their business being with Chicago, and their new town being accessible only by water—or by Indian trail. The first post-office aside from Traverse City was called Reed City, 12 miles north of Big Rapids in Osceola

County, where a man named Reed, and others interested platted a village which now is an important station at the crossing of the Grand Rapids & Indiana and Pere Marquette railroads. I procured the establishment of the post-office and suggested its name. This was in the year 1863 or 4, I think.

The first religious meetings held in Big Rapids by one who called himself a minister of the Gospel was in 1861 by a man named Kelley, was abandoned a lucrative position at Newaygo, where he drove an ox-team hauling slabs away from a sawmill, for a precarious living as a pioneer preacher. He was not an educated man, although, no doubt, a very conscientious one, and his use of the English language was quite out of the ordinary. He had very original ideas concerning the appropriation of Christian names for his children, of which he had several—a few of whom were called Bright Venus, Gay Saturn, Noble Mars and other peculiar names I have forgotten. I do not know whether he continued to name his offspring after the rest of the Heavenly bodies as his efforts as a "Sky Pilot" as they call preachers out in the mining regions, were not remunerative, and he returned to the mill-yard as I was informed, where his services were better appreciated than with us. He was long since called away from his earthly labors, and no doubt is enjoying his reward for the efforts he made to guide the footsteps of the pioneers in the narrow way.

I have mentioned the fact that "Mail Day" was an important event in our isolated community, and the fact that there was no newspaper published north of Newaygo caused us to agitate the question of inducing someone to come and start a paper, both to advertise our town and give the news from the outside world; and to assist in bringing this about, the writer offered to assume the editorial charge of a newspaper, without compensation, if some printer would come and publish one. In response to this offer, a young man appeared one day in the early spring of 1862, at my office, and said he was a printer; that his name was Charlie Gay, and that he had heard we wanted a newspaper, etc. Of course I told him this was so, and the interview resulted in his promise to come soon and see what we could do. He was poor as well as the rest of us, but his former employer at Newaygo was indebted to him of course, and having a lot of worn-out type laid by allowed him to take what he wanted of it for use on his new paper. Mr. Gay procured some new advertising and job type and we found an old second-hand Washington press in Greenville, which was repaired by a blacksmith so as to be capable of being used, and finally on the 17th day of April,

1862, the first number of "The Mecosta County Pioneer" was issued, one of which I now present to this Society. Mr. Gay is still one of the publishers of the paper now called the Big Rapids Pioneer and both a daily as well as weekly edition is issued. My editorial duties lasted for only ten years as I resigned in 1872.

Our Civil war had been in progress for a year when the Pioneer made its appearance, and many of our young men, nearly all of whom were married, had entered the army and the coming of the mail was anxiously awaited by the wives and parents of those who had gone to the front, some never to return. Those were dark days for us who remained at home, yet they finally passed by; peace was restored and they now exist in memory less and less often recalled as the years go by, yet awakened by the exercises of our late Memorial Day, and so every year.

I ought perhaps to give an example of some of the brighter scenes which we enjoyed in our backwoods home, one of which was a dancing party participated in more or less by all the settlers young and old for many miles around; among those I remember as being present were Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Blodget, then of Hersey, Osceola County, some fifteen miles distant and the dancing was done in the second story of the mill boarding house, that being the largest room in town. I said people young and old, but they were mostly young as was shown by the fact that there were some sixteen babies on a bed in a room opening off the one used for dancing, none over twelve months old if I remember, and Mr. John W. Blodget, of Grand Rapids, now a member of the Republican National Committee, was one of them. I presume he does not remember that occasion. The room was not plastered and for lights we had tallow candles fastened to the wall with old fashioned two-tined iron forks. This was not a very brilliant light nor was it a very brilliant company there assembled. The ladies did not appear in evening dress nor were claw-hammers present, but I suppose we had as much enjoyment on the occasion with our rude environments as those now do who meet in gilded halls surrounded by all the accessories of the modern ballroom. This was the only time I believe that I ever tried to dance.

The part of Michigan of which I write like many other portions of our beautiful state has made giant strides in many ways since then. In those early days we had the redman for our neighbor and he brought his game and furs to our little town for sale; now he is gone no one knows, nor even cares where. The railroad trains are coming and

going almost hourly through what then was a trackless forest. "The Straits" are now only a few hours away and reached by palace cars, while then an Indian trail was the only road through the wilderness. We were without a railroad until the summer of 1870, ten long years after my arrival, when the Grand Rapids and Indiana reached us, having been twenty-two years in building from Grand Rapids, a distance of fifty-six miles—the last thirty-six of which was done in fourteen months, and the first twenty miles north of Cedar Springs in ninety days, as an Act of the Legislature, of which I was a member, made it necessary so to do in order to save a land grant of a million acres.

Less than half a century ago Upper Michigan was only known as the home of wild beasts and semi-savages, and none but the most venturesome would brave the hardships and dangers of a trip to those Northern wilds, while now that region is inhabited by an intelligent and thriving people, with churches and schoolhouses on every hand. What will be its appearance at the end of the twentieth century? Who will venture to even think, much less to say?

THE MORAVIANS IN MICHIGAN.

BY JOHN E. DAY.[1]

Enterprises of a public or private character may be judged in two ways; first, by what they attempt, and secondly by what they accomplish. If we judge of the Moravians in Michigan by the latter test we shall arrive at an unjust and altogether unsatisfactory conclusion, for the results of their efforts were meagre in the extreme, only a few of the old men and squaws yielding to the influence of their teaching. But, if we think of the grandeur of the attempt to plant christian civilization among the Indian inhabitants of the wilds of Michigan, under the most unfavorable conditions, and at a most unpropitious season; when we contemplate the self-denial, privation and suffering such an attempt must produce we shall arrive at a more just estimate of the nobility of the enterprise, and what it cost.

It is the purpose of this paper to inquire, 1st, who and what were the Moravians; 2nd, their purpose in Michigan, and 3d, their success.

[1] For biography see Vol. XXXII, p. 405.

The Moravians are a religious sect, generally believed to have arisen in Germany under the patronage and leadership of a nobleman named Nicholas Lewis, Count Zinznidorf, who lived in the early part of the 18th century, and gave his fortune and influence to their belief; but the fact is that they had a much earlier origin. According to their own histories they had their Genesis in the 9th century, being an off-shoot from the Greek Church. The first trouble which caused a breach arose from the antipathy of the Greek to the Roman Church, which in time gave supremacy to the latter, and many of the communicants of the Greek Church were forced to submit to the authority of the See of Rome. Quite a number, however, remained faithful and adhered secretly to the rites of the Mother Church. These in 1175 joined the Waldenses and engaged with them in missionary work and shared with them the bitter hate and cruel persecutions which soon followed. In 1547 they again set up for themselves and took the name *"Fratres Legis Christi"* —Brethren in the law of Christ. They renounced all adherence to human compilations of faith or doctrine, declaring they would follow only the word of God. But they had no governing head and disputed often among themselves, and were decimated by persecutions of the period of the Reformation. So they struggled on until in 1570 a synod of elders of their body, with remarkable liberality of belief for that time, passed a decree that differences about non-essentials should not be allowed to endanger or destroy their union as a church. This spirit of toleration grew and became a stimulus to the church. They prospered abundantly, and enjoyed the exercise of their religious privileges till the year 1612 when a civil war broke out in Bohemia, which assumed the nature of a religious war and a bitter persecution followed, which caused the dispersion of their ministers, and brought great distress upon the brethren in general. Some fled to England, some to Saxony, and Brandenburgh; others overcome by the severity of the persecution conformed to the rites of the Roman Church. Only one colony has been given a place and name in history; these maintained the purity of their original principles and practice, and in 1722 were conducted by a brother named Christian David, from Fulneck in Moravia to Upper Lusatia in Saxony where they put themselves under the protection of Count Zinznidorf, and built a little village on his estate, which they named "Hüttberg" or "Watch hill." Here they received the name of Moravians, and were also called "Hernhütters" and "United Brethren." Here they were overtaken by a new trial; Zinznidorf, while deeply in sympathy with the Moravians, was himself a firm upholder of the

church established by law, and tried to persuade the Moravians to join the Lutheran body; this they firmly declined to do, and in the arguments which followed the Count himself became a convert of their faith and a member of the *"Unitas Fratris."* It should not be a matter of much surprise, if in the battle of creeds, in which the religious world at that time engaged so frequently and so relentlessly, the *"Unitas Fratris"* should be involved with the rest. The name "Unitas Fratris" had an inviting sound and attracted Calvinists and other hot theologies, and soon the battle-cry of the sects and "ologies" was heard in their very midst, and very nearly caused their overthrow. It was Zinznidorf then who stood in the breach, and by his wisdom and generosity so guided the church through her trials that they never appeared again from that source. In 1714 Zinznidorf also banished from Saxony and soon after came to America, and with many who accompanied him to the new world established a church at Bethleham, Pa., which has remained the center of the body of Moravians until the present time. Zinznidorf spent some twenty years in labor here among the Delaware Indians, and then in his old age was allowed to return to his native land, where he died in 1760 at the age of seventy-five.

Of the peculiar tenets of the Moravian Church, it is needful to mention only two; namely, 1st, adherence to the word of God as their rule of practice; 2nd, missionary zeal. In regard to the former, if their zeal in observing the letter of the law led them to extreme, and, to us, unusual practice, we need not wonder at it; others did the same. In the days of the Prophets all great questions were settled by lot. So the Brethren settled their questions in the same manner. This practice won also in matters not belonging to the church, such as matters of family relationship, settlement of business affairs, and marriage, were, after a season of solemn prayer, left to the arbitrament of the lot, firmly believing that God, in some way, governed and directed the chance of the lot, so that the result must be for their good and His glory. They never murmured at the results, but accepted them as right and inevitable. It is the fact that fewer sought relief from the marriage vows than among any other people. Thus by a law of compensation, if they missed some of the romance of courtship, the loss was more than met by lives of mutual patience and forbearance.

The other distinguishing feature of the Moravians is as their zeal in missionary labors; in this they excelled all other denominations. A distinguished writer of a century ago has said, "Their invincible pa-

tience, their well-regulated zeal, their self-denial, their constant prudence, deserve the need of highest approbation. Nor are they ever wearied in so honourable a service for they have numerous missionaries still employed in many different parts of the world," and he might have added that they sought the places that seemed to offer the greatest discouragements. Indeed it was, at least in part, in obedience to the missionary spirit, that led them to America, for they had a hope that they might be the means of bringing the influence of the gospel to the Delaware and Chippewa Indians. During the years from 1760 to the close of the Revolutionary struggle millions among these tribes were pushed west, and from Bethlehem as far as they could penetrate the wilderness. They bore names at once suggestive and poetical; thus they had "Lichtenau"—Pastures of light." "Schönbrunn"—Shining spring. "Salem"—Peace. "Gnadenhütten"—Tents of Grace. "Hernhüt"—The Lord's watch," etc., etc. It must be remembered that during these years these Indian tribes were in the strife of war between the English and French, and later between the English and Americans, and were too much and too constantly absorbed in passing events to give much heed to the words of the missionary—they allowed the old men and squaws that duty. The Indians were used by both sides, whenever opportunity offered, to strike a blow on the other side. The Moravians were strictly neutral, and taught their converts not to take sides or to fight against either side, but upon the victory of the English over the French, and the commencement of the war of the Revolution the English conceived the idea that Indian neutrality was only another name for favor to the American cause, and thus the Moravians became objects of suspicion and jealousy, which reached its culmination in October, 1781, when Col. DePeyster, commandant of the British Fort at Detroit, sent for the missionaries to come to Detroit to answer the charges made against them, of aid and sympathy to the American cause. The summons was answered by four of the missionaries and five Delaware converts. Rev. H. N. Rice, at present a minister of the Moravian Church, says, "The flourishing settlements in northern Ohio were midway between the American and British frontier line, with the American headquarters at Pittsburgh and the British at Fort Detroit. As an apostle of peace the Moravians were helpless in the face of these bitter antagonists, and were open to assault from either side as the supposed favorer of the other. The Indians also, among whom they were laboring, were the objects of rival diplomacies and plottings, that they might

be secured as allies of the one against the other. It is easily understood that at such a time of war and intrigue the work of the missionary must either cease for the time being or be annihilated."

The order of Colonel DePeyster was conveyed and executed by Captain Elliott of the British army. The order seems to have been to the effect that the body of missionaries, together with their wives and children and their converts, should be deported as their presence there could no longer be tolerated. Zeisberger, in his diary, tells how the order was executed. "They laid hands on me and brothers Heckenselder and Senseman and led us away captives. They stripped us, taking away all our clothes. We were then brought to the English tent where some old clothes were given us so we were not entirly naked." And so on, a sad and cruel story. Then they compelled the missionaries and their families to set out on foot through the wilderness in the direction of Detroit, leaving behind them their fields of ripened grain, their cattle, houses and furniture, besides the improvements which had cost them eight years of arduous and self denying labor. Worse, and more to be lamented than this was the loss of prestige in mission work among the Indians; its glory was gone, and the independence of the christian Indian forever destroyed. But the journey, sad and painful was made; the body of the missionaries remaining near Sandusky while the four whites and five Indians proceeded to Detroit. The commandant, DePeyster, seems to have been lenient towards his captives and not only vindicated but helped them, and gave them a passport and permission to pursue their work among the Indians. They spent the winter of 1781-1782 at the settlement near Sandusky, and suffered much from loss of proper protection from the cold and lack of food. As the spring began to advance they thought of the corn left standing at the old home on the Muskingum and concluded to go and gather it; so on March 7th and 8th, 1782, they were engaged in large numbers in the work of securing the corn when a body of militia, 200 in number, from the American fort Pitt surprised and massacred them in cold blood, and in the most heartless and aggravating manner. Here was lost to the mission work some of the best of its years of labor, for these were not uneducated and uncultivated Indians who were sacrificed, but some of them were scholars, the best of the times who had been educated under Elliott in New Jersey and were interpreters of the sermons preached to other Indians. The Journal says, "Two weeks after the horrible massacre of the brown Christian men, women and children, the account of which reached the exiled missionaries at their

resting place near Sandusky, they with their families were on their way to Detroit whither they had a second time been summoned by the British Commandant. The bearer of the melancholy message was our brother Joshua, whose two daughters, aged fifteen and eighteen, had been slaughtered among the rest." "We grieved much," continues the journal, "for such loving souls, and assembling on the occasion prayed the Church Litany, to be kept in everlasting fellowship with the Church triumphant, and with our dear brethren and sisters and the children slain on the Muskingum, in the firm persuasion of again meeting together in the presence of our Redeemer."

Of the cause and purport of this second summons by DePeyster we are scarcely well informed. Probably his mind had again been poisoned by enemies of the mission, and he had concluded to remove the missionaries out of the country altogether, or to settle them near Detroit and within the circle of his oversight. Anyway the outlook to the Moravians was not cheering. April 8, 1782, the journal recites—"Nowhere is there a place to be found to which we can retire with our Indians and be secure, the world is all too narrow. From the white people we can hope for no protection, and among the heathen we have no friends left; such outlaws are we. But praise be to God, the Lord our God yet lives, and will not forsake us. He will punish us if we deserve punishment that afterwards He may be the more merciful." Such was the character, and such the spirit of the Moravians who came to Michigan, and such the circumstances which controlled their coming. "The Moravian mission work, what there was left of it, was now to be carried on under the protection of the British flag, and by the advice and patronage of Col. DePeyster of the Detroit Post. So a grant of land was obtained from the Chippewa Indians, which grant was to expire on the declaration of peace between the British and Americans.

On the 20th of July 1782 the missionaries, four in number, with families and some of their Indian converts, left the Fort at Detroit and in two small boats proceeded up the river to the mouth of the Clinton, and then followed the devious way of this latter river, or the Huron as it was then called, about four or five miles when they reached an old Indian Fort with its accompanying cornfields, and here they settled once more to form a local habitation which they might call home. At this site in 1784 was born the second daughter of John Hechenelder, Salome, who in 1808 was married to Joseph Rice, whose son is now the minister at Gnadenhütten, Ohio. On the arrival at the wilderness

home and around the bivouac fire in the woods they gathered, and a sermon was preached from the words, "Ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace," and the struggle for existence in the wilderness of Michigan began. It was too late in the season then to plow, even if they had the cleared land to till. But DePeyster treated them kindly and met their needs with supplies from the Fort, and the missionaries and their converts gained a good name with the merchants in Detroit for honesty and trustworthiness. Arrivals from Sandusky came slowly, and the colony grew only by natural increase. Commerce was held with Detroit in a small way, for the Indians spent what time they could spare from hunting and fishing in the manufacture of canoes and baskets, and the women in bead and basket work, which found market at that Fort and established a commercial relationship between the mission and the Fort. This led in a year or two to the making of a road on a direct line from the Mission, which they named New Gnadenhütten, to Detroit, and for many years was known as the "Moravian road." The route by water, difficult at all times, and impossible in winter, was long and tedious, while that by land was direct and not so uncertain. In 1775 the journal states, "Some of our Indians went out to the mouth of the Huron river to aid a settler to erect a cabin," the first note of civilization sounded outside of the forts within the State of Michigan.

The four years of stay in Macomb county were not eventful, and there is no need to dwell long upon them. The Indians, while not troublesome, were not moved by their teachings or preaching, and upon the establishment of peace they began to insist upon the terms of the agreement, and that the time had come for the Moravians to vacate, so in April, 1786, they broke up camp and started on the return journey. The church diary relates what a record their converts had made among the trades people of the Fort. "Our Indians left a good reputation behind them, for all the merchants in Detroit report that they all paid their debts to the last penny. They said it could be well enough seen that our Indians were an honorable people, and better than all the people around Detroit who do not like to pay their debts. The merchants add thereto that this was the fruit of the missionaries' labor." Perhaps this and the cultivation of the principle of peace and harmony among the Indians were among the inestimable results of the years of privation and hardship attending the time spent in Michigan, and when the last great account is made up, the humble Moravian missionaries may have more to their credit than the world would think.

Upon the departure of the Moravians their improvements were sold to Major Ancrum and John Askin of Detroit for $450. The site was a well chosen and beautiful one on a bend of the river on the south side, whose gently sloping banks are covered with a luxuriant undergrowth among scattering and majestic trees. Some of the mission buildings were preserved for a time, but gradually all disappeared. Only one person, a white man, of the Moravians stayed upon the mission site. Richard Connor, an Indian from Maryland, who with his wife had gone to Fort Pitt, and from there to Schönbrun, to seek a son who had been taken prisoner by the Indians. They were so well suited with the Moravians that contrary to usual practice they stayed with them. Soon after the settlement of the mission at the Clinton the Connors came there also, and here in 1787 their only daughter, Susannah, was born. She afterwards became the wife of Judge Elisha Harrington, whose farm covered the site of the old mission ground, and some of whose descendants still call the old place home.

THE MORAVIANS AT DETROIT.

BY C. M. BURTON.[1]

The Moravians were Protestant before Protestantism was born. They take their name from the Moravian Churches founded by the followers of the reformer, John Huss, who suffered the death of a Christian martyr, a century before the Protestant Reformation begun. The most prominent Moravian teacher, or preacher, of those who visited Detroit, was David Zeisberger, who was born in Moravia in 1721, and came to America when he was about 17 years of age. He was educated under the eaves of the Church, and at an early age, determined that his life should be devoted to educating and christianizing the Indians of America. In later years there were associated with him, in Ohio, and Michigan, William Edwards, an Englishman, Gottlob Senseman, John Heckenwelder, George Jungmann and Michael Jung. The Indians, with whom the Moravians lived and worked in Ohio, were from the Delaware tribe, but many other tribes were largely represented in their little

[1] For biography see Vol. XXXII, p. 468.

villages. These various congregations were called Christian Indians, and were exclusively devoted to agriculture as a means of living. They took no part in the quarrels between the other Indian tribes, nor between the whites and Indians, and when the war between the Colonies and Great Britain broke out in 1775, they undertook to maintain a strict neutrality.

The private papers of the Moravians discovered and published in recent years, indicate that their sympathies were with the Americans in their struggle for independence, and that they gave aid and encouragement to some extent, but that outwardly, a strict neutrality was observed. They were looked upon with great suspicion by both sides, and their movements were watched as much as possible. The most important settlement in America was at Bethlehem, in Pennsylvania, and their settlements in Ohio were at Schönbrunn, Gnadenhütten, Salem and Lichtenau.

In the late Fall or Winter of 1778, Henry Hamilton, Lieutenant Governor of Detroit, started from Detroit to take Vincennes, Indiana, from the Americans who were then occupying that place. Hamilton succeeded in his plan, and captured the place, but a few days later, he, in turn, was captured by General George Rogers Clark, and, as a prisoner of war, was taken to Williamsburg, Virginia, and there detained for some time. The Military command of Detroit was first turned over to Capt. Richard B. Lernoult, and later, to Major Arent Schuyler DePeyster, who retained the command until the end of the Revolutionary War. In October, 1781, DePeyster sent to the Moravians and requested that some of them, acting as representatives, should come to Detroit, and talk over their situation. Zeisberger and a number of Indians were then at a settlement near Sandusky. Upon receipt of DePeyster's summons, the Moravians at once made preparation to comply, and the company was divided so that part set off for Detroit; a number returned to Muskingum, to collect some corn that had been left there the previous year, and the remainder stayed at Sandusky, as guards, to protect their possessions there.

On the 14th of October, 1781, Zeisberger, Heckenwelder, Senseman and Edwards, with a number of the leading Indians, started for Detroit, and reached that place on the third day of the following month. They at once met the commandant, and were subject to a searching examination as to their attitude in the War. The next day was Sunday, and Zeisberger records the event of that day in his diary as follows: "We remained quiet in our lodgings. People went in the street to Mass,

but since we had come in very wretched clothes, torn and ragged, we held it best not to go out much, for we had been robbed by the (Indian) warriors of all our clothes, and brother Senseman got here again, a waistcoat, which a white man had bought of the Indians, and cheerfully given up to us for nothing; likewise, also, a white woman, who had bought a white apron, gave it back again for nothing, well understanding that it belonged to us. Many officers, English and German, and also many Frenchmen, came to visit us, had compassion with us that we had been so ill-treated, and promised to help us, so far as lay in their power. The French Priest (Father Simple Bouquet), also called upon us, quite an old man, with whom, however, we could not speak, for he knew not English. Several officers, after speaking with us, said that they had become of quite another mind about us, and if the commandant had thus heard us, as they had, he would be so too."

The following day, and on the day succeeding that, the teachers attempted to get an audience with DePeyster, but he refused to see them until Captain Pipe, an Indian Chief, should arrive at the village. The Moravians knew Pipe to be hostile to them, for he had, many times in vain, sought to obtain the assistance of the Christian Indians in his incursions through the Ohio region. Now the Moravians felt that their enemy was to sit in judgment upon their actions, and possibly upon their lives. "So we had to stand among heathen," writes Zeisberger, on this date, "who were our enemies and were opposed to the preaching of the gospel, who must be our witnesses, and pronounce judgment upon us, although we were among men who wished to be called Christians." They went to meet Pipe before he entered the village, and were cordially received. On Friday the Indian warriors were received in open council and each warrior presented the scalps he had taken from the whites, and received his pay from the commandant. This horrible part of the proceeding was witnessed by the Moravians, and then commenced their trial.

The investigation was not long, nor was the examination very thorough. From the statements of Pipe, and from his own investigation, DePeyster soon ascertained that the charges of assisting the Americans were without foundation, and he dismissed the party, to return to their Ohio settlement. DePeyster was greatly pleased that the Moravians should educate and convert the Indians, and only required that they should maintain a strict neutrality as between the contending forces. Heckenwelder was, apparently, well pleased with the result of the meeting, and of Major DePeyster he noted, that on a nearer ac-

quaintance, they found him to be an admirer and well wisher to religious undertakings. He sympathized with them in their sufferings, and declared that they were engaged in a good cause.

Zeisberger and his companions at once returned to Sandusky, but they did not remain long unmolested, for the noted Simon Girty and a few others of his stamp, more savage and inhuman than the savages themselves, resolved that the Moravians should either be destroyed or driven from the country. DePeyster was persuaded that the only safety for British troops was in forcing the Moravians to assemble near Detroit, where they could be constantly watched. Orders were sent to Girty to collect all of the Christian Indians and their teachers, and take them to Detroit. Girty interpreted the order into a command to collect and drive the Moravians as he would have driven cattle or swine, and he proceeded to carry his interpretation into effect. Runners were sent to the various Moravian settlements to assemble them all at Sandusky, preparatory to a general emigration northward. There was consternation among all these innocent people, for they were leaving houses and cultivated farms and scenes endeared by long years of association, and the hard work that only the husbandman knows, to seek new and uncultivated lands in the forest, there to begin life anew. The men and women and little children were to be driven like cattle by the red savages or by white savages, over hundreds of miles of marsh and timbered lands, without roads or paths. The prospect was not inviting, and was, indeed, terrifying to strong hearts. Almost upon the eve of their departure, and while the parties were still coming to the general rendezvous at Sandusky, one of the most horrible tragedies that ever blackened the pages of the history of any nation, came as a sudden blow, to bow the head of the defenseless and devoted people.

At Gnadenhütten, the Christian Indians had been gathering the corn raised there the previous year, and had bundled their packs ready to set off the next morning to join their comrades at Sandusky, when they were compelled or enticed by a party of Virginians, Americans, to surrender their bodies, and their arms, upon a promise that they would be taken eastward for their own protection. The Americans soon undeceived the poor Indians by telling them that they were prisoners, and that they would soon be put to death. The Indian prisoners were assembled in the huts of Gnadenhütten, and told to prepare to die. After some consultation among themselves, one of the white men took a cooper's mallet and struck the Indian nearest him, who was kneeling in prayer, a blow upon the head that instantly killed him. He followed

this by braining the others in succession, down the line of kneeling Indians, until he had killed eleven and was tired with his work. Tossing the mallet to one of his fellows, he told him to proceed with the work. More than ninety Christian Indians were thus inhumanely murdered. Of the number, sixty-two were grown persons, one-third women and thirty-four were children. There is no need here to refer to the excitement that followed the discovery of this nefarious act. The Indians were greatly incensed and retaliated as severely as possible upon all Americans who fell into their hands. Zeisberger and his brethren and all the remaining Christian Indians hurriedly set out for Detroit, carrying with them everything they could from their former settlement. The teachers arrived in Detroit in April, 1782, and were at first quartered in the barracks. Major DePeyster left it with themselves, either to return to the American settlements or to make a new settlement near Detroit, and they talked of settling on Grosse Isle, down the river, or on the site of the present Amherstburg, or upon the land on the border of lake St. Clair. The latter lands were owned by the Chippewa Indians, but an effort would be made to obtain the consent of that nation to permit the new comers to lease the lands for a time and until peace would be declared. Mr. Duperon Baby acted as agent for the Chippewa Indians, and through him negotiations were begun for obtaining these lands. It soon appeared that Baby claimed to own the lands as grantee of the Indian tribe, but apparently his claim was groundless, though it was through him that possession of the lands was obtained.

It was some time before the Christian Indians began to arrive from the Ohio Country. The Moravian preachers were now domiciled in a house just without the picket line of the Village of Detroit, and were frequently called upon to officiate at baptisms and burials of the children of the Protestant citizens. Zeisberger's description of Detroit at this time is interesting in the extreme. "It is something wonderful here," he writes, "and pleasant if anyone is found who shows a desire for God's word, for the place here is like Sodom, where all sins are committed. The French have, indeed, a Church here and a Priest, who, however, is quite old, and never preaches, but merely reads mass. The English and Protestants have neither church nor preacher, and wish for neither, although they could have them if they would." While waiting the arrival of their Indian friends, they held meetings daily in the open air, for there was no place large enough to hold all who wished to hear them. "Many white people came and all were attentive." By the middle of July, their arrangements were so far progressed that they

wished to start for their new home, and DePeyster and his wife prepared many things for their comfort and use; stores from the government storehouse, tools, seeds for planting, the use of boats and sails to convey them, and a large canoe that they might retain. They feared the French Priest, and his influence among the Indians, but DePeyster allayed their fears with promises of protection. On the 20th of July, 1782, they set out from Detroit for their new home on the Clinton River, (then called the Huron River of lake St. Clair), 23½ miles from Detroit. There were brothers David Zeisberger and John Jungmann, with their wives, two unmarried brethren, William Edwards and Michael Jung, (or Young), and the Indians, Abraham, Anna, Samuel and Sara, Nanticoke, Adam and Anna, Elizabeth and eleven children, in all 19 Indians. With the use of sails and paddles, they crossed lake St. Clair and ascended the Clinton river to a point some distance above the present site of Mount Clemens, and there chose a beautiful place for the establishment of a new town to be the home for some years, of the devoted missionaries and their Indian proselytes. In the evening of the first day, a huge fire was built to ward off the mosquitoes, and gathered around this, enveloped in the protecting smoke, they considered the scripture verse for the day, "For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace. With a mother's hand, leads He his own." They congratulated themselves that they were so far removed from the world that they could hear nothing of its turmoil and trouble, but would be alone in their communion with their unseen Friend. The place they had chosen for a home had, in ages then long past, been the location of a town built, possibly, by a nation, the sound of whose footsteps had died away in the caverns of time, as have now passed the name of the nations these devoted men were striving to rescue from a savage life. Now began the life work for these people. They tilled and sowed and planted and reaped. They suffered privations. They sometimes had a plenty. They were so near Detroit that they could not long suffer for the necessaries of life, for at that place they found a ready market for their corn and whatever else they could spare, and in case of distress, they found there people disposed charitably to assist them. There is no need here to give the names of these good people who lived in Detroit, but mention might be made of a few only. First among them were Major DePeyster, and Major Ancrum, for these names are frequently mentioned by the Moravians. There were also John Askin, John, William and Alexander Macomb, and Thomas and Isaac Williams, and Levi Dolson, extensive merchants.

In 1783, at the close of the War, it was thought that Detroit would soon be surrendered to the Americans, and the Moravians were greatly afraid that event would happen. Their former experience with the Americans at Gnadenhütten made them fear the transfer from British to American control. Major DePeyster gave them all the assurances he could of a continuance under the British government, and, as time wore on, they were quieted in their minds and lived in peace on that score. They suffered all sorts of privations, but in all their sufferings, they were devout and thankful for the little they had.

Early in November, 1783, one of their communicants, Agnes, died, and the short sketch of her life, written by Zeisberger, portrays the life of the entire community. He writes concerning her as follows: "She was baptized by brother Martin Mack, in old Gnadenhütten on the Mahony, September 5, 1751, and came afterwards to the enjoyment of the Lord's Supper. She went through all the fatalities, difficulties and changes through which the Indian Church passed. In the year 1755, in Nov., when Gnadenhütten was burnt and destroyed by the Indians, she went to Nain, near Bethlehem, and in the year 1763, into the barracks in Philadelphia. In 1765, when peace and quiet were again established, she moved with the Indian Church to Friedenshütten, on the Susquehanna. In the Spring of 1772, she came with others to the Ohio, first to Languntoutenunk, and the year after to Gnadenhütten, on the Muskingum, from which she had to flee and return to Lichtenau in the year 1778, on account of the war troubles; here she remained a year, and in 1779 again went to Gnadenhütten. In the year 1781, when the Indian Church on the Muskingum, with its teachers, was carried away captive, and brought to Sandusky, she had part in all the hardships we encountered, and since she was a widow, for her husband had died not long before in Gnadenhütten, she had a hard time, suffered hunger, as did all of us, but in all our need, she hung upon the Saviour and the Church, and nothing separated her from him and the church. In 1782, when the Indian Church was altogether robbed of its teachers, for they were all taken to Detroit, she clung to the greater number, and lived a year in the Shawanees towns. When she heard that the brethren, her teachers, with some Indian brethren, were again settling, with others also, in the Spring of 1783, she got ready, and in the beginning of May, this year, came to us here, sickly as she was, in the intention, rather to die in the Church, than among the savages, and this the Saviour also advised. She came again to the enjoyment of the Lord's Supper, and

was right blessed, but in her body she was no longer well, but wasted away, until, on the day before mentioned, easily and blessedly, she died in His arms and bosom. She is a clear example and proof of whoever has a true heart, him He helps through all tribulation and upholds him also to the end of all need, through Himself and His wounds."

This is an example of the trials and sacrifices and faith of these Indians, and of their devoted teachers. The people from Detroit frequently visited their settlement, and exchanged trinkets and commodities for the corn and other products raised by the Indians. Perhaps such trading was not unjust, but it resulted disastrously to the Indians, for they would sell all of their corn, in seeming ignorance that a winter would come, when it would be needed and when the cold weather was upon them, they were in dire need, and threatened with famine. Occasional hunting parties would somewhat relieve the pangs of hunger, but they would not live on meat alone. They found an abundance of wild potatoes in the winter of 1782-3, and were forced to live almost exclusively upon them. They frequently visited the Fort and were well treated by Major DePeyster, and his successor, Governor Jehu Hay, and were given material aid sometimes. They received some money from their friends in England, and they traded canoes, maple sugar, baskets and other things they could manufacture, with the people of Detroit. Whenever the teachers visited Detroit, they preached, if opportunity offered, and their work and example had such an effect upon the people there, that in 1785, Zeisberger records, "The English people in Detroit at last began to become pious, and believe the sickness, (smallpox, with which the post was then ravaged), is a punishment from God. They come together in the Council House, and have something read to them and are thinking about a Church and a preacher."

The Chippewa Indians claimed to own all the land on which the Moravian settlement was built, and it was by their consent that the settlement was started. It was not long before the Chippewas were becoming restless and giving out intimations that they would like to have their lands returned to them, as the war was over, and their lease to the Moravians was terminated. The officers at the fort were able to protect the Moravians, and to keep the other Indians quiet, but after a time, the Moravians thought it best to remove from their location. In the meantime, the various Indian tribes were selling or pretending to sell their lands to the white men in the village. Large tracts of land were constantly conveyed by these tribes to the traders, in exchange for

rum, vermillion, tobacco, and trinkets such as Indians desire to possess. One of the largest of these land-holders was John Askin. He associated with him various other persons of means or influence, and generally acted with the consent and approbation of the Military Commandant of the post. He had always been a friend to the Moravians, and had assisted them at various times. Seeing that they would be soon forced to abandon their possessions, if they did not voluntarily leave them, the Moravians wrote letters to Askin and Ancrum, that are in my possession, and which read as follows:

River Huron, February 27, 1786.

Dear Sir:

I would fain have mentioned to you sooner that I have received the 30 lbs. Coffee by Mr. Dolson, but had no proper opportunity. Now I am to ask liberty of you, in proposing a way which we think perhaps, easiest and best concerning our improvement, but it is rather to ask your advice in the matter. We are told that there are both French and English watching for us to leave the place, who immediately intend to go to our houses and make themselves masters of our labor, without the smallest reward. We, therefore, considering our circumstances, (and that we have but a short time to stay, if we, as we intend, set off as soon as the lake is cleared of ice), know of no better method than to lay the matter before the Major of Detroit etc. of whom we are fully persuaded to believe that we will act impartial, and do us justice. We, therefore, being acquainted with you, beg of you to lay the case before him, and inform him that we have lived here three years and a half, and when we first settled here, we found ourselves in a wilderness, but by the industry of about sixty diligent hands, have built a small village, consisting of 24 log houses, besides stables and other small buildings. That we have cleared lands, made fences, gardens, etc.; that we therefore cannot think otherwise, than that we ought to have liberty to sell our labor, (we do not mean to sell the lands, but the labor done on them), and we therefore beg of the Major to permit us to do so, as we shall want what little we shall get to help us where we shall settle again.

Perhaps the next thing then, would be to put an advertisement up, that people might see, that not only the improvement is for sale, but that likewise it is by permission of the Commandant, which would be a great encouragement to the buyer. Mr. Dolson, who is here at present, and the bearer of this letter, has a notion of buying it, but he says

also, he could not do it without the Major's permission. I am convinced you will, Sir, act in our behalf as much as lies in your power, and if you have any proposals to make to us, concerning the matter, such shall be readily accepted.

In the meantime, I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient

humble servt.

John Heckenwelder.

P. S. If you have an answer to send to me, Mr. Dolson thinks he will have an opportunity of forwarding it to me in the course of a few days, and as I hear of no Indian going to Detroit for the present, you will greatly oblige me in sending the letter to him.

J. H.

(Superscribed) Mr. John Askin,
Mercht. at
Detroit.

And the other letter reads as follows:

River Huron, February 26, 1786.

Sir:

It may not be unknown to you, that we, the missionaries now living on the River Huron, were, towards the end of the last war, taken and carried with the Christian Indians belonging to us in Sandusky. We were from thence called into Detroit where in a council, the warriors present, our cause was tried, and we honorably acquitted, after which Major, now Col. DePeyster, furnished us with necessaries and a pass to return with our Indians in Peace, but finding soon after that our life was in danger, he, in the Spring following, sent for us to come to Detroit. We lived formerly on the River Muskingum, where we had for years together, enjoyed peace on all sides. We had three large villages, and through industry our Indians were so far advanced that they hardly knew or remembered of anything they wanted. Large and complete dwelling houses with furniture and a great number of horses, upwards of 200 cattle, besides some hundreds of hogs, with the corn on the ground, ripe for harvest, amounting at a moderate computation to 5000 bushels, were either destroyed there, or afterwards lost. A few days after our arrival at Detroit, Col. DePeyster consulted our welfare, and

wished with us, to see us settle with our own Indians again, that they might further be instructed in the Gospel way.

He first proposed to us to return over the lake to where our Indians were, and promised every assistance in his power, but we, being too sensible that the same people who were the cause of our destruction, were still residing among the Indians, and of whom we had good reason to believe, wished rather the Indians might remain as they were, than to be converted or civilized, would always be ready to do us any mischief which lay in their power. The Colonel believing the apprehension we were under not to be groundless, proposed next that we and our Indians should settle down the river, either on an island, or any other place which might suit us best, but as objections were made, the island being too heavily timbered, and the war path passing by the other places, he at length consulted the Chippewa Chiefs, and it was agreed upon between them, that we might live on their land on this river, until peace should be made, then to return again whenever we chose. He then sent speeches to our Indians, at and about the Shawnee towns, to invite them in, and after the arrival of the first, informed them of the whole matter. We then accordingly went to those Indians in search of a place, and pitched upon the spot we now live on, which was an entire wilderness. We begun to work on our improvement the 26th July, 1782, and have continued so until the present day, in which time we, with our Indians, have built a small village, consisting of 27 log houses, besides some stables, out cellars, and smaller buildings. We have cleared lands in different places about the village, made fences etc. so that it appears to us to be a valuable improvement at which, if it suited our destination, we could now live contentedly, and move at ease. But we, being sent by the bishops of our church to reside near the Delaware nation, to continue to instruct them in the Gospel, as we had done this thirty years past, finding this not to be the proper place, that nation being so far distant, and they not inclined to change a good hunting ground for a worse, neither that the one half of the Indians belonging to us have yet, on this present day, joined us on this very account. And moreover, we, having found that the Chippewas become more and more uneasy that we stay here so long on their land after the peace. And that our Indians, whom they call expert hunters, destroy all their game. We, therefore, have at length resolved to go to our former place, and for that purpose acquaint you of it. But at the same time, we beg leave to ask a favor of you, which is, to sell our im-

provement. We do not speak of selling the land. The Chippewas have frequently told us that it belonged to them, and to nobody else. We only mention the improvement in which a vast labor is sunk. We understand that a number of French intend to take possession of our houses and labor, without giving us the least satisfaction, but we believe it to be far from the approbation of a commanding officer, to see us served in such a manner. We rather believe that you will direct the matter so that justice may be done us in that respect. And we are persuaded, could you but take a view of this, our improvement, you would readily acknowledge that we justly deserve something for it.

We therefore most humbly present this our petition to you, confident of receiving from you a favorable answer.

We beg yet to mention, that necessity presses us greatly to such a request, for it is hard to begin again with an empty hand.

Written and signed by

Sir

Your most Obedt.
and humble servants,
Dav. Zeisberger,
John Heckenwelder,
William Edwards,

and in behalf of { George Youngman,
Gottlob Senseman,
Michael Young. Absent.

And in the name of the Christian Indians with us.

(Suberscribed)

William Ancrum, Major
Commandant etc.
at Detroit.

A day or two after these letters were written, and in answer to them, Askin came to the Moravian town, with two of the officers of the Fort, one of whom was Major Ancrum, the Commandant. These men were furnished with a separate house by the Moravians, and remained with them some days. They looked about the town, visited the houses and looked them all through to determine their values; examined their fields, and especially the Country. Each of these men had a privilege, from the British Government, of taking up 2000 acres of land, and they wanted to locate their claims at this place, and to buy out the improvements

made by the Moravians. The bargain was made between the parties in March, 1786. The sum of $400. was to be paid, one-half to the teachers, and the remainder to the Indians, for their improvements, and the Colony was to leave the lands as soon as practicable. No words can better describe the sorrowful departure of these simple missionaries from their homes, than the recorded words of David Zeisberger: "After we had early, and for the last time, assembled in our chapel, and thanked the Saviour upon our knees for all the goodness we had enjoyed from Him, and further committed ourselves to His mercy upon the journey, we loaded our canoes and went away together in the afternoon. None of all remained behind, save Connor's family, who himself, knew not whither to go, nor what to do. In the evening we camped at the mouth of the Huron river. It was just four years today that we landed in Detroit, and in truth we could not do otherwise than give the Saviour to recognize our thankful hearts for all the kindness He has shown us, and that He has done everything so well with us. Our Scripture verse read: casting all your care upon Him. He, who has chosen us for himself well knows in what we are lacking, a proof that He will farther be gracious to us and that we shall not find it needful to be anxious how things will go with us in the future. We left Connor's family behind. How strong we are! How many have died, how many have been born!"

So departed, partly back to Ohio, and partly to a new settlement on the banks of the River Thames, in Canada, the Moravians of Michigan.

SEVENTY YEARS OF MICHIGAN.

BY L. D. WATKINS.

Looking back over a period of seventy years, and comparing the State of Michigan as it is now with Michigan Territory at that time, it seems almost incredible that so many improvements as we now behold could have been made in that number of years. The progress in art, in science, in civilization, in education and all other advantages which go to make a state strong in the affection of the people, respected abroad and honored by all her sister states, must be gratifying to all her citizens. As I came into the State, then a Territory, about 1825, and have spent the greater part of my life here, I have had the opportunity of witnessing

the growth and progress which has been made, and forming an acquaintance with the people. This enables me today to give you a synopsis of the history of the Territory and State during that period of time. In 1824 the population did not exceed 15,000; in 1900 it amounted to nearly 2,500,000. Detroit contained only 1,400 inhabitants; in 1900 it numbered very nearly 300,000. At that time there were no railroads nor wagon roads worthy the name, and Detroit could not boast of a paved street, nor even a sidewalk; the streets were not lighted and almost impassable in wet weather; the public buildings were shabby, the hotels were mere hovels; the forest was near by and the woods were almost impenetrable.

The growth of the State and city were scarcely visible for several years. In 1830 Detroit contained only 2,200 inhabitants. Roads were needed to get into the interior of the State, and although several for that purpose were built they were almost impassable a great part of the year. During this year steps were taken to build a railroad; the Act was passed June 29, 1832, and at the end of two years one was built as far as Ypsilanti, thirty miles. This was regarded as a remarkable achievement at that time. After expending some $30,000 the road passed into the hands of the State, and eventually became the Central, now known as the Michigan Central. The first road was, or would now be, considered a great curiosity. Flat or strap rails were used, and a portion were of wood; the cars were built in three compartments with doors on the sides; but as cheap and poor as they were they greatly improved upon the old corduroy roads heretofore in use. In 1834 a charter was obtained for a road to Pontiac, and it was built as far as Birmingham in four years—eighteen miles. Whatever may be said or thought of these early roads, one thing is certain, no serious accident occurred on any of them, so far as is known, except on the Pontiac road. It was reported that a young man started from Detroit to go to Pontiac and that he died of old age before he reached Birmingham. This is certainly far better than the way in which the modern roads manage to destroy life. These roads were pioneer enterprises, and but the beginning of the great system which has almost covered the State with iron bands, so that in 1903 there are in operation about 8,366 miles of roads, different indeed from those of pioneer days with strap rails and inferior cars. If we have a right to judge of the future by the past we may expect still greater improvements. That trains will be propelled by electricity, or some other power cheaper and better is certainly among the possibilities.

I will now speak of the laws, and the men who made them; of our institutions, and the men who gave their best thoughts and energies to establish and maintain them; of the resources of the State and future development; and lastly of the grand destiny which awaits us if we prove true to the great trusts confided to our keeping. On the eleventh day of January, 1805, Congress passed an Act for the organization of the Territory. Gen. William Hull was made governor. Detroit was utterly destroyed by fire on the eleventh day of June; only a single building was saved. Gov. Hull arrived the first of July, and on the following day the Territorial Legislature was organized. The Legislature consisted of the Governors and Judges, and they were the lawmaking power. On the 17th day of August, 1812, Governor Hull surrendered the city to General Brock. For this act of cowardice he was removed and General Cass was appointed the 13th of October, holding the office for eighteen years. From 1831 to 1834 George B. Porter administered the laws; Stevens T. Mason followed him, and John S. Horner completed the list of Territorial Governors. After the territory was organized as a State, Stevens T. Mason was Governor four years, or until 1839. In 1903, twenty-three have since been elected or appointed to such office. I have been personally acquainted with nearly all of them, and taken all together I think no state in the Union can boast of better or purer men.

During the period when the Governors and Judges exercised the lawmaking power, a law was passed inflicting capital punishment for murder and another act inflicting corporal punishment for theft. In the year 1830 a man by the name of Simmons was hung for the murder of his wife, and three men were publicly whipped. I witnessed the hanging and the whipping, and being quite young at the time the impression it left on my mind led me to think such punishment both cruel and vindictive. I rejoice today that no gallows nor whipping post except where those victims suffered, has ever been seen in the State. This was enough for Michigan; the death penalty was abolished forever we trust.

No state in the Union has made greater progress in the enactment of judicious and liberal laws. The grand jury system was practically abolished as well as the death penalty. Michigan was one of the first to pass a homestead law, the first to establish an Agricultural College, and one of the first to open the doors of its great University to women. These acts, far in advance of other and older states, have never been and probably never will be repealed. The wisdom of their passage is

confirmed by the success attained. Thus we see that the men who framed the laws were progressive, and the acts were carefully considered and matured. They were practical men, and generally honest, and sought only the good of the State and its permanent prosperity and good name. These first laws have borne good fruit, palatable fruit indeed, for the people have partaken thereof and are satisfied, and will take no backward step.

The educational institutions of the State may now be properly considered. The first territorial school law was enacted in 1827. It provided that any township having fifty householders shall provide themselves with a schoolmaster of good morals to teach children to read and write. Any township of 200 householders was required to have a teacher who could teach Latin, French and English, and for a neglect to comply with the law the township became liable to a fine from fifty to $150. As early as 1787 Congress passed an ordinance in which it was declared that schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged; this was really the foundation of our whole school system which enabled the State to build the splendid superstructures of our present system. The act of Congress which admitted the State into the Union declares that section 16 in every township shall be granted to the State for schools, and the fund is to remain perpetual for that purpose. The actual appropriation was about 1,000,000 acres, and the price at which the land should be sold was fixed at four dollars per acre.

The University was established in 1837, but was not formally opened until 1841, at which time it entered upon its appropriate work. Soon after its establishment branches were established in several counties, but it was soon found to be wholly impracticable and these were abandoned. All the means and energies were required for buildings and the support of the institution first established in order to make it a first class University.

In 1836 Congress appropriated two townships, or seventy-two sections of land, for the use and support of the University, and the State has from time to time voted large sums for the same purpose. Although the amounts are small in comparison with the endowments of some other institutions, the high character of the University and the large number of students attest its popularity, and the liberality and foresight of those who aided in establishing it. It is an honor to the State, and the whole people feel a just pride in supporting and maintaining it.

There is scarcely a large town or city in Michigan that does not con-

tain one or more large and elegant school buildings; many are commodious and expensive, and all generally well sustained.

Perhaps the best endowed of any of the colleges is the Michigan Agricultural, which received a grant of land from the general government of 270,000 acres, or more than seven townships.

Seventy years ago there was not a regularly organized school district in the whole territory; in 1903 there are over 7,000, four normal schools,[1] nine denominational colleges, besides academies, seminaries and professional schools, and about 562 graded schools. Glancing back over these seventy years I can scarcely believe that so great a change has taken place.

In looking over the long list of men who have labored to produce these results, perhaps the most prominent is the Hon. John D. Pierce, the first superintendent of schools, whose long and active life has been closed for many years, but whose labors will live forever in the kindly remembrance of all who knew him. No one can probably appreciate his lifelong devotion to the cause of education.

Aside from the institutions of learning there are others of a benevolent character which commend themselves to our people, and to the whole world. There are today in successful operation three insane asylums, an asylum for the deaf and dumb, two for the blind, two industrial schools for juvenile offenders, a house of correction or home for children left destitute, and others of a similar character. All these institutions attest the liberality and humane policy of the State which has been adopted and pursued since its organization.

THE RESOURCES OF MICHIGAN.

No State possesses more or greater resources. The Upper Peninsula may be considered a vast mineral range, with iron at the top and silver and copper at the bottom. Iron in abundance is found near the surface on the mountains, and a blast will bring off several tons so that it can be loaded on cars cheaply. The quality is unsurpassed by any on earth; possessing those qualities so indispensable in making steel and articles requiring great strength. It is estimated that the iron in Michigan is sufficient to supply the whole world for thousands of years. Although iron is found near the surface the copper lies deep in the earth; some of the mines are worked to a depth of 5,000 feet. In the Lower Peninsula we find coal, salt, gypsum, lime, marble, sandstone, and the finest

[1] The first is situated at Ypsilanti, the second at Mt. Pleasant, the third at Marquette and the last at Kalamazoo.

of clays and bog lime for cement. In 1903 there are sixteen sugar factories; some have a capacity of 1,200 tons per day. Fruit we have in great abundance. What more can we ask!

PETER WHITE.

FROM HENRY RUSSEL'S HISTORY OF MARQUETTE.

The following is taken from the Detroit Free Press of September 27, 1897:

You know one man call Petare Wite
What live up by Marquette,
Was born four hundred year ago
An I'm glad she hain't daid yet.

Perhaps you tink dat one big lie,
But if you doan' b'lieve true,
She's live for last two t'ousand year
I'm goin' prove to you.

Deys got a Sunday school up dere,
An' one day not long ago
Ze teachare hask em question
To see how much dey no.

"Who's was the one dat run ahead,
Say, 'Mak' road and mak' 'em strait'?
Come, hanser me dat question now,
Doan keep me long to wait."

Jus' one in hinfant class what no,
She was six year hole and bright.
Now, I always s'pose 'twas Jean Baptiste—
But she say "Petare Wite."

An' now I've prove ze haige to you,
I'm goin' on wid my story,
It's more about dat Petare Wite,
An' more as to his glory.

Long time she was call Pierre La Blanc,
'Bout two tree hundred year
Before 'twas change to Petare Wite,
By dose English peeps 'roun here.

One day she walk down by ze rocks,
'Bout sixteen sixty four,
An' scratch hees haid and wink hees hye
And lit' speck far out from shore.

Ver soon dat lit' speck was a canoe,
Bimeby it came to shore,
A man jump out, strange French man,
What she never saw before.

An' dat man say "Bon jour, my fren',
I doan know you, and yet
I guess your name is Pierre Le Blanc—
Mai name ees Pere Marquette.

"I hear 'bout you from mai grand-pere,
Dat you could not be beat,
An' I tought I'd stop and get acquaint'
So two good mans could meet."

An' Petare say, "Dat's very good,
I'll tell you what I'll do—
I'll build a town on dis here spot
An' call it after you."

An' Petare tak' him to hees house,
An' fill him to hees jaw
Wid everyting she had was nice,
Champagne and poisson blanc.

Dat good pries' stay for two, tree week,
An' den he say "Good-bye,"
Wile great big tear run down hees cheek,
Two, tree stan' on hees hye.

An' den he jump in hees canoe
An' shove off from ze bank,
An' look up to ze sky and say,
"God bless you' Pierre Le Blanc."

An' Petare built dat city,
An' did more' as dat, you bet,
He also built one monument
For hees young fren', Pere Marquette.

A. E. W.

Detroit, September, 1897.

THE WORK OF DR. JOHN J. BIGSBY.

INTRODUCTION BY DR. A. C. LANE, STATE GEOLOGIST.

The work of the Pioneer Society is of keen interest to the geologist. In order to estimate the length of geological time we have to multiply the total amount of change that may be observed at some point by the rate of change which we may deduce by comparing the earliest observations with the present state of affairs. In obtaining these earlier observations we have to go back to the beginning of historical records, that is, to the time of the pioneers. If, for instance, we wish to know how long the lake has been cutting north of Port Huron at its present level, the only way we can even get a general estimate of that, is to go back to the first survey in 1822, compare the amount of retreat which has taken place since that time and then compare this with what seems to have been the total amount of retreat. In the same way we may attempt to estimate the time which has been required for the formation of the Delta of the St. Clair River by noticing its rate of growth within historic times. It is obvious here, that the recollections of the earliest pioneers of the state of affairs in their time is of vital importance.

I wish to call the attention of the Pioneer Society to the work of one of the scientific pioneers,—Dr. John Jeremiah Bigsby. He was born in Nottingham, England, August 14, 1792, and entered the British Army as a surgeon. In 1818 he was sent to Canada and apparently was sta-

tioned for awhile at Fort Drummond upon Drummond Island,—the most distant of the British Military Posts, which was located at Collier's Harbor. Few realize that the last portion of what is now the State of Michigan, was only ceded by the British Authorities in 1828.[1] He published in the first volume of the second series of the transactions of the Geological Society a Memoir (Art. 14),—"Historical Notes on the Geography and Geology of Lake Huron." He was a member of many learned societies, being an honorary member of the American Geological Society and in 1822 he was the British Secretary and medical officer of the Canadian Boundary Commission,—the same which finally determined our boundary against Canada and gave the United States and the State of Michigan possession of Drummond Island. He returned after some years to England and earned his livelihood by practicing medicine, although he was always interested in geology and especially paleontology. In 1869 he was elected member of the Royal Society and in 1874 the Geological Society presented him the "Murchison Medal." In 1877 he returned the favor by presenting to the Geological Society a sum of money to provide for a gold medal, called after him, to be awarded biennially to students of American Geology under forty-five years of age. He died at Gloucester Place, London, Feb. 10, 1881. There is a Memoir by Robert Etheridge in the Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society. His work above cited is among the earliest notes upon the geology of Michigan, especially by one who has any special pretension to training in geology. The French Jesuits had in their "Relations" years ago made many casual observations of geological interest. It antedates the first State geological survey by about twenty years and gives us some very interesting observations regarding the geology, the condition of the water level and the general state of affairs at the time. It is interesting to notice that Saginaw Bay was then called the Gulf of Saguina.

The following is a reprint of all Dr. Bigsby's paper which is not technically geological and found in Vol. 1, Art. XIV. of the Transactions of the Geological Society, from pp. 176 to 188, and read Feb. 21, March 7 and 21, 1823:

[1] Drummond's Island by S. F. Cook, Lansing, 1896.

NOTES ON THE GEOGRAPHY AND GEOLOGY OF LAKE HURON.

BY JOHN J. BIGSBY, M. D., F. L. S., M. G. S., MEMBER OF THE MEDICO-CHIRURGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON, HONORARY MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

GEOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF LAKE HURON.

Lake Huron is the third from the Atlantic Ocean of the great chain of lakes, which occupy the four plateaux of the upper part of the valley of the St. Lawrence. It receives the waters of Lake Superior by the Straits of St. Mary, the small lake George, and, finally, by a series of basins and currents; the whole connecting channel being about 39 miles long. It discharges into Lake Erie[1] by the river St. Clair, and the Detroit River, 26, 25, and 24 miles long respectively.

Lakes Huron and Michigan are parts of the same body of water, being separated only by the strait of Michilimackinac. Their magnitude entitles them to the denomination of independent lakes.[2]

The country to the north and north-east of Lake Huron is sterile, rocky, and uneven, full of morasses, creeks, and ponds. It is always hilly, but seldom rises more than 500 feet above the level of the lake; and then in ridges, rarely in cliffs. The higher grounds are naked rocks, with pine and birch springing up in their fissures; while the borders of the marshes and streams (often of a clayey soil mixed with decayed vegetables) produce a profusion of willows, poplars, shrubs, and long grass.

In these desolate regions, scanty tribes of Indians exist by the chase, disposing of their furs to the wandering traders who visit them from Lower Canada.

The tract bordering the southern shore of this lake, and that also which lies between Lake Michigan and the waters of the St. Clair and Detroit, is highly fertile. It is low and undulating, with frequent swamps and small lakes, and[3] showing occasional traces of limestone and sandstone. The mountains delineated on some of the maps of this

[1] Lake Michigan has no outlet but by the St. Clair; when, however, the waters exceed their usual level by a few feet, a communication takes place with the Mississippi by the Illinois river.

[2] Mr. Hutchins, late geographer to the United States, calculated Lake Huron to cover 5,009,920 acres, and assigned to Michigan more than double that surface.

[3] p. 176.

district are purely imaginary. Among its forest trees are the oak (white and black), ash, walnut, elm, poplar, maple, and various pines. The magnificent nation of Ottawas at L'Arbre Croche, and the Indians on the river Saguina, have long raised excellent vegetables.

The country on the south-east or Canadian shore, from St. Clair to Cabot's Head, is, on the south, low and damp, with extensive pineries but northerly it becomes stony and rugged, and its rivers are rapid. It is little known.

The height of Lake Huron above the sea has not been ascertained with accuracy, but may, without great error, be stated at 590 feet. The commissioners for constructing the western canal in the State of New York, estimated Lake Erie to be 560 feet above tide-water in the River Hudson.—Mr. Schoolcraft, who accompanied Governor Cass in 1820 to the supposed copper mines in Lake Superior, gives 29 feet as the difference in elevation between Lakes Huron and Erie,—which must be near the truth.[1]

The shape of Lake Huron is so extremely irregular as only to be learnt from the map. Tracing its main shore loosely with a compass, and omitting the lesser curvatures, its circumference is found to amount to nearly a thousand miles.

The distinguishing feature of this lake is its intersection by the Manitouline chain of islands, which stretches E. S. E. from the promontory of the True Detour, and in longitude degrees approaches within two miles of the northern mainland, the strait being nearly filled by an islet. The chain then suddenly trends south-east to Cabot's Head.

Of the three portions into which the lake is divided by the Manitouline chain, the two northern are full of shoals and islands, and that to the north-west is comparatively narrow. The southern division is by much the largest, and is deep, broad, and of free navigation.

Besides the Manitouline chain, and these three principal divisions of the lake, the other points in the geography of Lake Huron demanding particular attention are, the island of St. Joseph lately assigned to Great Britain, Michilimackinac and its vicinity and the Gulf of Saguina.

I have twice visited (in the years 1819 and 1820) the islands of St. Joseph and Michilimackinac; and on my second visit passed three months in their vicinity. In 1819 I descended the French river from Lake Nipissing to Lake Huron, and coasted in a canoe the north main of the latter lake to the Falls of St. Mary. I have been several times

[1] One-third of the distance is horizontal; straight and tolerably unobstructed rivers occupy the remainder.

on the south coast, and off the Gulf of Saguina. The rest of the lake I know only from the communications of my friends.

The accompanying map,[1] compiled by David Thompson, Esq., British Astronomer under the 6th and 7th Articles of the Treaty of Ghent, from surveys made by himself, and by Captain Owen, R. N., and from a map of the lake by Mr. Smith, late Surveyor General of Canada. Mr. Thompson, assisted by the American Astronomer Mr. Bird, and party, himself surveyed the northwestern arm of the lake and the Manitouline Isles as far east as the river Missasaga and the western end of the Grand Manitou. He also determined the position of the False and True Presquisles, Point Aux Barques, the commencement of the river St. Clair, Cape Hurd, the fourth Manitou Point Colles, and the Hill Islands. Captain Owen's survey comprehends Cabot's Head and its vicinity.

I have added the Georgian Bay and the Straits of Michilimackinac from Purdy's map of Cabotia, and part of Lake George from my own knowledge. I have omitted many islands on the north shore, between the French and Missasasa rivers, from their positions being not yet determined. Mr. Smith's map is only to be trusted in a very general way; the printed maps of the lake are very erroneous.

I shall now describe those parts of Lake Huron which have been just enumerated. The appellation of "Manitouline" or "Sacred" Isles is first observed in Lake Huron; and thence westwards is met with in Superior, Michigan, and the vast and numerous lakes of the interior.

The islands of that name in Lake Huron are four in number, Drummond, the Little, the Grand, and the fourth Manitou, exclusive of the Isle of Coves, and the other fragments of the great ridge that appears to have been once continuous to Cabot's Head. They form a curving line 125 miles long; the direct distance between the extremes being only 97 miles.

Drummond Island is 24 miles long, and (on the average) 8 miles broad; the greatest breadth being 12, and the least 2½ miles. It ranges nearly east; and at the western end approaches the main of the United States, there forming, with the opposite headland, the strait of the True Detour, the principal commercial route to Lake Superior. The strait is scarcely a mile wide, and, being bounded by two promontories, is of very small extent. The coast of the United States is here flat and

[1] The map is not shown herewith but may be found in *The Michigan Miner, Nov. 1, 1901, Vol. 3, p. 10, No. 12.*

woody, with morasses; that of the island is uneven, and loaded with large fragments of rock. The general surface of Drummond is irregular; the higher and middle parts rising to the height of from 200 to 250 feet, and inclining on either side to the water; but often presenting low white precipices in broken lines on the summit or sides of the slopes. The low grounds are swamps, often extensive, and filled with mosses, acquatic plants and decaying timber.

The south coast of the island is broken into small but deep bays, with shoal points; and those on the west side containing many islets, one of which has an immense deposit of iron pyrites.

The north coast is distinguished by the magnitude of its bays, and by the groups of islands which crowd the contiguous waters. On one of these, near Drummond, and 8 miles from Collier's Harbour, is the Indian town of Portogannosee, consisting of log huts and gardens of Indian corn and potatoes. The northern coast is terminated on the East, in the strait called the False Detour, by a calcareous precipice of considerable beauty 500 yards long, and 200-250 feet high. At the top is a terrace of rock; below it is separated from the lake by a narrow shingle beach. This island produces very fine maple of the bird's-eye and curled kinds, pines, hemlock, cedar, poplar, and birch. Few trees attain great size, as well from the scantiness of the soil as from the frequent conflagrations.[1]

The point which forms the west end of Drummond is the northern arm of the bay containing Collier's Harbour, the most distant of the British military posts. This harbour is circumscribed to the diameter of half a mile by islets, surrounding the front of the bay, through which islets there are three entrances. It is oval, and possesses good anchorage; but the wind, which brings a vessel to anchor, either altogether prevents her departure, or renders it very difficult; and there are also many reefs in the vicinity.

On an acclivity in front of the harbour stands a village of about 50 wooden houses and huts, with the barracks of the military built of logs on the right. The land around the village is cleared. It is hilly and is absolutely buried under enormous accumulations of rocky fragments, consisting principally of very white limestone. They are from a few inches to several yards in diameter. Piles of these fragments, by their

[1] These fires originate in lightning, or in the carelessness of Indians and spread from the great quantity of dry timber and leaves with which the ground is strewn. They are frequently so extensive and numerous in summer, as to cloud the atmosphere as with a fog. In the night I have seen three or four large tracts red with a smouldering flame, which, as the trees fall, shoots up in fiery columns far into the sky. The noise of the falling of the trees, and the crackling of the timber, is heard at a great distance.

fissures and interstices invested with thick moss, render the woods quite impassable.

Opposite the center of the harbour, and behind the village, at a short distance, is an eminence called Blockhouse Hill, which has the form of an embankment, and is composed of sand and rolled pebbles of various rocks.

There is a gentle ascent from the water's edge to the distance of from 300 to 500 yards. A sudden rise of from 20 to 30 feet then takes place at an angle of 65 degrees, forming the bluff in question, which presents to the west a front of 150 yards broad, and then retires, widening on either side, until after some yards it is lost in the generally increased height of the ground. Its base is strewn with masses of primitive rocks, and its summit is covered with large slabs of the limestone of the island. Nothing can be more harsh and desolate than the aspect of this station on a near inspection. The village itself is encumbered with debris of rocks, so numerous and sharp-edged as to render walking very difficult. The sterile vicinity is bristled with black stumps and half consumed pines.[1]

At the bottom of a large *cul-de-sac* in Collier's Harbour, a narrow stream, which falls from a small height in the Lake, communicates with a chain of small lakes running into the interior of the island. The first of these is a mile long, half a mile broad, and is surrounded by a dense forest, growing among reeds and rushes. To the east of this is an opening leading to a second lake, and that to a third.

Drummond Island is separated from the Little Manitou by the False Detour, a strait so called from its being frequently mistaken for the True. It is from 8 to 10 miles long, and its greatest breadth is from 3 to 6 miles. Its depth in the middle is seldom less than from 30 to 40 fathoms. As you enter it from the south the opening is spacious and bold, with three fine capes on the west, and one on the east. On the angle of Little Manitou is a shoal, with a mass of white rocks in the centre; a short way within the strait, close to the last island, are three low marshy isles crowded together. At the northern outlet the shores are very rounded, with precipices on the west, and woody steeps to the east. In front is the open lake, studded with a few islets in pairs, and terminated in the distance by the mis-shapen hills of the northern main. In the north-west is a blue waving line of the heights of St. Joseph, and on the north-east the looming of the isles about La Cloche is just visible.

[1] In 1820 this post only escaped destruction, by a fire spreading from the woods, through the great exertions of the inhabitants and a body of Indians.

Little Manitou observes an eastern course. It is of a rounded form, with a diameter of 7 or 8 miles. Its features are the same as those of Drummond, but it is perhaps higher. Frequent conflagrations have destroyed almost all the well-grown timber (still leaving some uncommonly large hemlock), and have exposed the ascending sides of the island in many places. The shores are loaded with successive banks or stairs of small debris, and have here and there terraces of limestone *in situ*. Mounting upwards, the ground is rugged with protruding strata and rolled primitive masses; and not unfrequently intersected by short ledges, which often crown the greatest heights, affording a table-land of small extent, and better wooded than the surface below, which is only sprinkled with very young poplar, birch, and cherry trees.

There is a convenient harbour on the north side in the second bay from the Third Detour. It is a deep oblong indentation in this bay, and itself contains an inner cove. It is a quarter of a mile broad. The ship entrance is narrowed to a few yards by a shoal that runs from the east angle two-thirds across.

Within this bar a vessel may ride with from 9 to 12 feet water in tolerably roomy anchorage, the depth decreasing gradually towards the bottom of the indentation.

The third detour, between Little and Grand Manitou, is 8 miles long by 4 broad, with high shores, and clear at both outlets. Off the south-east end of the Little Manitou is a very extensive but easily distinguished shoal.

The Grand Manitou may be estimated at 75 miles long, and 8 miles broad on the average. About its middle it is 25 miles broad, and at two places to the west of the widest part, the shores are so deeply indented as nearly to divide the island, only narrow morasses intervening between opposite bays.

The general characters of the Grand Manitou are the same as those of Drummond, but on a larger scale. It is higher, abounds more in precipices, and is more rugged throughout.[1] At the western end it is of more majestic features than any of the country which I have seen in other parts of Lake Huron. At the north end of the Third Detour, its shores are lined with ranges of shingle, supported behind by an ascending country of woods.—Towards the centre of this strait, ledges and low precipices begin to appear along the beach, and soon rise to the height of 250 feet, crowned with cedar and pine. These ledges either rise perpendicularly, or are formed of enormous piles of displaced

[1] The above particulars I learnt from my friend and companion, Lieut. John Grant, R. N.; having myself only visited the western end of the island.

masses, from 7 to 10 yards in diameter, sloping at a high angle. These blocks advance into the water, and afford a hazardous path over their slippery sides, under arches and through winding passages. Within half a mile of the south-east angle of the Detour, a bluff precipice 40 feet high protrudes into the water, skirted by very large cubic masses of rock. Of such masses, resting precisely on one another, the bluff itself is composed; so that the summit, with much of the land behind, is a platform of naked rock. Out of these, natural terraces, knolls of flowering shrubs and clumps of trees arise. Behind them is the dense gloom of impenetrable woods.

Of the strait which divides the Grand Manitou from the northern main I possess no information further than what has been stated. At a time when the Manitoulines were quite unexplored, I sailed through the strait without distinguishing it from the numerous passes in that labyrinth of islands. It has now undergone two surveys.

The strait which divides the Grand from the Fourth Manitou on the north is only one mile broad; but on the average a league. It has been very seldom visited.

Of the Fourth Manitou little is known. It is narrow, and of about one-third the size of the Little Manitou; its long diameter crossing the direction of the Manitouline chain. The shores are much indented, and afford a very convenient harbour on its eastern side, which was used in 1821 by His Majesty's schooner *Confiance,* Lieut. Grant.

The fifth and easternmost strait between the Fourth Manitou and Cabot's Head is 14 miles broad, and contains many shoals and islands, of which the largest is appropriately named the Isle of Coves.

The island on which are those singularly shaped rocks called the Flowerpots, has long attracted notice. Accounts differ respecting its precise situation; but it lies probably about 6 miles S. S. E. of the Fourth Manitou. The Flower-pots are several insulated rocks, the greatest 47 feet high, consisting of large tabular masses, placed horizontally one upon the other, and broad at the summit, but narrow below. They stand on a floor of rock projecting into the lake from the lofty island which bears their name.

Cabot's Head, a singular headland, is evidently a continuation of the Manitouline ridge. It lies 144 feet almost due north of St. Clair. It faces north for about 25 miles, and then passes off to the south and east. It consists of much indented limestone bluffs, rising occasionally to the height of 300 feet, and skirted by numerous reefs and islets. On the western side of the headland, and to the south of it, the first 64 miles

of coast display a range of calcareous precipices. A little to the north-east of Cape Hurd, the western extremity of Cabot's Head, one of the curvatures of the cliff forms a *cul-de-sac*, 800 yards long and 80 broad, having 7 fathoms water. It thus affords an useful haven in this intricate part of the lake.

In addition to these remarks on the southern extremity of the Manitouline chain, I have only to notice its generally increased elevation in this part of the main, and in the neighboring isles.

Having completed my geographical observations on the Manitoulines, I shall now proceed to describe the three principal divisions of Lake Huron.

The north-west arm of Lake Huron, which communicates with Lake Superior, is of an oblong shape, the two longer sides at their western extremities converging towards the north. It contains about 400 square miles, and is crowded with islands of all magnitudes. The principal of these is St. Joseph. It is 65 miles in circumference; and, together with the large Sugar Island, is wedged into the end of the channel from Lake Superior, scarcely allowing at the narrowest points the breadth of a mile to the sum of the three outlets from Lake George.

St. Joseph is somewhat triangular in its form, its north and east sides meeting almost at right angles.

Although an undulating ridge called the Highlands of St. Joseph, about 500 feet high, is found throughout the island at the distance of a few miles from the lake, yet the surface is not so broken as that of the Manitoulines; and the whole is better wooded. It has few or no precipices, but it is singularly loaded with the debris of foreign rocks. Its southern point, a picturesque cleared mound, once the site of a military post called Fort St. Joseph, and lately occupied by the British garrison at Collier's Harbour for pasturage, is only six miles from Drummond. The north-west point of the island is 26 miles from this mound, in long. 84 degrees and lat. 46 degrees 18′; and the eastern angle lies about 18 miles north-north-east of it by the ship's course.

The waters on the north, west, and south-west of St. Joseph have received distinct appellations. That on the south, bounded also Drummond, is a large irregularly shaped archipelago, containing sixty-one islands and many shoals.

The part of Lake Huron included between the north-east shore of St. Joseph and the contiguous main, is called the Channel of Pelletau, from the name of a solitary Canadian residing on an isle at its east end. Except towards the western extremity, this channel is almost a clear

sheet of water, from 10 to 12 miles long, 6 miles broad at the east end, and about a mile and a half at the west. On the two sides of this channel the aspect of the country is very different. On the south, the verdant acclivities of St. Joseph are trending to the north-west in two large bays. On the north are the black and denuded fastnesses of the main land; an assemblage of greenstone mounds, swamps and ponds; with the margin of the lake fringed with reefs and rocky islets.

Near the west end, Pelletau's Channel widens into an expanse of 25 square miles, and becomes full of islands, three of which are much larger than the rest; and of these the largest is high, compact and woody, and nearly blocks up the lower entrance of the Narrows. The two others are at the north-east angle of this dilatation, close to the main, with which they form an admirable haven, lately selected by the Governor-general of British North America, as a military position by the name of Portlock Harbour. It is remarkable for fine scenery. While in Pelletau's Channel, as you approach the harbour, at the distance of a mile or so, there is perceived an opening or break in a high country, expanding as it is neared, and finally disclosing an extensive haven interspersed with rocky islets, and girt by heights starting forth in a series of woody or rocky capes; the whole is supported in the rear by three ridges of hills covered with poplar, birch, and half-consumed pines.

The Narrows or Strait, at the upper end of the Channel of Pelletau is one of the three outlets from Lake George which may be considered as forming the north-west limits of Lake Huron, since it there begins to be the seat of currents, and of contracted dimensions. This strait is formed by the approach of St. Joseph to within two-thirds of a mile of the northern main. This is the extreme contraction, and occurs at the western end; at the east the width is almost a mile and a half. The length of the strait is 2 miles. The main is a line of dark and lofty precipices. This part of St. Joseph is marshy.

The small space constituting the Narrows contains eighteen islands; those near the main partaking of its sterile and forbidding character, and sometimes being divided from each other by mural passages only a few feet across. From the summit of the adjoining main is presented a truly scenic and striking combination of high and sombre rocks, scantily clad with pine, and overshadowing a labyrinth of waters. As the islets approach St. Joseph, they become low and woody, with marshy coves and shallow currents in their intervals.

A current prevails in the Narrows, but weak and inconstant. It is

strong at their western aperture, and is perhaps sensible throughout the basin into which it leads.

The Narrows have considerable but various depth. At the east end, near an excellent harbour, the lead indicated a depth of 42 feet, and being removed a yard or so gave 96 feet.

The second outlet from the Rapids to Lake Superior is the strait between St. Joseph and Sugar Island, called the Middle Passage, which terminates at the lower end in Muddy Lake. It is from 8 to 10 miles long, having nearly a southerly direction, and about 1 mile broad; but it is contracted to one-fourth of that width at the lower end. The current is seldom half a mile per hour.

The Lesser or south-western Nibish Rapid completes the number of the channels that lead to Lake Superior. It is contained by the western shore of Sugar Island, and the southern or United States main. It occasionally expands into basins, but is usually very narrow. About three miles to the west of Muddy Lake, it is not more than ¾ of a mile broad, and has six or seven islets crowded in it. It is very shallow.

Muddy Lake, bounding the south-west side of St. Joseph, is a fine sheet of water, of irregular shape, 17 miles long, and varying from 2 to 7 in breadth. It has received its name from the nature of its bottom. There is one small isle at the upper end, and a large one called Isle à la Crosse at the bottom, with two or three others. Its shores are deep embayments ending in grassy marshes, especially on the south-east side. There are several shoals; one, having 6½ feet water, at the foot of the Middle Passage; another somewhat to the south-west, and some dry rocks at the lower end of the lake. Sugar Island and George Island, the former 20, the latter 12 miles long, are the two principal islands west of St. Joseph in the water communication between Lake Huron and Lake Superior. The lower end of Sugar Island constitutes the northern shore of Muddy Lake; that of George Island terminates in the Middle Nibish, and the north-west Nibish rapids.

The Nibish rapids are four miles long, or more, are separated from one another by these two islands. The lesser or southwestern rapid has been already noticed as flowing between Sugar Island and the southern main. The middle Nibish, distant one mile from the north-western point of St. Joseph, divides George Island from Sugar Island, and empties itself principally through the middle passage. The waters of the north-west and north or Little Nibish pass off on the northern side of St. Joseph by two basins of comparatively calm water, 3 and 5 miles

long respectively, divided by an imperfect barrier of islands; the lower basin discharging into the Narrows of Pelletau.

The Nibish rapids terminate upwards in a large basin, 8 miles long, and 10 or 12 broad, called Lake George, containing, besides the upper portions of Sugar and George Islands, a multitude of smaller ones.

The Straits of St. Mary, which unite Lake George to Lake Superior, are 17 miles long and from ¾ to ½ of a mile broad, and have very violent rapids at a narrow marshy spot about 2 miles above Lake George.

The Michilimackinac, or south-western arm of Lake Huron, has never been examined, or only by the military engineers of the United States, whose labors have not hitherto been communicated to the public. It is connected with Lake Michigan by the strait of Michilimackinac, from 8 to 11 miles wide, and of insignificant length, as being formed only by two opposite promontories.

Its south side presents no peculiarities, except a peninsula, called False Presquisle, 9 miles from the island of Michilimackinac. On its north lies Isle Bois-blanc. The north side is merely a succession of shingled points and reaches, with a thickly wooded and marshy interior, traversed by several streams.

The island of Michilimackinac is midway from either main, close to the strait of that name. It is 42 miles west of Drummond. It is a long oval about 9 miles in circumference. The ends are broken, crumbling or grassy ridges, while the long sides are lofty precipices declining at each extremity, separated from the lake by rather broad beaches, and picturesquely clothed with maple, cedar and vines, except where projecting rocks show their white and craggy peaks above the foliage.

The view into Lake Michigan from the Indian path which winds among the coppice on the top of the south-west cliff, is particularly pleasing. The land, at first closing on the water at the pretty hamlet of St. Ignace and its corresponding headland, at once dilates into a spacious sound with curving shores and woody capes, and is interspersed in the extreme distance by clusters of islands.

The cliffs of this island frequently break into shallow caves, which actually perforate a projecting point near the south-east angle. Its height (150 feet), its whiteness contrasted with the dark shrubs, and the blue light streaming through the aperture, afford a fine composition for the painter.

Excepting three small farms, little of the interior is cultivated: the heavy timber has been felled; and time has replaced it by flourishing underwood. The surface is high and uneven, often marshy.

The town, consisting of from 100 to 120 decent wooden houses, is at the southern end of the island, on the beach, under a crumbling ridge, on the edge of whose summit is placed a small white fort.

On the south coast of Lake Huron, at about one third of the distance from Michilimackinac to the Gulf of Saguina, there is an excellent harbour formed chiefly by a peninsula. It is called Presquisle; and is in lat. 45 degrees 20′ 39″; long. 83 degrees 30′ 13″.

Little or no information is to be found in the writings of travelers respecting the Gulf of Saguina. Batteaux, trading between Detroit and the lakes of the west, pass down every summer as far as Traverse Island to avoid crossing its boisterous mouth, where they would lose sight of land.

This gulf and Thunder Bay are much larger than they are represented in Smith's or Purdy's map, and also in the one accompanying these notes; but as I have no documents for laying down this part of the lake with accuracy, I have copied from preceding authors.

Thunder Bay Islands and Middle Islands are flat, calcareous, and well wooded. The lake, as I am informed by Major Delafield, for three quarters of a mile east of Middle Island has only four feet water; indeed all the secondary islands of Lake Huron are surrounded by extensive spits and shallows.

The shore from Point aux Barques to the river St. Clair forms a tolerably straight line of beach with now and then a low cliff of clay. About midway, a large block of white limestone rises from the waters of the lake, well known to *voyageurs* by the name of Rocheblanche.

In describing the Manitouline Isles, I have already noticed Cabot's Head, and the coast in its vicinity.

I have collected very few materials for the geography of the Georgian Bay. It is now under survey by Lieut. Bayfield R. N., assisted by Midsh. Collins. They report it to be crowded with islands and rocks.

Penetanguishene,[1] the British naval station in Lake Huron, is situated in an inner bay of Gloucester Harbour. It is sheltered, as its name indicates, by hills of sand and rolled blocks; the coast and neighboring islands being of similar constitution for 30 miles round, but having a primitive base.

It remains now to add a few remarks on the rivers of Lake Huron.

The principal rivers are the Thessalon, Missassaga, French, Severn, St. Clair, and Saguina.[2] There are multitudes of smaller streams un-

[1] Long. 79 degrees 35′, lat. 44 degrees 57′.

[2] There is another large one marked in the map in long. 82 degrees 7′, lat. 46 degrees 10′, or thereabouts. I have never heard of it.

marked in the map, which pour a brownish-red water into the lake, and several of considerable size to the east-south-east of Cabot's Head.

The river Thessalon flows into a deep bay on the north coast. It is 50 yards wide at its mouth; and in three or four miles becomes a mere creek. I have noticed it because it is usually thought larger.

The river Missassaga at its entrance into the lake is one-half a mile wide, and passes through a large, swampy country, apparently alluvial. For five or six miles the breadth rather increases as we proceed upwards. The current, though usually sluggish, is at times rapid. Its borders are covered with long grass and willows. Indians say that its source is a lake of the same name, lying twenty days' journey to the north.

The French River from Lake Nipissing to Lake Huron, an interval of 75 miles, possesses peculiar characters. It less resembles one stream, than a confused assemblage of rivers flowing, with frequent inosculations, among lengthened ridges of rock. Its shores seldom present continuous lines, bounding a compact body of water, but are excavated with deep and narrow bays obscured by high walls of rock and dwarf pines. Its breadth, therefore, is variable; sometimes extending more than a league and occupied by every diversity of island.

Few American prospects exceed in grandeur and singularity those which are here afforded by groups of long and lofty islets, extending in giant rays from a centre into some dark bay, the clear water reflecting their rugged outlines and wild foliage, amid the solemn stillness pervading these solitudes.

Two cataracts occur. By one it leaves Lake Nipissing; the other is 20 miles below, and is called the Recollet. It is about 10 feet high, and is narrow. It is divided into three parts by two fragments of rock. The adjacent red feldspathose eminences, and the black crags in the midst of the foaming waters, beset with living and dead pine, impart great beauty to the scene.

There are many rapids; the most serious of which is that of Brisson, remarkable for its thirteen wooden crosses, commemorative of as many fatal accidents.

The current is always strong; perhaps two miles per hour.

The river Severn, about 25 miles long, and issuing from Lake Simcoe, is one and one-quarter miles broad at its mouth near Penetanguishene. It has two falls, and undergoes a total descent of 80 feet from that lake.[1]

The St. Clair is the only river of discharge possessed by Lakes Michi-

[1] This calculation places Lake Simcoe more than 400 feet above Lake Ontario, distant 30 miles. The ascent is almost imperceptible, as I am informed.

gan, Superior and Huron, which have a surface of 38½ millions of acres, and are fed by numerous rivers many times larger than the St. Clair, and issuing from lakes of great dimensions. The evaporation must consequently be immense. No hygrometric observations have yet been made.

The River St. Clair is 300 yards broad at its commencement. It flows through a luxuriant alluvial country, with an average breadth of 1,000 yards. It is 26 miles long; with a straight course and smooth and equable current of about two miles per hour. At its head there is a rapid for three-quarters of a mile at the rate of five miles per hour. It enters Lake St. Clair by a multitude of shallow changeable mouths.

The River Saguina (as I am informed by the Rev. Mr. Hudson, missionary to the Saguina Indians,) is 180 yards broad for 24 miles, flowing through a level and heavily timbered district. It then divides itself into three small and very circuitous branches, one of which is called Flint River. The River Saguina is 120 miles from Detroit through the woods, and perhaps 220 by water. Its neighborhood has recently been surveyed, preparatory to sale by the Government of the United States.

WILLIAM BURNETT.

A Representative Eighteenth century American Trader, Pioneer and Home Builder.

BY EDWARD S. KELLEY.[1]

There is an old story of the Scotch minister, who announced that his text for the morning service was "The Devil," adding in his quaint vocabulary that he would consider the subject under three sub-heads, namely: Firstly, "Who the Devil He Was." Secondly, "Where the Devil he was going." And, thirdly, "What the Devil he was doing." If we add to this a fourth sub-head, entitled "What the Devil he finally succeeded in doing, we will have covered almost the entire range of his-

[1] Mr. Edward S. Kelley was born at Dixon, Lee County, Illinois, on October 8th, 1859 and was left at the age of twelve to carve his own way to fame and fortune. He came to St. Joseph on a visit to friends on August 23, 1873, and was so well pleased with the place and the people that he remained. For thirteen years he travelled in western Michigan representing a wholesale hardware house in Chicago. He was married in 1882 to Miss Lillie A. Cooper of St. Joseph. In 1892 he began the practice of law in St. Joseph and has been a candidate for several offices. He is still practicing his profession.

torical research so far as it might relate to that one individual, and when we desire to investigate the life of any personage of the past, we ask first, "Who was he?" We ask this question concerning William Burnett, the first permanent white settler at the mouth of the St. Joseph River and I have reason to believe the first permanent white settler in Western Michigan, and after a search through a number of the principal public and private libraries of the West, after reading every document and book that came to my hands, which seemed to promise the slightest reference to the matter; after an extensive correspondence, including among those inquired of every person of whom I could learn who might throw some light on the subject, I have been forced to close the inquiry by saying to myself that he was William Burnett; that like Topsy he was sans ancestors, sans genealogical connections of any kind and just "growed."

Picture to yourselves, if you can, a great desolate waste of forest and sea. People the forest with the shiftless, unreliable Indian, savage in his disposition and character; cruel and treacherous in his nature and training; unfriendly from his associations and environments. Look away over the waters and see nothing more friendly than the shimmering of the water in the sun-light. To few of us has it been given to see a picture of this kind; to none of us has this view been given with the added knowledge that more than a thousand miles, longer, harder miles than any of us know, lie between us and our old home; to none of us has this view been given with the still added knowledge that the old home, dear to the heart of every man, has been left forever, and that here in the wilderness is our future; that here we must achieve whatever of success life may hold for us, or meet the failures and discouragements that may overtake us.

I do not know, unless it was the tales of fabulous riches to be gained, what it was that incited William Burnett to leave his home in New Jersey and make his way into what was then the Canadian northwest. About the year 1776, during the struggle for American independence, William Burnett, whose birth made him nominally a New Jerseyite, but whose character made him every inch an American, landed from his canoe at the mouth of the St. Joseph River. Major General Guy Carleton, the fifth of the British Canadian governors, controlled this wilderness of the west as a portion of the British Colonial possessions, which was, in times of peace, looked upon as a source of revenue by reason of its rich trading possibilities, and an outer bulwark of defence in time of war. It is uncertain when Burnett first saw Michigan. Certain

it is that for a time after his coming, he lingered at Detroit, for he had some connection with James May, at that time a leading citizen of the place. He afterwards went to Mackinac Island, where for some time he conducted a trading business. An old document, without date or signature, found among the Woodbridge papers in the library of Mr. C. M. Burton, while of little value as to dates, throws considerable light on the inner mechanism of the Indian trade of that time and what is more to the purpose in this paper, throws a strong light upon the character of Burnett. We can safely assume that the men who hew their way into the forests are in no wise effeminate, nor are they easily deterred or turned from any well formed purpose. When we consider the country and the times, we can easily believe that stout hearts were a necessity under the most favorable circumstances. Burnett was associated during the first year of his operations at St. Joseph with one John Sayers, and brought into the country from Montreal, then the supply station for all the traders of this district, a large assortment of goods for trading, which he carried on with the Potawatomies.[1] At the close of his season, he journeyed to Mackinac to sell his furs, after which he again returned to St. Joseph, where we are informed he "continued in trade peaceably" until the officer commanding the post at Mackinac requested him to come to that place and there proposed to him to form a connection with one McBeth & Grant for a monopoly of the St. Joseph trade. Burnett showed his independence by declining to enter into any such arrangement; whereupon he was informed that he would not be allowed to return to St. Joseph at all. It goes without saying that at that particular time a commandant of a British post did not have any great love for an independent American trader, and it is equally certain that the American trader saw no reason why he should go out of his way to oblige the British. In this case, however, Burnett was settled at St. Joseph, his profits were invested there, and he made a virtue of necessity and agreed to the proposition for one season. At that time the post had been demanded by the United States, a new concern which had begun business since Burnett left home, and he doubtless believed that one season would be the limit of British authority. At the end of the season, however, the British still controlled the post. Burnett might have lost faith in the new American government, but he lost none in himself, for after settling with McBeth & Grant, he refused peremptorily to have any further dealings with them.

[1] In the name of this Indian tribe we have followed the spelling adopted by the United States Bureau of Ethnology and the Indian Bureau.

His former partners then informed the Commandant of his decision, adding that Burnett had received wampum belts at St. Joseph from Mr. Butler, the Indian agent for the United States of America. This was a mortal offence in the eyes of the British, and Burnett was at once confined in the guard house at Mackinac until the first vessel sailed south, when he was shipped to Detroit and afterwards to Montreal, where, to quote the document referred to, "he remained until he found an opportunity to come over to the United States and from thence returned to St. Joseph, where he found his property destroyed by his clerks and what little remained he was obliged to give to the Indians, as the most part of them had taken part with the English." The record further says, "and then he commenced trading anew."

There were British traders on the ground then, and the strife between them and Burnett was fierce. He evinced a diplomatic spirit in giving the Indians the remains of his wrecked property. If one of us were placed in his position, we would probably, first, take one rueful look at the wreck, and, secondly, take a canoe and paddle straight for home. Burnett was built of other material, which I sometimes think must have been in the nature of rubber. The harder he was thrown down the higher he seemed to bound. When he returned to St. Joseph and found his property destroyed and wasted and apparently himself a bankrupt, he was only at the beginning of his resources. Away up the river, about fifty miles from its mouth, and near where the city of Niles now stands, was the great Potawatomie village, ruled over by Aniquiba, the great chief of the Potawatomies. Aniquiba had at least two children who have left their marks on the history of Michigan. One of these was Topinabee, a son, who afterwards became the war chief of his tribe, and the other was Kakima, a daughter. I sometimes wonder if in the gratuitous distribution of the wreck, the good old Aniquiba did not receive the lion's share. Whatever he may have received, Burnett got the fair Kakima, to whom he was married with all due pomp and ceremony by the Rev. Father La Vi Deaux, the Roman Catholic missionary in charge in the year 1782, which would be about the time of, or shortly after, his return from Canada. This gave him a standing among the Potawatomies that no trader, British or otherwise, could undermine and from that time forth his person and property were secure.

The average trader who married among the Indians, looked upon the transaction solely as a matter of convenience, a sort of storm-coat as it were, a garment to be worn only so long as the skies were cloudy or the rain fell, and to be cast aside when the weather favored. Burnett

had no ideas of this sort, for when he married, he did it as he did everything else, in sober earnest. If he ever had any intention of closing out his business and returning to the east, the opposition of his British competitors must have driven all such thoughts from his mind, for in a petition drafted for presentation to Congress and executed by six of his children after his death, it is stated, that after his marriage, he "cleared large fields, erected a valuable mansion house, barn, storehouses, &c., and cultivated the earth, and traded with the Potawatomies and other nations of Indians, and that he never removed from thence except when he occasionally departed about his necessary business or for the purpose of advancing the interests of the United States of America and increasing their influence with the Chiefs and others of the Indian nations—interest which he greatly promoted in a variety of ways." So far as history shows, no man had the temerity to again interfere to the injury of Burnett or his family during his life time. He had his successes and business reverses; but in his own section of the country, he was supreme. A deposition executed after the death of Burnett, by Margaret May, wife of James May of Detroit, gives an interesting glimpse of the home of Burnett. This was less than two miles from the mouth of the river, and on the western bank. His home cabin nestling at the foot of the hill about three or four hundred feet from the river, looked squarely out upon the stream, and between the house and the river, stretching away on either hand for a considerable distance, grew a magnificent orchard. As late as 1855 or 1856 there were growing apple, quince, peach and cherry trees. The labor and expense of planting this orchard, (which for years past has been locally known as the old Indian orchard) may be imagined when it is understood that the plants were transported for hundreds of miles with neither railroad nor steamboat as a means of conveyance and nearly all the way through a trackless wilderness. A rugged old apple tree, probably a shoot from one of the original trees, still yielding its annual crop of fruit, and not far away the stump of a quince tree covered with wild grape vines, mark the spot where he lived.

Burnett led in person some of his trading expeditions among the Indians on the St. Joseph and Kankakee rivers and made an annual journey to Mackinac or Detroit to dispose of his furs and replenish his stock of merchandise, and his books and letters bear witness to the fact that he was connected by social and commercial ties with the men who led the way, such men as John Kinzie and Jean Baptiste, Point Au Sable, both prominent in the early settlement of Chicago, and James

May and others, who started Detroit on the high road to fame and prosperity.

Burnett had seven children, five of whom were sons, named, in order of their age, James, John, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and two daughters, Nancy and Rebecca. Good old scriptural names, which show to us that Burnett not only had a biblical training in his youth, but that when he was old he did not forget it. He is said to have been a college-bred man. In any event he appreciated the benefits of education, as his children were all sent to Detroit for their schooling, where they were given the best facilities the place afforded. James, the eldest son, destined to succeed the father in business, remained at school for five years, a liberal schooling for the time, and Rebecca, the youngest daughter, remained in the family of Mr. May for twenty-three years.

An evidence of the fact that Burnett, by inclination at least, favored the interests of the United States, is given in a letter to Mr. May under date of January 20th, 1804, twelve years after his marriage. Feeling still ran high between America and England, and the citizens of the two nations were not particularly given to taking what is popularly termed "back talk" from each other. It seems that no place was so remote from civilization, or so wild and savage, that the few white men who ran across each others' trail, could forget, for the time being, their national differences. Some time in 1803 fate, (or to look at it from Burnett's standpoint, a contrary wind) blew an Englishman named Pattinson into the mouth of the St. Joseph. He evidently liked the locality, for he proceeded to build a house. He was also possibly ignorant of the fact that Burnett, with good reason, had a large stock of wrath laid up for use against anything with a British look or accent. Unfortunately Pattinson brought with him his British prejudices and an apparently foolish brother. When they began to sing the praise of the "right little, tight little isle," the American eagle began to scream. He screamed in such an unpleasant fashion that Mr. Pattinson made complaint to his friends at Detroit, many of whose citizens at that time were British sympathizers, that Burnett had ridiculed his government and called his house a hog sty, and promised at the same time that he would not forget Burnett in a hurry. Here is what Burnett has to say in relation to the matter in the letter referred to:

"As speaking disrespectfully of his government, I do not rightly comprehend what he means. If mere words, in asserting facts, held upon a subject which passed here between his brother and me, be construed by them as an insult to their government, I am sorry for it, as I did

not expect that what might have been said by me should have hurted their tender feelings as it has done. What passed between his brother and me, was relative to the unparalleled greatness of the British Empire —which, Pattinson said, enjoyed much greater happiness in laws and liberty, than any other nation on the globe, that their armies by land and sea, conquered in every part of the world; that their manufactories furnished clothing to all the nations on the continent of Europe; that England exported every year to the amount of fifty millions sterling; and as far as the continent of America, they would be in a miserable situation if it were not for the London merchants, and a great deal of such stuff."

Had General Guy Carleton still held the reins of government, possibly Burnett might have been more quiescent, but a gentleman named William Henry Harrison was then the ruler of the territory, and Burnett, breathing the free air of the Union, had nothing but contempt and derision for anything British. If anything better calculated to raise the ire of an American citizen could have been said at this particular time, it is difficult to imagine what it would be. Burnett stood not upon the order of his going, but went after his bombastic neighbor with no further loss of time. Continuing his account, he says:

"I told Mr. Pattinson that there were some exceptions to the greater part of what he had advanced; and what I knew to, I very freely took upon me to contradict this high-flies, which I suppose settled him pretty much. And telling all what had passed to his brother, this little great gentleman thought what I had said must certainly amount to blarney. As to the second article of high misdemeanor, that of calling his house a hog sty, it is very true I made use of the expression. The circumstance relating to this is as follows: Ducharme who was formerly in my service and now in that of Mr. Pattinson, was building a house next door to mine. Going one day past his house, Ducharme asked me how I liked his building. I answered him that it appeared to me more like a hog sty than a house. This I said without ever thinking of offending Mr. Pattinson. However, their displeasure is of very little importance to me, as I care but very little what construction they put on what words that might have fallen from me." The spirit of '76 had spread even then to the very limits of the Union, and had touched the sturdy soul of Burnett, and although it seems that he could crack a joke, it was probably a good thing that Mr. Pattinson limited his stay at that time to eight days.

Mr. Burnett's daughter, Nancy, married a John H. Davis and removed

with him to his home on the Wabash river in Indiana. She had two sons, William and Richard, both having died unmarried. Davis seems to have possessed the faculty of making himself unpopular with the Indians. Among his other exploits, he was captured by the Indians in Detroit in February, 1813, and was about to be burned by them in the front yard of a farmer named Godfroy, when Mrs. Godfroy purchased him for five gallons of whiskey and sent him in disguise to Mr. May at Detroit. Mrs. Godfroy says that when Davis left, he promised to write to her, and with a quaint touch of humor closes her account by saying that if he did, she never received the letter. Davis and his wife died within six months of each other, in the year 1830, the wife being forty-eight years of age at the time of her death.

Rebecca Burnett, who resided at Detroit, where she finally died in April, 1841, at the age of 50 years, had two daughters, Mary and Martha. Martha was married to Francis Palms, the founder of the Palms family of our day, who still reside at Detroit, and who are the only living representatives of the Burnett family.

None of the sons of Burnett left any papers by which their characteristics might be traced, save James, the eldest. On August 24th, 1832, he addressed a letter to the Hon. John Tipton, at that time Indian agent, and who was also at the time United States senator from Indiana, from which it appears that by reason of his Indian blood, he had interests in the hands of the agent. He berates that gentleman roundly for alleged misconduct in the management of his affairs, and whatever may have been his standing as an Indian, his father's determination crops out in the closing paragraph of the letter where he says: "From the date of this letter, I do not wish you to act as agent for me any longer, and for the future I shall do my own business." James, like all of the sons, was never married. He lived a roving, dissolute life, and was at the time of his death a bankrupt. The late B. C. Hoyt, who came to St. Joseph in 1829, met the younger Burnett often, but at that time he was exceedingly dissipated, his earthly possessions consisting entirely of the lands which had been allotted to his family in the various treaties with the Potawatomies, with whom, it seems, he was particularly intimate when lands were to be had from the government. In 1812 to 1815 he served as lieutenant in the military service of the United States. He conducted the business at St. Joseph after the death of his father, and died in 1835. The late Colonel Taylor of South Bend administered his estate and a considerable number of his papers are now in possession of the Historical Society at South Bend.

The elder Burnett died in 1812, I do not know how or where. The only reference I can find touching upon the subject is in Mrs. Kinzie's account of the Chicago massacre of that year, where it is stated that an Indian with a tomahawk in his hand claimed to know that Burnett was there and was looking for him with the express intention of killing him; bringing to mind the grewsome thought that like many another good man, he finally met his death at the hand of those who should have been his friends. Of the other four sons, comparatively little is known. John, the second son, served in 1805 as ensign in the first regiment Wayne County militia.

In 1821 or 22 Abraham became interpreter for Daniel McCoy, the founder of the Carey mission near Niles. Isaac, like his namesake of old, was the loved son of his father. In 1811 and 1812, during the second war with England, British traders began to encroach upon the territory of Burnett. Four of them were captured and taken out of the territory. At a court of inquiry in 1815 concerning the alleged misconduct of a British officer, Coursolle, a British trader was under examination and was asked this question: "Were you not a trader in that part of the country when the other traders were surprised and taken prisoners to Detroit and by whom were they taken?" To which he replied: "I was; they were taken by Jean Baptiste Chadronet and Isaac Burnett." The fact that the Indians were bribed to use their rifles on Burnett rather than suffer him to escape, is sufficient evidence that he had inherited not only his father's force of character and determination, but his dislike of British traders as well. Charles Bailey, one of the captured traders, testified to Burnett's loyalty to the Union. After testifying to the fact of his arrest and removal to Detroit in the year 1813, he was asked "Who were the principal persons concerned in taking you?" "Jean Baptiste Chadronent, Isaac Burnett and B. Ducharme." "In what manner were you taken?" "Chadronet presented his pistols at me and Burnett told me I was his prisoner in the name of the United States."

I have been keenly interested in an effort to learn something of Kakima, the Indian wife of Burnett. While we can find traces of the father's peculiar characteristics in the sons, we must not forget that for a considerable portion of each year, the little fellows were under the exclusive care of the mother. For two or three months in the summer, Burnett was absent at Mackinac or Detroit, besides which in the winter and spring he often took upon himself the personal management of one of his trading expeditions. During these times, to Kakima, the Pota-

watomie Indian woman, fell the task of training five sons, who, by right of inheritance from one parent looked with interest on the social and political development of their country; while at the same time there was coursing through their veins the blood of that mother to whom the wilderness was home, where the wild life of forest and stream which had for centuries been the abiding place of her people, furnishing all that was needful for the development of bodily strength and manly vigor; where the chase, the feast and the dance furnished amusement, and diplomatic and political differences were referred to the arbitrament of tomahawk and arrow. My personal experience with Indians, covering a period of more than twenty years, and including nearly every tribe of any note from the Chippewas in northern Canada to the Black Feet country in Idaho, has rather served to confirm in my mind the saying that the only good Indians are dead Indians. But Kakima, like her husband, must have been made of better material than the average, for aside from the inference which we may draw as to her character and ability from the actions of her boys there is evidence from the chief men of her tribe that she was not only a princess and chief among them, but that she used the influence coming to her from that position for the advantage of her children. During the summer of 1815, some three or four years after the death of her husband, she appeared before a council of the chief men of the tribe at Saginong, one of the chief towns of the Potawatomies, and asked that a grant of land be made to her children, naming them all, except her older son James, who seems to have been left out. As a result of this request, the tract of land lying between the St. Joseph and Galien rivers and Lake Michigan, a princely domain fifty miles in length, was ceded by the tribe to the Burnett children. A liberal action from which they never received any benefit as the government failed to confirm it. Kakima was living for some years after 1815, but the place and time of her death are like that of her husband, shrouded in mystery. It is safe to assume that she spent her last days among the scenes and among the friends of her early life. The love of the Indian for his home land is proverbial, as was witnessed in 1838, when the Indiana authorities finally removed the Potawatomies of their state from the land of their inheritance to a strange country beyond the Missouri river. Many and pathetic are the recorded appeals of the Indians to escape removal from the homes of their fathers and the graves of their children. I do not know if Kakima was still alive when this enforced exodus took place.

Her brother Topinabee was alive in 1833, and his signature appears

on the treaties of 1828, 1832 and 1833. If she was living, there is no probability that she was a figure in the removal, but she was certainly an old woman and the chances are that she was poor and without friends with ability to minister to her in her declining years. Only two of her children were at that time living, James, the dissolute elder son, who would probably do nothing for her, and Rebecca, the youngest daughter, so poor that she could not. Under these circumstances what is more likely than a return to the old friends and the old life. She was with them in 1815 at the council of Saginong, why not there to the end of her days. They were her people, her tribe, her friends and relatives. The bones of a considerable portion of the Potawatomie nation living at the time of the exodus lie mouldering in a long wavering line reaching from the St. Joseph river to southern Kansas. Broken in spirit, discouraged, heartsick, as she must have been, if Providence decreed that she should live so long, the tearing asunder of the ties of home and friends, the final dissolution of her nation by an armed force, must have appeared to her as an act of questionable gratitude on the part of the Nation that she, through her sons, had helped to save.

The Burnett children were granted large tracts of land at the treaties of Chicago, Saginaw, Tippecanoe, and other places, six sections of which were located in and near the city of St. Joseph. Land was cheap in those days and their patrimony from the Great Father slipped away from them by piecemeal, until in 1838, Rebecca, the survivor of them all, deeded away the last remaining vestige of this princely estate upon the consideration that the wants of herself, her daughter, and the son of a deceased daughter be provided for during her life time.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF SULLIVAN M. CUTCHEON, WITH PARTICULAR REFERENCE TO MICHIGAN POLITICAL HISTORY DURING THE WAR OF THE REBELLION.

BY CHARLES MOORE.[1]

True politics are simply morals applied to public affairs.—*Charles Sumner's acceptance of the office of Senator of the United States.*

It is not without reluctance that I obey the mandate of one of the officers of our Society to put on record a tribute to the work and worth of Sullivan M. Cutcheon. My fear is lest my judgment shall be led astray by the very nearness of the life-long relations I sustained to him; lest closeness of vision shall so disturb the sense of proportion that I shall do scant justice to a life widely recognized as ideal in respect of its simplicity, its integrity, and its lofty aims.

Moreover, the very tremendous import as well as the rapid shifting of events at the time when Mr. Cutcheon was most conspicuously before the public makes it difficult to estimate, or even wholly to discover, the part played by any one man. As a rule legislatures and conventions have a movement of their own, distinct from the movements of the individual members. As a mighty river, its general course being determined by the inclination of the watershed, yet may have its flow controlled and made useful by the intelligent co-operation of many men, so in great national crises they deserve well of mankind who, working together to overcome all obstacles, turn the political torrent into right channels. In such beneficent work Mr. Cutcheon was actively and effectively engaged during the trying years from 1860 to 1865; and perhaps we shall form a more just estimate by reviewing briefly the work itself rather

[1] Charles Moore, born at Ypsilanti, October 20, 1855; graduated from Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., 1874, and from Harvard College, 1878; received degrees of M. A. and Ph. D. from Columbian University, Washington, D. C. Connected with Detroit newspapers 1880-9; private secretary to senator James McMillan, 1889-1902; clerk of Senate Committe on the District of Columbia 1891-3 and 1895 to 1903. Author "Northwest Under Three Flags (Harper), and numerous articles in magazines and historical and economic journals. Compiled and edited government publications relating to the park system, the charities, the purification of the water supply, the railways and canals and the code of law of the District of Columbia; also compiled report on the restoration of the White House. Corresponding member American Institute of Architects; Secretary American Academy in Rome. Married Alice Williams Merriam, at Middleton, Mass., June 27, 1878.

HON. SULLIVAN M. CUTCHEON,
Ypsilanti.

than by attempting to allot to individuals the measure of credit belonging to each. In after years it was glory enough to have been a participant in those stirring scenes.

Indeed, I find in the general symmetry of Mr. Cutcheon's character the lesson most needed to be taught at this particular time. In no single line of work did he attain conspicuous success for himself; he did not rise to high political distinction; he was never spoken of as the leader of the Michigan bar; the banks of which he was president were not in his day controlling money powers; he did not amass wealth, as that term is used today. And yet men called his life happy, and spoke of his death as a distinct loss to the community. These judgments I take it were based on the fact that Mr. Cutcheon's life was essentially one of service to his country, to his state, to the community in which he lived, and immeasurably so to the people with whom he came in contact. Moreover, the moral and political, yes even the financial health of this people depends on the fact that both in time of stress and storm and in time of peace and quiet as well there are just such earnest, upright, clear-headed men who are willing to make their own ambitions subservient to the public good; men whose lives and characters uplift society and prove to the world that after all the highest success comes of right living, and the truest immortality is to be found not in words cut in stone but in deeds incarnate in the lives of others.

II.

Mr. Cutcheon was born in Pembroke, New Hampshire, October 4, 1833; he was of Scotch-Irish stock; and he possessed the characteristics of that rugged, aggressive race, trained to endure the hardships incident to life on the picket line of advancing civilization, and glorying in the struggle to subdue primitive conditions. His father was a Baptist minister with a family of five sons and two daughters, whom he thoroughly imbued with his own religious nature. Throughout his entire life Mr. Cutcheon (the name in New Hampshire is McCutcheon) maintained close relations with his brothers and sisters; and family ties ever were remarkably strong with him. Like so many of the boys of the Granite State, he won his own education, first at Oberlin, and afterwards at Dartmouth, from which latter institution he graduated in the class of 1856. That he was popular with his fellows is shown by the fact that he belonged to the Alpha Delta Phi fraternity; and his high standing in his class is attested by his membership in the

society of Phi Beta Kappa. His loyalty to his college was very great; on the fortieth anniversary of his graduation he entertained at Hanover those of his classmates who were living, and at his death he left to the institution a substantial token of his regard.

While yet in his senior year, he accepted the position of principal of the Ypsilanti Seminary, an institution which Joseph Estabrook had made so famous as a fitting school for Michigan University that pupils came thither from far western and southern States.[1]. In those days teachers and students soon became an integral part of the community; and Mr. Cutcheon readily made the wide circle of acquaintances that were necessary to him in his political life. After one year of successful work as a teacher, he accepted promotion to the position of superintendent of Schools at Springfield, his task being to put into operation the first public school system in the State of Illinois. In this pioneer work he had the active aid and support of Abraham Lincoln, then coming into national prominence by reason of his debates with Stephen A. Douglas. Love of sport, which never was eradicated from Mr. Cutcheon's nature, led him to the ball-ground, whither Mr. Lincoln also frequently betook himself. The game was a variation of "fives," a species of hand-ball played against the side of a brick building, and having for its danger point the crash of heads when two players came into sharp collision, as not infrequently happened between the eager contestants mentioned.

With Mr. Cutcheon, however, the school was but a stepping stone to the law; and while at Springfield he gained admission to the bar. In December, 1859, he returned to Ypsilanti to claim as his bride Miss Josephine Louise Moore, the daughter of one of the oldest residents of that town. Family reasons having led to Ypsilanti as a place of residence, where he opened a law office in 1860; and that same autumn he made the successful canvass for member of the legislature, his colleague from Washtenaw county being Hon. J. Webster Childs.

III.

With all the ardor of his twenty-six years and his naturally enthusiastic nature, Mr. Cutcheon had thrown himself into the great

[1] Miss Harriet M. Cutcheon, the eldest sister was at one time preceptress of the Ypsilanti Seminary; Miss Anna M. Cutcheon, the younger sister was a member of the faculty of the State Normal School at Ypsilanti; and General Byron M. Cutcheon resigned the position of principal of Ypsilanti high school to enter the Twentieth Michigan Infantry, of which regiment he became colonel, being brevetted brigadier-general for gallant and meritorious service.

struggle for freedom; and on his arrival at the Capital he found himself associated with some of the strongest men of the State. The outgoing governor, Moses Wisner, a lawyer of solid abilities and lucrative practice, laid down the burdens of state only to take up those of the camp; and his successor, Austin Blair, keen, active, sagacious, ambitious, became one of that notable group of War Governors who were the support of the administration in its herculean task of raising the men and the means to down the Rebellion. In the Senate, the leader was Henry P. Baldwin, afterwards Governor, and Senator of the United States, whose business ability stood the State in good stead throughout the complicated dealings arising from a defalcation in the Treasurer's office; and who proved exceptionally sagacious in disposing of the avalanche of resolutions on national affairs introduced by his often perverted colleagues, to the sacrifice of necessary business and the engendering of unnecessary friction. The leader of the House was James F. Joy, whose impressive presence and surpassing abilities made him a tremendous power.

The Lansing of war-times had the advantage of being located at the geographical center of the lower peninsula, and the disadvantage of not having as yet emerged from backwoods conditions. The Capitol, a church-like little structure of wood, painted white, stood on the main street of the primitive town; the hotel accommodations were of such a character as to make any change in them a subject for newspaper congratulations; and the means of ingress and egress were by stage to the nearest railroad at Jackson. During the year 1861, however, transportation facilities between the capital and the metropolis of Michigan were vastly improved by the extension of the Amboy, Lansing and Traverse Bay railroad from Owosso, and an arrangement of through trains whereby members desirous of consulting constituents could leave Lansing at half after four o'clock in the afternoon, and be reasonably sure of reaching Detroit some time after a quarter to eleven o'clock the next day. The newspaper correspondents were so dependent on horseflesh and snow blockades that often during the session the afternoon Detroit papers appeared with a perfectly sincere line of explanation that owing to delays in transmission no report of the previous day's proceedings of the legislature had been received. Naturally the gentlemen of the press hailed with delight the proposition of the railroad company to build a telegraph line from Owosso to Lansing, provided the State would grant a subsidy of $500! Occasional despatches were sent by messenger to the nearest telegraph office; and it was not

until January 20, 1864, that the proceedings were regularly reported by wire to the extent of half a column. Great public approbation was expressed at the enterprise of the newspapers.[1] Difficult as was access to Lansing, however, the third house had a full membership and a full organization.

If one may judge from newspaper reports of the proceedings during the first years of the legislative service, Mr. Cutcheon devoted his energies to committee work and to making friends, rather than to talking. He was an active participant in the caucus that nominated Jacob M. Howard to fill the unexpired term in the Senate of the late Kinsley S. Bingham; and in the legislature he filled modest assignments as a member of the committee on education and as chairman of the committee on the geological survey. As it happened, however, the Tappan troubles at the University, and the rapid development of Michigan's mineral resources made these committee places more important than they had been in the past.

IV.

It is as difficult today to appreciate the exact questions over which parties fought at the outbreak of the rebellion as it is to think seriously of the theological hairsplitting of the schoolmen. The assertion on the part of the slaveholders of the right to reclaim fugitive slaves had been upheld by the federal courts, even the highest; and in Cass county, the Kentucky raid, as the famous kidnapping expedition was called, had introduced into Michigan politics Charles T. Gorham and Zachariah Chandler, thereby putting an end to the domination of Lewis Cass. The northern states, by means of personal liberty laws had sought to draw the circle of freedom about the negro escaped to free soil. These laws were of doubtful constitutionality, and the repeal of them was the sop conservative Republicans would have thrown to the Cerberus of the slave-power. Again, there was the question of appointing delegates to the Charleston peace convention, a proceeding which Senator Chandler urged, even while at the same time he caused consternation by the suggestion that a little blood-letting might be advantageous to the cause of the Union.

On both of these subjects the Michigan legislature was controlled by the radical Wing; and no action was taken. On the other hand, the Democratic State convention declared that secession was not a constitu-

[1] Advertiser and Tribune correspondence.

tional but only a revolutionary right. The leaders of both parties were not far apart; all were for the preservation of the Union and the maintenance of the supremacy of the Constitution. It was not seriously believed that there would be prolonged war, and harmonious action was taken in raising and equipping troops to go to the front. Thus it happened that the sessions of 1861 and 1862 were given over to the business in hand, relieved by the discussion of abstract constitutional questions. It was not until the beginning of 1863 that party lines came to be drawn sharply, and that some of the staunchest Republicans arrayed themselves with the opposition, becoming the bitterest antagonists if not of the principles at least of the practices of the Republican party.

V.

The legislature elected in the autumn of 1862 gathered on the first Monday of the following January for the stormiest session ever known to that body. Governor Blair had been reelected without material opposition. The main issue in the campaign was the reelection of Senator Chandler, who encountered in Michigan the same kind of opposition that met his particular friend, Senator Wade, in Ohio, whose final triumph was delayed long after the legislature of his State had convened. Not so with Senator Chandler. In Michigan the battle was short, sharp and decisive. The objections to Mr. Chandler came largely from those conservative natures, who looked upon the Wade-Chandler wing of the Republican party with all the terror of persons driven from their homes by freshets. Running excitedly along the banks, in their despair they thought they saw the Constitution and the traditions of the Fathers being swept down the resistless current.

The main attack on Senator Chandler was made by James F. Joy, the Republican leader in the Michigan House in the previous legislature. Both Mr. Joy and Senator Chandler were natives of New Hampshire; in Detroit they were neighbors; they attended the same church. Both were positive, vigorous, aggressive; but Mr. Chandler was a born leader of men, while Mr. Joy was ever an independent character, ready if need be to stand alone in the consciousness of mental strength and the absolute integrity of his own purposes. Although he had voted the Republican State ticket, Mr. Joy maintained his right to oppose the reelection of Mr. Chandler; and in a pamphlet attacking the Senator he asserted that the Wades and Chandlers of the Senate dominated President Lincoln and thwarted such true leaders as Seward and Chase.

As the Advertiser and Tribune said, Mr. Chandler was never charged with dishonesty, with neglect to Michigan's interests, nor with incapacity; but there were against him disappointed office-seekers, and those who thought the crises demanded a lawyer rather than a merchant in the Senate. On the other hand, Senator Chandler had been "the errand-boy of every soldier's relative;" and his strength with the soldier element was overwhelming. In the legislature a fusion committee, consisting of Orlando M. Barnes and Hiram J. Beakes, Democrats, and T. W. Lockwood, a follower of Mr. Joy, appealed to the members to elect "a man faithful to the Union and the Constitution, devoted to the suppression of the rebellion, and whose ability and character shall entitle him to the confidence of the public." In the fusion caucus there was a prolonged struggle between the party men, who insisted on voting for ex-Senator Alpheus Felch, and those who thought it policy to nominate a former Republican. The latter element won; Mr. Joy became the opponent of Senator Chandler, and in joint convention was defeated by nearly a two-thirds vote.

Some idea of the intensity of feeling can be had from the outburst of that able correspondent, Mr. Charles K. Backus, who cried out in his paper:

"Glory enough for this day! We have fought the fight and won the victory! We have asked no favors and granted none. Fusion smelleth of the grave and the mourners go about the streets. We have now a united party able and willing for future contests."[1]

Throughout the campaign Mr. Cutcheon had been active on the stump; he was an ardent supporter of Mr. Chandler, with whom he was always on friendly terms. Of the seventeen old members returned, the choice for speaker lay between Mr. Cutcheon and Mr. W. T. Howell; and on the election of the former Mr. Howell became the leader of the House, a position that he occupied until the last days of his term, when he stepped into the position of associate justice of the Territory of Arizona. At the time of his selection, Mr. Cutcheon was twenty-nine years old, and there were but two members of the House younger than he was.

The Senate, like the House, was made up largely of new men. Mr. Baldwin, travelling to California in search of rest and health, had the unique experience of being captured in the Caribbean Sea by the famous Admiral Semmes of the Alabama, and he expressed[2] himself in complimentary terms in regard to the treatment the 700 passengers in the

[1] Advertiser and Tribune, January 9, 1863.
[2] Letter printed in the Advertiser and Tribune, Jan. 1, 1863.

"Ariel" received at the hands of the enemy: they were released without loss of personal belongings, while the vessel escaped with a bond for $261,000 payable 30 days after the acknowledgment of the independence of the Confederacy! Mr. Baldwin's place at the head of the Finance Committee was taken by Ebenezer O. Grosvenor, who had returned to the Senate after an interval of two years. The second member of the committee was Henry Howland Crapo, who succeeded Austin Blair as Governor of the State. At the head of the Judiciary committee stood Charles M. Croswell, who served as Governor from 1877 to 1881; and the chairman of the committee on State Affairs was David Howell Jerome, who succeeded Governor Croswell in the executive office. The presiding officer was the able and polished orator, Charles S. May.

VI.

The session opened with the sorrowful announcement of the death of ex-Governor Wisner from camp fever at Lexington, Ky., after he had brought the Twenty-second Michigan to a high degree of efficiency.

The bad blood engendered in the senatorial campaign speedily showed itself. The front of the offending party was Edward G. Morton, of Monroe, an editor of keenness and audacity, already a legislator of experience, and afterwards the legislative father of the asylums for the insane at Kalamazoo, and for the deaf and dumb at Flint. Mr. Morton ascribed the war to "the damnable sectionalism of the north," and he maintained that "the Abolitionists in their greed of office were determined to prolong the strife as long as possible, destroy the country and raise hell itself." He stigmatized John Brown as an old horse-thief, cut-throat and murderer; he denounced the Emancipation Proclamation;[1] and asserted that the Republican party of Michigan was as much in rebellion as South Carolina, save only for the fact that it was not in arms.

No sooner had Mr. Morton finished then Speaker Cutcheon, in an impromptu reply of about fifteen minutes, brought the Monroe member repeatedly to his feet to explain, to add to and to qualify his remarks. Those who knew Mr. Cutcheon well will appreciate the torrent of impassioned words that must have flowed from his indignant tongue. As one correspondent said, "Mr. Monroe occupied a most humiliating position under the scalpel of the Speaker and when he

[1] This speech and the replies to it are printed in the Advertiser and Tribune of Jan. 25, 1863, and subsequent issues.

dropped him he looked like a bird with secesh proclivities with his feathers plucked."

More rabid than the gentleman from Monroe, Judge Pratt of Calhoun exclaimed against Lincoln as "the damnable Abolitionist who administers the government." "The people," he said, "ought to rise up and hurl him from his chair, since he is prepared to sacrifice the armies of his country. Then in the eyes of God and men the people would be justified." To the hisses that greeted these seditious remarks, he replied, "You may hiss, fellows, but you can't intimidate me!"

In vain Mr. Beakes and Mr. Barnes insisted that the Democratic party was opposed to secession and in favor of upholding the Constitution in every portion of the United States; in vain Mr. Deare of Hamtramck attempted to laugh off the whole matter. In a set speech three hours in length Mr. Parsons made a speech that gained him fame; Mr. Howell, as in duty bound, made answer, as did several others, notably Mr. Williams of Van Buren; and in the Senate Lieutenant Governor May added to his already brilliant reputation by a carefully prepared argument.

VII.

In order to appreciate the position of the opposition it is only necessary to quote from the Democratic State platform adopted in convention on February 11, 1863. "The simple issue," said that document, "is now freedom or despotism." Suspending the writ of habeas-corpus; the arrest of citizens by the military power; the denial of trial by jury; the abridgment of freedom of speech and of the press; a secret police; martial law declared in States not in rebellion; freeing slaves of loyal citizens; and the dismemberment of the State of Virginia—such was the formidable array of grievances; and in the character of the list one looks into the valley of despair through which this nation was then travelling. Surely laws were silent in the midst of war.

In the same breath the convention expressed gratitude to the soldiers and condemned the abolition sentiment inculcated at the University of Michigan. George W. Peck was allowed to speak of Lincoln as "the despot at Washington; the tool of usurpers;" and to assert that this government was made wholly for white men. More potent than platforms or speeches was the widespread influence of the Detroit Free Press, then as always a powerful ally in any cause it chooses to support.

It is not my purpose to rake up controversies of the past, or to impugn the motives of any man or set of men. Simply it is impossible to understand the war period without recalling the opposition and the positions maintained in the heat of controversies that divided church and state, that set brother against brother and son against father in the north as well as in the south. It should not be forgotten that in the legislature more than a third of the members were in the opposition; and that included in the number were men whose careers both before and after the war won for them the confidence and respect of the community.

It was a just tribute to Mr. Cutcheon's abilities and fairness that the House paid at the end of the turbulent session, by a unanimous vote of thanks; and the fact that the reputation he then made as a presiding officer was mentioned in the press for years afterwards proves the justice of the commendation given by one of the correspondents:

"The House has never possessed a more faithful and capable Speaker than Mr. Cutcheon, one of the youngest and one of the ablest members of that body. Such tact for business and clear knowledge of parliamentary law is rarely found. His efficient discharge of his duties has made him a favorite with both sides of the House and to him is that body indebted for the energy it has exhibited in the consideration and disposition of business."[1]

On January 19, 1864, a second session of the legislature opened amid universal satisfaction that the end of the rebellion was in sight, even though there came weeks when such hope seemed ill-founded. In a pithy address to the House, Speaker Cutcheon, on taking the chair, congratulated the members that whereas but a year ago the nation was battling with a proud, defiant foe looking hopefully across the Atlantic for sympathy and aid, today all was changed and the cause of good government and humanity was prosperous. The session concerned itself mainly with questions of liberal bounties and of allowing soldiers in the field to vote at national elections; in both of which matters the legislature took affirmative action; and with the triumphant reelection of President Lincoln the following autumn the speedy end of the war was assured.

[1] Advertiser and Tribune, March 21, 1863.

VIII.

The national banking system, devised by Secretary Chase to create a market for government bonds, began to expand rapidly only after peace was assured and the time of stress was past. President Lincoln appointed Mr. Cutcheon a bank examiner, with Michigan and a portion of Indiana as his field of operations. He was removed by President Johnson, but was reappointed by President Grant, continuing meanwhile his law practice in Ypsilanti. The experience gained and the acquaintances made in this position were most valuable.

In 1868 Mr. Cutcheon headed the delegation that nominated General Grant for President; Governor Bagley appointed him a member of the State Military Board and also a member of the convention to revise the Constitution of Michigan, of which latter body he was chosen president. The work of the convention, however, was not accepted by the people, who, since 1850, have been opposed to what Judge Cooley has called "Constitutional tinkering." In 1877 President Hayes appointed Mr. Cutcheon United States District Attorney for the Eastern District of Michigan, which position he promptly resigned on the election of President Cleveland. This was the last political office he held.

In politics Mr. Cutcheon was a firm believer in the principles of the Republican party. On the four occasions when men of standing and prominence felt called upon to range themselves with the opposition he stood steadfast. Had matters shaped themselves differently he might have welcomed a nomination to Congress; on one occasion he narrowly missed an election to the Senate, and twice he declined a foreign appointment; but on the whole he preferred the practice of his profession, in which his advancement was steady. He dearly loved politics. Of fine presence, gifted with a rich and resonant voice whose very tones carried conviction, he sought to win his hearers to his way of thinking. He told few stories, but like every orator he knew the value of a laugh to mark a transition or to rest an audience after a protracted argument. For years he held the reputation of being the best vote-winner on the Michigan stump; and it is easy to believe that this reputation was deserved. He enjoyed the excitement of conventions; the sudden changes in the balloting; the combinations for this or that candidate; the expression of advanced political thought in resolutions—all these things he gloried in. It was a great grief to him that his health did not permit him to take part in the first McKin-

ley campaign, even to the extent of following his custom by making the closing speech at Ypsilanti. Every incident of that great struggle, as it was reported to him at table morning and evening by one engaged at headquarters, excited his keenest interest. The war-horse was impatient for the fray.

IX.

In 1875 he removed to Detroit, forming a partnership with Judge Hiram J. Beakes, with whom he had formed a lasting friendship while they served on opposite sides in the legislature. I am not competent to analyze Mr. Cutcheon's attainments as a lawyer, and to assign his place among the many eminent worthies of the Michigan bar. I know that on one occasion he made an exhaustive study of the question of suicide in relation to life insurance; and I recall ransacking the libraries and second-hand book stores of the east to procure literature on the subject, being especially pleased on finding in an obscure shop a copy of a certain exhaustive treatise on suicide in two octavo volumes, that the libraries of neither Boston nor Cambridge possessed.

Equally intensive and extensive were his researches into the history of legacies for public uses, a subject arising out of the late Mr. Chauncey Hulbert's bequest to the Detroit Water Works. He enjoyed keenly the work of the student of law; and as opportunity afforded he went beyond the mechanics of the case and entered into the fine arts of his cause.

Mr. Cutcheon won cases by moral force. As United States District Attorney he never held that it was his first duty to secure convictions, but regarded himself rather as the agent of the court to see that justice was done as between the government of the United States and the prisoner at the bar. To him justice was no mere abstraction. He hated wrong; it was repulsive, degrading, contaminating. He was impatient at smallness or meaness of any kind. At the same time he had a large heart, and it lay so near the surface that misfortune and privation on the part of those with whom he came in contact quickly penetrated to it. Philosophers assure us that the parallels of infinite justice and infinite mercy meet at infinity. In human experience we most admire that character in which there is a judicious combination of the two God-like qualities.

In the inconspicuous role of legal peace-maker, in the settlement of controversies calculated to beget estrangement and enmity among partners and friends, Mr. Cutcheon performed his most useful service as a

lawyer; unless indeed it shall be held that his success in bringing together the scattered remnants of fortune for the widow and fatherless was entitled to highest rank. During the latter years of his life he took a great interest in the work of the commission to secure uniformity in the laws of the States, and he regularly attended the meetings of the commissioners at Saratoga, Governor Winans having appointed him a member of that body.

In these days when wealth is acquired by leaps and bounds, when each half decade multiplies the number of ciphers ranged on the left of the significant figures used in business transactions, the steady accumulation of the means of comfortable living coincident with the enjoyment of life is well worthy of note. From the beginning of his career, there never was a time when Mr. Cutcheon did not have the best books and the inclination and leisure to read them. Art, literature and theology, together with reading matter of the day, were ever his delight; and even while his daily activities were confined to a small city, intellectually he was a citizen of the great republic of letters.

That too much stress may not be laid on the bookish side, let it be said that from first to last Mr. Cutcheon took a keen delight in sports and games. He played base ball long beyond the years when young men now engage in that sport; and the charms of the whist table at home were never dimmed. In short, his fund of animal spirits was always abundant.

X.

As president of the Dime Savings Bank of Detroit and of the Ypsilanti Savings Bank, Mr. Cutcheon's chief characteristic was conservatism. He gave freely of his time to bank affairs and by his earnestness and clear judgment laid the foundations for large success. Had he so chosen he might have been the president of one of the great banks of the State; but he preferred to give his best energies to his profession. His business ventures, while not extensive, were profitable; but he was essentially a professional man.

In religion he was a member of the Presbyterian church and for many years he was an elder in that body. To the world he exemplified the practical rather than the doctrinal side of religion; yet his constant study of theology led him to reach conclusions that kept him abreast with the best thought of the day; and as a member of the General Assembly of 1892 at Washington he was one of the small but

determined band that supported Professor Charles A. Briggs. As president of the Detroit Young Men's Christian Association from 1884 to 1890; and as chairman of the Harper Hospital board from 1884 until his death, his success in securing the money necessary to place those institutions on a sound financial basis has written his name indelibly on their records. Of him it could truly be said that by doing the will of the Father he knew of the doctrine.

Warnings of the shortening span of life had not been infrequent; yet when, in the early morning of the 18th of May, 1900, after promise of at least temporary and partial return to health, the end came suddenly, none of those with whom Mr. Cutcheon had been associated in business, in philanthrophy, or in the closest human ties could think of him save as of one departing in the vigor and fulness of his days. He was not wont to hesitate at any forward step; and so it was ordered that on the threshold of life he should not linger.

XII.

I shall have failed utterly in the task set me, if what has been said of Mr. Cutcheon's life and work shall not have prepared you to accept as true of him this passage from Thomas Carlyle:

"Answering of this question is giving us the soul of the history of the man or nation. The thoughts they had were the parents of the actions they did: their feelings were parents of their thoughts: it was the unseen and spiritual in them that determined the outward and actual—their religion, as I say, was the great fact about them."

EVIDENCES OF PREHISTORIC MAN ON LAKE SUPERIOR.

BY JOHN T. REEDER.[1]

PREHISTORIC.—Belonging to a period antecedent to that covered by written history.

For a number of years as opportunity offered, I have visited the several known localities in this Portage Lake District of ours, where copper implements have been found, and the old Indian "pits" or "diggings" as locally called, along the mineral belts in Keweenaw and Ontonagon Counties, where the metal from which these copper implements were made, was obtained. I have read much on this subject and queried often, to learn if possible, by whom, when, and under what conditions was this work done. I learn from reading University of New York publication, "Metallic Implements by W. M. Beauchamp," that, "copper occurs in mines and in scattered fragments," (undoubtedly referring to what is called "Float copper," which is frequently found in beds of gravel in Connecticut, New Jersey, and several other States; and very frequently in this part of Michigan, very large masses of copper have been discovered, one piece in particular weighing eighteen thousand pounds, was found in a gravel bank near Lake Linden). "Farther north there is little doubt that all articles came from Lake Superior at an early date, and they have such marked peculiarities as to make it probable that they were commonly wrought into shape in that vicinity." "Rude implements have occasionally been found in New York State which were not made in Michigan." Mr. Beauchamp further states that "implements of native copper have not been made in the interior of New York within four hundred or five hundred years and further explains that this conjecture about date, is good opinion now, but later may be changed."

Soon after Quebec was founded, Champlain mentions a piece of

[1] John T. Reeder was born in Detroit in 1857 of English parents, educated in Detroit public schools, graduating from the High School in 1875. After completing a business course in Mayhew's Business College he entered the office of the Detroit & Lake Superior Copper Co. as assistant clerk and remained there until the works closed down in 1888. He then went to the Lake Superior region to enter the Osceola Mining Company's office as chief clerk. From the Osceola he went to the office of the Tamarack as chief clerk where he still retains the position. He has been interested, for about thirty-three years, in collecting and preserving the early evidences of pre-historic man in this State.

native copper which was given him by an Algonquin Indian who said "there were large quantities where he had taken this piece from." "It came from the banks of a River near a big lake," probably referring to the Ontonagon River which empties into Lake Superior. Schoolcraft mentions this river and a large piece of native copper for which the Indians of his day had veneration, and further says: "The Indian tribes constitute an anomalous feature in our history. Recognized as a strongly marked variety of mankind, they appear to be branches of oriental stock, who relapsed into nomadic state at primeval periods, and of whom no records, either oral or written, can now be found to guide the labors of the historian."

Father Claude Allouez, who visited Lake Superior in September, 1666, speaks of the Indians as savages. "They respect Lake Superior as a divinity and offer sacrifices to it because of its size and its furnishing them with food. It happens frequently that pieces of copper are found weighing ten to twenty pounds. I have seen several such pieces in the hands of savages and since they are superstitious they esteem them as divinities or as presents given them to promote their happiness. For this reason they consider the pieces of copper very precious and protect and preserve them by carefully wrapping them up. In some families they have been thus kept for more than fifty years: in others they have descended from family to family for a much longer period," but nowhere does he speak of the Indians or savages having copper weapons such as arrows, spears or knives, or such implements as we find in our cabinets. Radisson wintered on Lake Superior in 1658 and mentions copper several times. The Jesuit Priests' report of Lake Superior in 1660 speaks of "copper so excellent and refined and in large lumps." Dr. J. D. Baldwin, in his Ancient America, says "The Mound Builders used large quantities of copper such as that taken from the copper beds of Lake Superior, where the extensive mines yield copper not in ore, but as pure metal. It exists in these beds in immense masses, in small veins and in separated lumps of various sizes." The mound builders worked the copper without smelting it. "One characteristic of the Lake Superior copper is the frequency of small spots of silver appearing as if welded on to the copper, not alloyed with it. No other copper has this peculiarity. Copper with small particles of silver has been dug from the mounds. It was naturally inferred from this fact that the ancient people represented by these antiquities had some knowledge of the art of mining copper,

which had been used in the copper region of Lake Superior, this inference finally became an ascertained fact."

Foster and Whitney report of 1850 says:—"That the Lake Superior region was resorted to by an uncivilized race for the purpose of procuring copper, long before the white man's time, is evident from numerous memorials scattered throughout its entire extent. Whether they were the race who built the mounds or the forefathers of the present generation of Indians is a matter undecided."

"The evidence of early mining consists of numerous excavations in the solid rock, of heaps of rubble and earth along courses of the veins, —of the remains of copper utensils fashioned into form of knives and chisels, of stone hammers, some of which are of immense size and weight, of wooden bowls for bailing water out of the mines or pits, and numerous levers of wood used in raising the masses of copper to the surface." "The high antiquity of this rude mining is inferred from the fact that the existing race of Indians have no traditions by what people or at what time it was done, the places even were unknown to the oldest of the band until pointed out by white men. It is inferred from the character of the trees growing upon the piles of rubbish, between which and those forming the surrounding forest no perceptible difference can be seen: further, says copper rings designed for bracelets are frequently met with in the western mounds. Are these rings not a strong link in the chain of evidence to connect the ancient mining of this region with the earthworks of the Mississippi Valley? Evidences of the antiquity of these diggings may be based upon the age of the trees growing upon the debris thrown out. On the Minnesota Mine location a pine stump broken fifteen feet from ground was ten feet in circumference, and a large hemlock growing upon the same ground had 395 annular rings by actual count of the Agent of the Minnesota Mining Co., Mr. Knapp. Thus it would appear that these explorations were made before Columbus started on his voyage of discovery."

"The amount of work done by these ancient miners must have been very extensive, their diggings extend for miles, (extending from Ontonagon County on the West to the end of Keweenaw Point on the East, a distance of about eighty to ninety miles. This does not include pits or diggings on the Island of Isle Royale) on the outcrop of the veins, and their pits by the thousand. Mr. Knapp estimates the stone hammers found on his, the Minnesota Mine location, at more than ten car-

loads. Mr. Knapp used the hammers with which to wall up a spring. They are nearly all made of greenstone of porphyry pebbles with a groove single or double cut around by which a withe was attached."

Henry Gilman in his "ancient works on Isle Royale," says:—"The works referred to are generally pits of a few feet to thirty feet in diameter, some being quite shallow, while many are from twenty to sixty feet deep. They are scattered throughout the island, wherever the Amygdaloid copper-bearing rock is found and are invariably on the richest veins." "The amount of mining on three sections of land at a point on the north side of the island is estimated to exceed that of one of our oldest mines on the south shore of Lake Superior, a mine which has been constantly worked with a large force of men for over twenty years. When we compare the tedious methods of the primitive miners with our modern improvements in mining appliances, this may well appear incredible. At another point the excavations extend in a continuous line for over two miles, the pits being often so close together as to hardly permit of their being worked. The tools found consist of chisels and knives. Arrow heads of some material are frequently found. As to the time when this work was done, Mr. Gilman says "that the latter period may extend from 700 to 800 years. Mr. Gilman cites an oak tree growing on the debris at the mouth of an old pit on which he counted 584 annular rings, and further says a copper knife and other implements were found underneath the stump."

Since the above was written, the following article, by S. E. Moffett, appears in the April Cosmopolitan: "Five hundred years ago when the forest stretched unbroken from sea to prairie, and no smudge of coal smoke defiled the sapphire sky, the finger of land pointing from Northern Michigan into Lake Superior, with Isle Royale beyond, was a center of American industry. The Indians prized copper as we prized gold, and there were but two places on the continent where they could get it. One was on the Copper Mine River, on the bleak Arctic confines of Canadian Northwest and the other was on Lake Superior."

From the reading of the authorities here cited, and from personal knowledge I conclude:

First. That the Lake Superior district has the largest deposits of native copper now known, or that were known to ancient man, and are in fact practically the only merchantable deposits of native copper today known and worked in the civilized world.

Second. Lake Superior native copper was mined and worked into metallic implements by an ancient race of people and was practically

the only source of supply known to them, and that (about) all the native copper implements found in the States bordering on the chain of Lakes, consisting of Lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron, Erie, St. Clair, and Ontario with the connecting rivers, were made from Lake Superior native copper, and by means of barter or trade said Lake Superior native copper and finished implements made from it were carried hundreds of miles East, South and West.

Third. Many hundreds of years have gone past since the first workman opened the native copper deposits of Lake Superior: just how many years is, and always will be, a mooted question. From data at hand I should say that as early as 700 to 800 years ago, and as recent a date as 400 years ago. The earlier date can be better estimated than the more recent one, as the growth of trees on the debris thrown out, establishes to a very close certainty the years of life of the trees. The second date by the apparent age of the relics found and place where found. Many relics I have are very heavily coated with, first, a red oxide of copper, and then by a green carbonate, showing that a slow process of oxidization had been going on for years,—while other relics I have found at same locality under exactly same conditions, show a nice green carbonate, but have not the depth of color, and lack the deep red oxidization of the much older specimens. Many of the older pieces I have, are turned into oxide almost completely, but a tissue sheet of native copper in centre of implement remaining.

Fourth. That mining was carried on to a large extent by a prehistoric race who came to this district of ours in the early spring, worked at mining all summer, until late in the fall, and then went south in their boats, carrying implements and copper in bulk. Nowhere in this section can I learn of any remains indicating a permanent village having been found. No burial places nor skeletons exhumed with the implements, nor can I find any trace of village sites. At the Lake Superior Ship Canal where nearly all travel, to and from Ontonagon on the West, Eagle River on the East, and Isle Royal on the Northwest, stopped, (Portage Lake at its West end, until about 1867, was closed by a bank of sand, where the present Lake Superior Ship canal now stands, and all canoes were portaged over this mile of sand bank.) Here occasionally in digging for relics, pieces of charred wood have been found and probably one or two dozen small flint arrow points. These articles, with many copper implements and fragments, thus far, complete the evidence of this place having been used as a temporary stopping place, not a permanent one.

Fifth. From the great number of pits found, extending over three counties on Keweenaw Point, and on Isle Royale,—on Keweenaw Point for a distance of 80 to 90 miles and sometimes so close together that one could step from one pit into the next, leads me to conclude that hundreds of years were consumed in making these extensive diggings, and that an army of men must have spent these same years in order to have done this work.

From what I have learned of mining methods in vogue to-day, and of what I learn of mining methods in practice in Cornwall, one hundred years ago, or even on Lake Superior fifty years ago, I can consistently say that some of the ancient shafts described later on, would require a life-time, and a good long one at that, to reach the depths in which they were found by our first white settlers. I believe I would be consistent and well within truthful boundaries were I to say that the work actually performed by the ancient miners took a thousand years of time and the work of at least one thousand men. Practically all the copper implements, in our collections here that I have seen, or that I can learn the history of, came from territory lying adjacent to Portage Lake, either from one side or the other, and have been found between the Canal on the West side of Keweenaw Point and the "Entry" on the East side of said Point, a distance of about twenty-seven miles. By reference to the general maps, you can see the position of Keweenaw Point, running out into Lake Superior about 65 to 70 miles (in a North Easterly direction), Portage Lake dividing the said Keweenaw Point, at about fifty miles from its North Eastern terminus, in fact, cuts the point in two, said Portage Lake being a navigable body of water for its entire length, for the largest Lake steamers. Keweenaw Point has been known historically for 250 years at least for its native copper deposits. This point with its continuation into Ontonagon County on the West and Isle Royale, an island Northwest of Keweenaw Point about forty-five miles, contain the known native copper deposits of Lake Superior, now worked, or worked by Ancient Man. I use this name because it has not been settled who these ancient miners were, Mound Builders, Aztecs or Toltecs, or Forefathers of our present Indians. Suffice to know, that previous to any known white men's working of these deposits of copper, they were very extensively worked and by a class or race of men who used nothing but fire and water, and rock hammers to break and dislodge the copper veins treasures.

Many wagon loads of grooved stone hammers have been taken out

of pits say sixty to thirty feet deep in Houghton, Keweenaw and Ontonagon Counties and on Isle Royale, these pits in all cases being located on copper veins, in many of which copper still remained when discovered by white men. A case in point, at the old Minnesota location. At the bottom of an old pit or shaft a large mass was found evidently too large or solid to be broken up with materials then at hand. Again on Isle Royale at the Minong Mine Location, a mass of copper was found which weighed over five thousand pounds. This mass had been hammered until every projecting point had been pounded off, showing unmistakable evidences of stone hammer pounding. I have examined this mass many times myself while it lay in Detroit. This mass was at the bottom of a pit, 20 to 25 feet deep and was propped or raised from the bottom of the pit by cedar poles or blocks. Underneath the mass was a great quantity of ashes and charcoal, showing an attempt to reduce by means of heat or for purposes of removing rock every vestige of which had been removed when the said mass was discovered by the owners of the mine. I would like here to state that at least four hundred years had elapsed between the time the Ancients worked at the shaft and the time of taking it out by white men in 1870, or thereabouts, as pine trees were growing on the refuse thrown out by these ancient miners, which by actual count showed 350 annular rings.

Many copper implements have been found at the West or Canal end of Portage Lake, at Pilgrim River, midway between West and East or "Entry" end, and Dollar Bay where the Rolling Mills and Smelting works now stand. I have two crescent-shaped objects, and one spear in my collection, which were found at Dollar Bay. Nearly all the implements found have been of copper, a few flints, one old slate and one sandstone pipe of recent small pattern, and stone hammers without number, constitute the many finds from this Portage Lake District. At the Canal end of Portage Lake on the north side of Canal many implements have been found, more in fact than at any other point along the Lake. Up from the Canal and near the shore of Lake Superior, as well as back from the Lake Shore, say two thousand feet, copper implements, finished and unfinished, and hundreds of pieces of copper or small fragments have been found. Many implements of superior workmanship, such as adzes or spuds, spears, knives, chisels and gouges, arrow points, needles with eye and without, ornamental pins and ceremonial trinkets, and many bits not easily recognized, have been discovered. The writer has hundreds of fragments of copper many

showing the effects of fire and pounding but no recognized forms or designs. I consider the adze or spud the best implement found in this district and think more adzes or spuds have been found here than in any other one locality. I can now recall eleven which were found along Portage Lake. Probably the making and repairing of canoes for which the adze was admirably adapted, required very careful attention.

A few words at this time about the finding of so many of these copper relics at the Canal might be in place. For years the United States Government has maintained a lighthouse and life saving crew at the Canal, the members of which, when off duty, amuse themselves by looking over the sand, and scraping the surface slightly, many times picking up a bit or two of copper, at other times nothing. Years ago finds were quite common, but to-day finds are very few and far between. A little digging was done the past summer on a ridge about two thousand feet from Lake Superior and parallel with its shore, and at right angles to Portage Lake Canal. A few implements, a small knife, arrow points, two ceremonial objects and a number of needles and pins were found at a depth of four to six feet. Several old pine stumps stand on this little rise of ground, and under one of these stumps, which must have been two hundred years old at least, two fine spuds were found in the fall of 1901. From all the evidence I can obtain it looks as though the ancient searcher after copper, whoever he may have been, came up from the south in canoes, following the south shore of Lake Superior until Portage Entry was reached, when he entered Portage Lake, and followed its course until he reached the place where the United States Government has cut the present United States or Portage Lake Canal. At this point the boatman must needs portage his canoe over half a mile or more of sandy hill to reach Lake Superior on the West side. In coming to Lake Superior copper deposits and returning home again the ancient voyagers crossed Keweenaw Point by passing through Portage Lake. Hence it was most convenient to make a camping ground at the West end of Portage Lake now known as Portage Lake Canal. All travel to the copper deposits at Isle Royale was started from the Camp at the Canal, also in going West to the Ontonagon fields or East to deposits near Eagle River in Keweenaw County. This, to my mind, explains the finding of so many fragments as well as completed implements at this point. The rough material was carefully sorted over at this point before the long boat trip down the shore of Lake Superior in the fall of the year was begun.

The "Entry," or East end of the Portage Lake, distant about twenty-seven miles from the West or Canal end, was also a stopping place for the ancient travellers. A good many copper relics and a few flints have been found there. Near the Entry End is an island called Battle Island, on which tradition says a big battle between Indians was fought, quite a few copper relics have been unearthed, also a few flints on this island. I hardly think the Indians who fought on this island and from which battle the name was given it, were the makers or owners of these copper relics, in fact I am sure they knew nothing about the relics or copper mining. This battle was fought a little over one hundred years ago. In all my investigations I have not found nor seen any tempered copper. I have been told that several spears were found a few years ago at the Canal that were tempered and would bend and spring like steel. I did not see them. All the copper tools I have seen were cold hammered, showing no marks of having been melted. All the hardening that appears in many implements I think due to the cold pounding or hammering, and the apparent hardness on the edges to silicious particles of sand adhering to the oxidized metal. I have eight copper implements on which are small spots of native silver, six of these pieces were found in Wisconsin. A knife found in Johnstown, Wisconsin, and a spear point and knife from Washington County, Wisconsin, also a spear and knife from Door and Calumet County, Wisconsin. The silver spots are natural, have not been put on by artificial means. This confirms what Dr. Baldwin says about Lake Superior copper being the only copper which contained particles of native silver, and that copper implements showing particles of native silver were without doubt made from copper mined on Lake Superior. My own experience confirms this theory.

Since the above was written I have received from Fox River lighthouse, Wisconsin, and from Sheboygan, Wisconsin, several copper fish hooks and arrow points, which are identical in workmanship, shape, size and material with those found along Portage Lake. This, to my mind, is a strong argument that Lake Superior copper was the material, and the same family of ancient copper-smiths hammered these articles into shape, either at the camp at the Lake Superior Canal or while sojourning along Fox River, or at Sheboygan.

PROGRESS IN REFORMATORY WORK.

BY LUCIUS C. STORRS, SECRETARY STATE BOARD OF CORRECTIONS AND CHARITIES.[1]

Interest in reformatory work once generally unheeded, and when not, looked upon as the chimerical project of cracked-brained theorists, is becoming more and more general, and so makes it possible to demonstrate, not only its practicability, but its wisdom. The mistake which long existed and to some extent still exists, was of considering convicts in the mass simply as a class, ridding them of all personality and lumping them off, regardless of the fact that there is just as much individuality within prison walls as there is outside; and as a result of such mistaken idea, the passing of sentences based alone on the consideration of the crime committed, with little or no consideration of the individual who had committed the crime; in addition to this the erroneous theory that the treatment of the convict must first of all be retributive "an eye for an eye" doctrine, which savored largely of revenge, and which bore its legitimate fruit in engendering revenge in the victim, who waited with dogged patience the time of his release that he might exercise it on the community to whom he had thus been taught he owed a grudge. This general estimate regarding the convict, and the theory that his treatment must, first of all, be retributive and punative, is fast giving way to a consideration of his personality, and to the theory that protection to society and the fitting of the convict to re-enter society in harmony with it, is of first importance in dealing with him.

[1] Although a native of Buffalo, N. Y., Mr. Storrs has lived in Michigan since 1863, when he engaged in the mercantile business in Saginaw, leaving this for an appointment as assistant bank cashier. Later he relinquished his position as assistant cashier that he might become assistant treasurer of the old Flint & Pere Marquette Railway Co. He occupied this position for nearly sixteen years, and while here received the appointment of the Michigan State Board of Corrections and Charities, which place he now holds.

Mr. Storrs' business training has been a strong factor in his successful discharge of the duties of this position, and that he has given admirable proof of his ability is evidenced by his long continuance in office.

Mr. Storrs' war record extends from his response to Lincoln's first call for troops in April, 1861, to his honorable discharge from service in November of the same year, during which time he served in Co. D, Twelfth regiment N. Y. volunteers (a three months regiment), in which he was commissioned a lieutenant and promoted to a captaincy.

He has twice been secretary of the National Conference of charities and corrections, the first time at the San Francisco convention of 1889, and the second at Chicago in 1893. At the latter place he was chosen president of the conference of 1894, held in Nashville, Tenn., in May of that year.

The first State institution provided by Michigan was a penitentiary. If any one cares to moralize on this fact, I know of no reason why he should be denied such pleasure (?). It is not, however, within the province of this paper to do so. In the second year of her statehood, Michigan initiated a movement for substituting a State penitentiary for the county "gaols" of the territory. The legislature of 1838 provided for the appointment of three commissioners who should attend to the building of this new institution. The legislature of 1839 authorized the Governor to borrow $40,000 to cover the expense of erecting the buildings, and also amended the act of 1838 by providing that the Governor should appoint a commissioner whose duty it should be to superintend the construction of the prison, and who should be ex-officio its agent and keeper: and by another act provided for a Board of Inspectors to be appointed by the Governor—which board should have charge of the prison. It also provided that the agent, (now termed warden), the physician and the chaplain should be appointed by the inspectors.

The first published report of the Michigan State Prison (for so this new state institution was christened) is that for the year 1849, and there is evidence in it that it was the first printed report issued. The primitive means and methods employed in the administration of this early state institution, as reported, gives one a glimpse of the conditions and opinions then existing. Regarding such the report says: "The use of oxen in doing the heavy business about the prison has saved a large amount of money." Evidently time was not money in those early days as it is in these hustling times. The use of oxen as a money saving device in doing the State's "heavy business" now would hardly occur, even in his dreams, to the most faithful "watch-dog of the treasury." Again, the following from the same report is a beautiful exhibition of optimism, though lacking perhaps in prophetic vision: "As there is room in the left wing cells to accommodate and secure 360 men, and as all concede the fact that such number will not be filled in less than fifty years the whole plant will be extensive enough for the wants of the State for a century hence." When one recalls the fact that more than a decade before the half century expired the daily prison population of the State had reached fifteen hundred, there can be no doubt that this optimistic reporter was short-sighted in his prophetic eye. It is, however, encouraging to note that the total average population of the prison since 1899 has fallen below that number.

The legislature of 1873 took the first steps toward providing a second prison in Michigan, the State House of Correction and Reformatory —now the Michigan Reformatory. The purpose was to establish an institution to which only first offenders, under twenty-five years of age, and above the age of commitment to the Reform School, should be sent; but this original purpose has long since been lost sight of, and to it have been sentenced all classes and ages—over fifteen years, —except lifers. Amendments of old and the enactments of new laws, and the fact that the law governing the commitment to the reformatory is permissive, not mandatory, "in the discretion of the court" have not only frustrated this original purpose, but has resulted in first offenders being sentenced to the Michigan State Prison, where the young first offender is brought into contact and close relation with habitual criminals. Reformatory work must continue to progress until Michigan secures, as was intended, a reformatory for adults pure and simple. It is only just however to state that in each of the three prisons of the State, reformatory work holds the place of first importance.

In 1885 the legislature provided for a prison in the Upper Peninsula, which received its first inmate in June, 1889.

The prisons of Michigan have had a varied experience in the method of the appointment of its wardens, beginning with those named by the board of inspectors, then by the Governor, by and with the advice and consent of the senate, his term expiring after two years; then by the board, his term expiring in four years. The legislature in 1891 made a very radical change in the government of the prisons of Michigan, including in such legislation the reform schools and the asylum for insane criminals. Each of these institutions had previously been under the control of its own board. The legislature of 1891 placed all of these institutions under the control of a State Board of Inspectors, to be composed of four members, each to receive a salary of one thousand dollars per annum and his necessary expenses while employed in the duties of his office, all wardens and superintendents to be appointed by the board. Two years of the control by a central salaried board of institutions of diverse character, seemed all that Michigan cared for, and the legislature of 1893 again placed the institutions each under a board of its own, the members of which should receive no compensation other than for their expenses, and the wardens and superintendents to be appointed by their respective boards, to hold office during the pleasure of the board appointing; no warden to be removed

except for cause, after opportunity shall have been given him to be heard upon written charges. The wisdom of this provision of the revised prison law of 1893 was subsequently demonstrated in the saving to Michigan one of her best wardens, and to his institution a system of government which had received the commendation of the leading penologists of the country. This revision of the prison laws of 1893 also provides for the classification of prisoners into three grades; in the first grade are to be placed the most corrigible and obedient, in the second grade the incorrigible, but so reasonably obedient to prison discipline as not seriously to interfere with the productiveness of their labor, and in the third grade, the incorrigible and insubordinate who thereby seriously interfere with the discipline or productiveness of the prison. Promotion or reduction from one grade to another to be made under rules adopted by the boards. The effect on the conduct of the prisoners by the application of this provision of the law for grading, has proven even more beneficial—when thoroughly carried out as at Jackson—than was anticipated. Under the rules a prisoner on being received at the prison, is placed in the second grade; after remaining in such grade for a stated time (six months) he may be promoted to the first grade, may remain in the second grade or be reduced to the third grade, all depending on his conduct. At a late visit of the State Board of Corrections and Charities to the Jackson Prison there were 713 inmates. Of this number there were 588 men in the first grade, in the second grade there were 110 men—38 of them having been reduced from the first grade, and in the third grade only 15. The card which is furnished a prisoner announcing his promotion, is very precious to him, and inspires further effort to so conduct himself that he may maintain his position in the advanced grade.

The grading also is of great assistance in determining the qualifications of a prisoner to be paroled. The provision of the legislature of 1895, for the parole of prisoners—permission to be at large while still in the legal custody—was a very advance step in the progress of reform. A prisoner, under the provisions of this act, need not—as before the law was enacted—wait until the expiration of his term of sentence and then be discharged clothed in a new suit with a few dollars in his pocket to shift for himself—in many cases forced, because of such treatment, back into crime; but with a reputable citizen of the State as his "first friend" to supervise his conduct, he goes out to a place of employment secured for him before he is paroled. The application of this law has been generally wise: when not, as has some-

times happened, not much harm has resulted, as the paroled prisoner in such a case is soon again behind prison bars. The record shows that of a total of 405 prisoners who have been paroled since the law went into effect, seven years ago, only thirty-eight have forfeited their parole.

It would be hard to devise a more business like and elastic provision to govern prison labor than was provided in the revision of the prison law of 1893. Under this it becomes the duty of the prison boards to meet in joint session once in six months and determine what lines of productive labor shall be pursued in each prison: in so determining the boards are required to select diversified lines of industry with reference to interfering as little as possible with the lines carried on by citizens of the State. With constantly changing conditions which must be met, the legislature thought it wise to leave all detail in the hands of the boards to whom the State has intrusted the conducting of its prisons.

After unsuccessful effort in four successive legislatures to secure the required resolution which should submit to the people the proposition to amend the constitution thereby authorizing the enactment of a law whereby a convicted criminal could be sentenced to prison without a definite term to be fixed by the court, the legislature of 1901 adopted such resolution. In November of 1902 the people by a majority vote of over 68,000, so amended the constitution, and the present legislature (1903) enacted what is termed, an "indeterminate sentence" law. This progress in reform so long delayed, has placed Michigan in the van of progress with a dozen or more of her sister states.

Judge Charles Almy of Cambridge, Mass., once said: "I should say from what I have been able to learn" (and he had had large experience on the bench), "that in nineteen cases out of twenty the surest way to harm an individual is to send him to the House of Correction, or to any other penal institution; unless he be a hardened criminal it is a bad thing for him." Speaking of young men, Chief Justice Parmenter, of the Municipal Court, Boston, said: "There are many of them who through something more than thoughtlessness, but without a real appreciation of what they are doing, find themselves within the forces of the law, and that fact is a terrible awakening. I could say fairly that at the moment the boy who has committed a fault has been arrested, he is prepared to enter upon a better course of life; he realizes something which he did not know before."

Mr. Pettigrove, Secretary of the Prison Commission of Massachu-

setts, asks: "Is it not possible to punish a young man who, as is termed, is an "accidental criminal," without sending him to prison? Is he not punished by the fact that he is arraigned in court, that he is disgraced, that he loses in part his self-respect?" And in reply to his own question says, "I think he is." These principles took such a strong hold of the public mind of Massachusetts that in 1891 the legislature of that state enacted what is termed a "probation law," which provided that a court may suspend sentence on a convicted criminal, and place him in the charge and under the supervision of an officer of the court to be known as the "probation officer," and on the future conduct of such person while on probation should depend his incarceration within prison walls. During the first full year after the passage of such law, 5,197 convicted persons were so placed on probation, and each year has added to the number. In 1897, 484 in each one thousand cases in the lower courts were placed on probation: in 1901, 724 in each one thousand cases. New York in 1901 enacted a like law, of the operation of which the board of magistrates of the city of New York in their annual report, in summarizing its benefits says: "First: Punishment without disgrace, and effective without producing embitterment, resentment or demoralization. Second: Punishment the judicial officers can accurately measure, and devoid of contingencies that often bring inflictions wholly disproportioned to the crime committed. Third: Punishment that is borne solely by the guilty, and displacing a system that frequently involved the innocent and helpless. Fourth: Punishment equally effective, attended by a saving in expense." "The foregoing," the report continues, "are practical, not theoretical advantages and are being attained each day in the police courts of the city."

The present legislature of Michigan (1903) has enacted a like law, and thus in our own State has another long step been taken in the progress of reform.

As early as 1855 it was thought necessary to make State supervision for the incarceration and punishment of juvenile offenders in Michigan. The legislature of that year appropriated $25,000 for a "House of Correction for Juvenile Offenders": a name quite in harmony with theories then prevalent regarding the treatment which the children for whom it was intended, who were considered embryo criminals, should receive, and, too, quite in keeping with the architectural style of the buildings constructed: which provided for small rooms or cells, in which a boy was to be confined, and from which, through narrow,

grated windows, he was to look out upon his circumscribed world; the grounds surrounded by a high board fence to make them secure. A high board fence is as much a source of temptation to a boy as it is to a mule; to the mule to kick down, to the boy to get the other side of it from the one he is on.

This institution was opened in the fall of 1856, and during the first year fifty-four embryotic criminals were committed to it—three of whom were girls: these last were soon disposed of, however, one was pardoned and the other two were indentured out by the board of the institution, because, in the opinion of the board, the institution was unsuited for receiving girls.

Study of the problem of juvenile delinquency and experience in dealing with it, has resulted in many changes in this old state institution, and such changes are shown briefly in the change of name which has twice been made, and which indicates the progress which has been made, as concisely and clearly as a more extended detailed account could. First, in 1859, to the "Reform School for Boys," and next, in 1893, to the "Industrial School for Boys." The changes in the provision of law relative to ages of commitment and terms of detention, are also indications of progress: First, all under fifteen years could be sentenced to this institution, with a proviso in the law that in the discretion of the court, boys between the ages of fifteen and twenty-one might also be sentenced here, and that those committed should be held until they were twenty-one years of age. The legislature of 1857, 1861, 1867, 1877, 1885, each legislated on the subject, until now the law provides for the commitment of boys between the ages of ten and sixteen years, to be held until they are seventeen years of age, unless sooner discharged by order of the board of control. What emphasizes the progress in reform in this institution, more, perhaps, than any one thing, is its present architectural style. The prison-like buildings with their narrow barred windows have disappeared and in their places are family cottages with bright schoolrooms and cheerful dormatories, with pleasant apartments for a man and his wife who constitute the head of a family of fifty boys who occupy the building. No fences shut from sight this fine State property, or stand a constant temptation to the boy to escape over. The whole manner of conducting this school is in harmony with its name and appearance, and under the wise direction of Superintendent St. John and his efficient wife, a very, very large percentage of the boys committed to it is turned about, their faces set in the right direction, which course they continue, to

the credit of the school, their own benefit, but more than all else, to become useful, honored citizens of our commonwealth.

Notwithstanding the mistake which was made in providing for the committing to our first institution for juvenile offenders of both sexes, it was not until 1861 that this provision of law was repealed; and not until 1879 were any definite steps taken to provide a State institution to which could be sent female, juvenile offenders. Its importance had been the subject of discussion during all the intervening years. The State Board of Corrections and Charities in its report of 1877-8 again called attention to it in the following emphatic words: "A reform school or industrial home for exposed or criminal young girls is a necessity that is so manifested by public opinion as to almost be mandatory in its expression." Governor Croswell in his message of 1879 strongly endorsed this recommendation of the State board, and the legislature of that year took favorable action and provided appropriations for the buildings and for the amount necessary for the maintenance of the "Reform School for Girls." Early in 1880 Adrian was chosen as the place where this new institution should be placed. The cottage system for building was adopted from the first; two were at once contracted for, and constructed, and in August, 1881, were opened for the reception of girls. Two years later the "Reform School for Girls" became the "Industrial Home for Girls." It can well be said of this home, it has "grown in stature and in favor with God and man," for with its growth it has constantly made progress in reform work. The problem which in this institution confronts the State is a most difficult one, but is here being largely solved. During the last decade over thirteen hundred girls have been passed through this home where every effort is made, and with great sucess, to fit them physically, mentally and morally, by industrial training to be the good mothers of the future in our State; for the efficient superintendent, Mrs. Sickels's, creed is, "to reform a girl you must commence with her grandmother." The age at which girls could be committed to the Home has been changed from time to time; at first it was seven to twenty years of age: now it is over ten and under seventeen years, and to be detained until twenty-one years old, the law provides, however, that the Board of Guardians may reduce such length of sentence at its discretion.

The progress in reform work in Michigan is not exceeded by any of her sister states, and she is acknowledged by such as in the van of

the procession which is more in our day than ever before, marching toward reform.

Michigan's legislatures have ever fostered her institution, making appropriations, as a whole, without parsimony, while insisting on true economy.

Her governors have ever favored and forwarded progress, and for the two great strides forward made by the enactment by the present legislature (1903) of the "Indeterminate sentence," and the probation laws, full credit and praise should be accorded our present executive (1904) Governor Aaron T. Bliss.

THE TWENTIETH MICHIGAN REGIMENT IN THE ASSAULT ON PETERSBURG, JULY, 1864.

INTRODUCTORY STATEMENT.

BY GEN. BYRON M. CUTCHEON.[1]

The assault upon the Confederate works in front of Petersburg, Va., July 30, 1864, commonly designated "the Battle of the Crater," was one of the most notable events of the campaign of 1864 of the army of the Potomac. The actual assault was limited to the North Army Corps, composed of four divisions, commanded respectively by General Ledlie[2] of New York, Potter[3] of New York, Willcox[4] of Michigan, and Ferrero[5]

[1] The biography of Byron M. Cutcheon in the military records reads as follows: He was born in New Hampshire and first entered the service as 2d Lieut. of the 20th Michigan Infantry, July 15, 1862; he was promoted to captain, lieutenant-colonel, and became a brigadier-general 13th March 1865, earning this honor for conspicuous gallantry at the battles of Wilderness and Spottsylvania, Va. He was distinguished especially by bravery before Petersburg, Va. and awarded a medal of honor 29th June 1891 for distinguished gallantry in a charge on a house occupied by the enemy at Horseshoe Bend, Ky., 10 May, 1863. He resigned March 6, 1865. His present home is at Grand Rapids, Mich.

[2] James Hewitt Ledlie, born in New York. Appointed Major 3 N. Y. Art. 22 May 1861; lt. col. Sept. 1861; col. Dec. 1861; brig. gen. 1862; resigned 23 Jan., 1865; died 15 Aug. 1882.

[3] Horatio Potter, Jr. was born in New York, and was made 2d lieut. 7 N. Y. artillery 20 Dec. 1862, promoted to a captaincy 1865. was brevet-major for gallant and meritorious service before Petersburg, Va. At the close of the war he joined the regular army and died while acting as regimental adjutant 25 July 1874.

[4] Orlando Bolivar Willcox, born in Michigan. Cadet Military Academy July 1843; 2 lt. 1847; 1 lt. 1850; resigned 1857; col. 1 Mich. inft. 1 May 1861; brig. gen. 2 July 1861; bvt. maj. gen. 1864 for distinguished and gallant service in actions crossing the Rapidan, Va.; hon. mustered out 15 Jan. 1866; col. inf. 1866; bvt. brig. gen. for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of Spottsylvania. C. H. Va.; maj. gen. for gallant and meritorious service in the capture of Petersburg, Va.; awarded medal of honor 2 March 1895 for most distinguished gallantry at battle of Bull Run, Va., 2 July 1861 where he led repeated charges of 1 Michigan infantry and 11 New York infantry until he was wounded and taken prisoner while col. 1 Michigan Infantry commanding brigade.

of New York. The fourth division was composed wholly of colored troops. General O. B. Wilcox's division included six Michigan regiments—the 17th Michigan, Provost Guard at Division Headquarters; the 8th and 27th in Hartranft's[1] 1st Brigade and the 1st Sharpshooters, 2nd Infantry and 20th Infantry in Humphrey's second Brigade. Colonel William Humphrey[2] of the 2nd Michigan Infantry was acting brigadier general. The writer was at the time colonel commanding the 20th Michigan, and writes from the standpoint of an eye witness of the events, but has refreshed and supplemented his memory by careful study of both Union and Confederate records. No battle of the war has given rise to more controversy than this. It is believed that the following is an accurate statement of the facts of the battle:

The assaults of our army upon the Confederate lines around Petersburg, June 16th, 17th and 18th, having failed, General Grant now determined to reduce Petersburg by siege. The siege operations, however, were combined with, and from time to time supplemented by, field movements upon both flanks of the army, and upon both sides of James river. But whatever else was doing, the siege of Petersburg went steadily on without cessation, without relaxation until the final break-up came, in the early days of April, 1865, and with the fall of Petersburg came the speedy collapse of the Rebellion.

The purpose of this paper is to make record of the part taken by the 20th Michigan in the siege up to the close of the "Battle of the Crater,"[3] July 30, 1864. On the morning of June 19th the regiment was withdrawn from the extreme front line, within 150 yards of the enemy's works, to which point they had advanced on the evening of the 18th, and was encamped in the belt of woods near which Fort Morton was afterwards built. On June 20th, at 10 p. m., the regiment moved, with the rest of Willcox's division, to the vicinity of the "Hare House," on the right of our line near the Appomattox, where it

[5] Edward Ferrero born in Spain, col. 51 N. Y. inf. 14 Oct. 1861; brig. gen. 10 Sept. 1862; brig. gen. vols. 6 May 1863; bvt. maj. gen. 2 Dec. 1864 for meritorious service in the campaign before Richmond and Petersburg, Va.; hon. mustered out 24 Aug. 1865; died 11 Dec. 1899.

[1] John Frederic Hartranft, born in Penn.; col. 4 Pa. inf. 1861; brig. gen. 12 May 1864; bvt. maj. gen. 25 March 1865 for conspicuous gallantry in repulsing and driving back the enemy from Fort Stedman, Va.; hon. mustered out 15 Jan. 1866; awarded medal of honor 21 Aug. 1886, for services at Bull Run 21 July 1861 when his regiment marched to the rear to be mustered out: died Oct. 17, 1889.

[2] William Humphrey was born in New York; capt. 2 Michigan inf. 25 April 1861; col. 16 Feb. 1863; bvt. brig. gen. 1 Aug. 1864 for conspicuous and gallant service both as regimental and brigade commander throughout the campaign; honorably mustered out 30 Sept. 1864; died 15 Jan. 1899.

[3] Situated near Petersburg.

remained until the morning of June 24th, when it was relieved by troops of the 10th Army Corps, and moved back and took position in the trenches, a little to the left of the place occupied on the night of the 18th, with our right resting on the "Suffolk road" or "Baxter Road." On our left of this road, and directly in our front in the rebel line, was a two-gun battery, known to us then as the "Suffolk road battery," and by the Confederates known as "Davidson's battery."[1] It was distant from the right of our regiment about 180 yards. Our picket line was advanced beyond a small water course called "Taylor's creek," and both the picket and the main lines were so close to the enemy's line as to be within almost point-blank range, and few days passed that some one in the Brigade was not killed or wounded. This life soon became monotonous, and the men were so accustomed to the danger that they exposed themselves recklessly. Several were killed while attempting to secure a small piece of ice from an ice-well, near the Suffolk road. Our regiment lay along the crest of a narrow ridge which sloped to the rear, and in this rear-ward slope the men dug cellars or "dugouts" and over these excavations pitched their shelter tents. Convenient "covered ways" led from the breastworks back to the quarters. In these "dugouts," muddy in rainy weather and dirty at all times, with no means of bathing or washing clothes, and very scanty supply of water for drinking, toilet or cooking purposes, the regiment lived from the 24th of June until the night of the 25th of July, when it was again withdrawn from the front line.

At daylight of the 26th the Brigade was moved to the rear, and camped in the open field back of the belt of woods, near where the sharpshooters made their gallant charge on the 17th of June. But we were not to remain long here, for on the 27th we were marched about two and one-half miles to the left and rear, and took post near the Norfolk railroad, the headwaters of Blackwater creek. Here we remained on outpost duty unitl the evening of July 29th, when just as we were anticipating a quiet night's rest, orders came to break camp, and at nine o'clock we were on our way back to the front to take part in the bloody assault at "the Crater," July 30th. It was near 11 o'clock when we reached the plain south of the belt of woods and north of the "Avery House," and we were ordered to bivouac until called. Our

[1] Henry B. Davidson was born in Tennessee and served in the 1st Tenn. inf. from June 1846 to May 1847. Went to West Point 1 July 1848; was made brevet 2 lieut. 1 July 1853, and rose by successive stages until he was a captain, 13 May 1861, when he was dropped from the United States rolls and became a brigadier general in the Confederate war, serving from 1861 to 1865.

Brigade at this time consisted of the 1st Michigan Sharpshooters, the 2nd Michigan Infantry, the 20th Michigan, the 50th Pennsylvania, the 46th New York, and the 24th New York Cavalry (dismounted). The night was warm, the sky was clear, and the men spread their blankets on the ground, and laid down in line as the regiment had halted. Some slept, no doubt, but many did not. Troops were moving all about us, and artillery was rumbling along, going into position for the next day's battle, before the day should dawn and disclose their presence. After midnight the company cooks were directed to go to the rear and make coffee for the men, and have it ready to serve before daylight. Details were made from the regiment to report at division headquarters with axes, picks and spades, to act as pioneers.

As soon as the first flush of daylight began to appear in the east the men were roused and coffee was served. Then they silently fell into ranks to move to the front. The line of our works in front of Fort Morton, where our Brigade had fought on the evening of the 18th of June, was pushed up nearer to the Confederate works than at any other point, and thus part of the line was commonly spoken of among our men as "the horseshoe." Directly in front of "the horseshoe" and opposite to Fort Morton, upon a swell of ground rising some 35 or 40 feet above the valley of Taylor's creek, was a Confederate fort mounting four cannon, and occupied by Pegram's[1] battery, supported by two battalions of South Carolina Infantry. The fort formed a salient in the Confederate line, known as "Elliott's Salient," and was pushed out beyond the general line of their works.

We who had occupied "the horseshoe" during the month of July were well aware that a tunnel or mine had been run from the west bank of Taylor's creek, inside our breastworks, to and under this fort. The work had been commenced soon after we occupied that position, June 18th, and it was common to speak of it as "the mined fort." The length of the tunnel was about 500 feet. At the inner end two lateral tunnels or chambers had been constructed, and the whole was charged with about 8,000 pounds of gunpowder, in eight magazines, extending north and south, a distance of 75 feet under the face of the fort where the gun platforms were placed. When we reached our bivouac on the night of the 29th, Colonel Cutcheon, commanding, was notified that the mine was to be fired at daybreak, and that our Brigade was to form

[1] John Pegram was born in Virginia, cadet M. A. July 1850; bvt. 2 lt. 1 dragoons 1 July 1854; 2 lt. March 1855; 1 lt. 1857; reg. adjt. Sept. 1857; resigned 10 May 1861; maj. gen. Confederate army from 1861 to 1865; killed Feb. 6, 1865 at the battle of Hatcher's Run, Va.

part of the storming column. It was about 3 o'clock a. m. July 30th when the men were roused; coffee was served and details for special service as pioneers were sent off; knapsacks were piled and left under guard, and at a little before four o'clock the head of Humphrey's Brigade, following Hartranft's, entered the zigzag "covered way" leading down to the front a point on the left of Fort Morton. The other two white divisions of the 9th Corps—Ledlie's and Potter's—had preceded Willcox, and were forming for the assault in the narrow meadow, in the valley of Taylor's creek. The covered way was densely gorged with troops, and it was impossible for our division to advance until the others were out of our way.

Ledlie's division—(the first), was formed to the left, and Potter's (2nd) to the right of the mined fort. Ferrero's colored division (4th) was massed in the belt of woods back of Fort Morton, about a quarter of a mile in our rear. Such was the disposition of the troops at 4 o'clock, when the mine was to have been sprung. The dawn was brightening and the slight mist of the night disappearing, so that we could already make out the enemy's works, when the moment came for the explosion; but we waited in vain; no explosion came. Then followed three-quarters of an hour—which seemed hours—of the most intense and anxious waiting. The fuse had been lighted at the proper time, but it had gone out at a point within the tunnel where it had been spliced. After waiting long enough to make sure that the fuse had failed, volunteers were called for to enter the mine and relight it. Two men of the 48th Pennsylvania volunteered and at about half past four relighted the fuse. The sun was just rising above the horizon, and the garrison of the mined fort and along the rebel works could be seen moving about, and their bugles were sounding the reveille. The morning was cloudless, and a deep, ominous stillness reigned over the scene. Yet within less than half a mile of the mined fort lay not less than 45,000 men, ready to spring up in a moment and move to the assault.

It was just 4:45 when the explosion came, and our brigade still lay in the covered way, filling it from the creek back to the entrance near Fort Morton. The first sharpshooters were at the head of the brigade, then came the 2nd Infantry, and then the 20th Michigan. From the position we occupied—about 225 yards from the mined fort—we had a perfect view of the explosion. First there came a shock and tremor of the earth, and a deep trembling and rumbling like an earthquake; then a heaving and lifting of the fort and of the hill upon which it

stood; then a monstrous tongue of flame shot fully 200 feet into the air, followed by a vast volume of white smoke, like the discharge of an enormous cannon, then a great spout or fountain of red earth sprang into the air to a great height, mingled with men and guns, timbers and planks, and every kind of debris, all ascending, spreading, whirling, scattering and falling with great concussions to the earth once more. It was a grand and terrible spectacle, such as none of us had ever seen before, or will ever see again. More than 250 men of the garrison were involved in the destruction. Then a vast cloud of dust and smoke settled over the hill and hid it from our sight.

Scarcely had the great fountains of earth settled back when our batteries opened from nearly a hundred guns upon every point of the rebel lines from which an artillery fire was likely to come. The entire Confederate line seemed stunned at first, and to awaken slowly to the situation. Most of General Lee's army was absent on the north side of the James river, Hoke's[1], Bushrod Johnson's[2] and Mahone's divisions holding the lines south of Petersburg, Hoke's division to the left, Johnson in the center extending as far as the Jerusalem plank road, and Mahone's extending from that point to the river above the town.

Before the dust of the explosion had drifted away, Ledlie's (first) division climbed out of our breastworks and advanced in column up the slope to the breach made by the mine. The "Crater" formed by the explosion was about 120 feet long, 60 feet wide, and from 15 to 30 feet deep in the middle. This pit was surrounded on all sides by immense piles of red clay which had been thrown up by the explosion and had fallen for many yards around. In some places huge blocks of this clay containing many cubic yards each, gave evidence of the titanic force which had lifted them from the solid earth. Beyond the Crater, in front and to the right and left, the ground was cut up by "bomb-proofs" traverses, covered ways, ditches and excavations of all sorts, sizes and directions, until it had become a veritable labyrinth, over which it was physically impossible to move troops in any orderly formation.

We saw Ledlie's troops go forward. They went up in column of fours. They were good troops, of proved valor on many a well-fought field. There were six regiments from Massachusetts, two from New

[1] John F. Hoke born in North Carolina, made 1 lt. inf. 8 Mar. 1847; capt. 27 June 1847; honorably mustered out 25 July 1848; colonel 23 N. C. Vols. C. S. A. war 1861 to 1865.

[2] Bushrod Rust Johnson, born in Ohio, cadet M. A. 1 July 1836, 2 lt. 1 July 1840; 1 lt. 29 Feb. 1844; resigned 22 Oct. 1847; maj. gen. C. S. A. war 1861 to 1865; died Sept. 7, 1880.

York, two from Pennsylvania, and one from Maryland. In climbing out of our breastwork—which was head-high—and in getting through the abatis they were somewhat disordered, and in running up the slope to the rebel work the lines opened out and organizations became more or less mingled, but no more than often happens in such a charge. These eleven regiments in three small brigades, numbering perhaps three thousand men, poured directly into the Crater and its immediate surroundings, and thereby became broken up and inextricably mingled and confused from the very start. General Ledlie with his staff—or most of them—remained inside our own breastworks. Just before the 20th Michigan advanced, somewhere from 7:30 to 8 a. m., the writer saw General Ledlie and a part of his staff, behind our breastworks near the Baxter road. None of his division was in sight from that point. The brigade and regimental commanders of Ledlie's division sought in vain to reform their troops, and to advance them to the crest, about 500 yards beyond the Crater. At one time, between 8 and 9 o'clock, a few hundred of them were formed in line on the open slope beyond, but only to be driven back in confusion.

But to go back to the assault. At about 5:30 a. m. Potter's gallant division, of 14 regiments, all but three from New England, went over our works to the right of the Crater, and sweeping forward up the slope, seized the Confederate works for a distance of 200 or 250 yards on the north of the mined fort, as far as a shallow ravine which came down through the rebel line at that point. On a slight rise of ground beyond this ravine was posted Wright's Confederate battery of four guns which enfiladed Potter's line, doing fearful execution. On some parts of this line the rebels held one side of the breastwork, while our men held the other. One regiment of Potter's division (the 2nd U. S.,) advanced on the right of the ravine to within a few yards of Wright's battery, but were so enfiladed and raked by the guns of General Ransom's[1] Confederate brigade, further to the right, that it was impossible for them to take the battery or hold their position.

By six o'clock the Confederates had recovered somewhat from their first surprise and paralysis, and began to concentrate a heavy and destructive fire of both artillery and musketry upon the breach. When Ledlie's division advanced to the Crater, Willcox's moved forward and took its place immediately in the rear of our breastworks, Hartranft's

[1] Robert Ransom was born in North Carolina and became a cadet in the military academy Sept. 1846; was made brevet 2 lt. July 1850, 1 lt. and then capt. in Jan. 1861. He resigned May 24, 1861 and become a major general in the Confederate service from 1861 to 1865; died Jan. 14, 1892.

1st brigade being in the first line, and our (Humphrey's) second brigade, in the second line. Here we lay until near 8 o'clock in column of regiments closed in mass.

The second brigade then consisted of seven regiments under command of Colonel William Humphrey,—the first Michigan Sharpshooters, the 2d Michigan Infantry, the 20th Michigan, the 46th New York, the 50th Penn., the 60th Ohio, and the 24th New York Cavalry (dismounted).

The brigade was divided into two wings or columns. The right wing consisted of the three Michigan regiments in the order named. This wing was to attack the breastwork immediately on our left of the Crater. The left wing consisted of the other four regiments in two lines,—the 46th New York and the 50th Penn. in the first line, and the 60th Ohio, and the 24th New York Cavalry in the supporting line.

This column was to go over the breastwork on the left of the "Horseshoe" and assault and carry the two-gun rebel battery (Davidson's) on the Suffolk (or Baxter) road, and seize the rest of the line from that road up to the point taken by the right wing. The attack was well planned and promised immediate success.

Hartranft's brigade had charged soon after the advance of Ledlie's division, but receiving a severe fire from the Suffolk road battery, had obliqued to the right, and instead of taking the line on the left of the Crater, as intended, it only increased the gorge and confusion in and about the Crater. There was no more gallant soldier than General John F. Hartranft, and no braver men than those he commanded. The failure to take the line, in this instance, was not for want of a good commander or of gallantry and discipline on the part of the troops. Now followed a long delay while efforts were making to get the five brigades already up to reform and charge to the crest, but without success.

At about 7:30 a. m. Ferrero's division of colored troops was brought forward with orders to form beyond the Crater and advance to the crest. Our brigade was still lying in column of regiments behind our breastworks awaiting the order to advance, when the black division poured past as in column of fours.

They were all closed up, moved with alacrity and seemed full of enthusiasm. They went up on the run under a pretty sharp fire, stringing out somewhat as they ran. They also obliqued to the right and passed over the edge of the Crater and out of our sight beyond. The time had now come for our brigade to go in, as all the rest of

the corps had already advanced. No sooner had the last regiment of the black troops passed out than the order came, "Forward, Second Brigade." Colonel William Humphrey's was commanding the brigade and Colonel Cutcheon the 20th Regiment, with Major C. B. Grant[1] second in command. The three Michigan regiments moved out promptly, the Sharpshooters on the right, the 2nd in the center, and the 20th on the left. The guide was right, and our regiment was ordered to keep closed up on the 2nd. No sooner had the 2nd cleared the breastwork than the order was given, "Forward, Twentieth!" Every man was in his place, and instantly they climbed over the breastwork, and as they struggled through the abatis a blast of canister from the two-gun battery swept through the line, leaving several of the men dead or dying upon the field; but the remnant pushed forward through a storm of bullets without flinching, until after a hard run of about 200 yards they threw themselves upon the rebel breastworks some 75 or 100 yards to the left of the Crater. Meanwhile the other two Michigan regiments had obliqued to the right to gain protection from the contour of the ground, and disappeared from our view behind and beyond the Crater. Our regiment numbered only about 115 guns when it started, and perhaps 100 reached the rebel works. We were the extreme left regiment that reached that line that day. The regiment captured some 30 or 40 of the enemy, including two commissioned officers, whom we sent to the rear. One of these officers was mortally wounded just outside his own line by a bullet from his own side.

About this time the officers of the colored troops had succeeded in forming a considerable part of them beyond the Crater, and started to push to the Crest, but a brigade of Confederates sprang up from a shallow ravine which extended in an oblique direction across our right front. It was Mahone's old brigade of Virginia regiments, and they fell upon the right flank of the colored troops with extreme fury and energy. Many of their white officers fell at the first onset, and the black division quickly gave back, carrying with them some regiments of Potter's division, which had formed beyond the rebel works for a charge to the crest of the ridge.

The stampede continued in a confused mass back to our own breastworks, sweeping along hundreds upon hundreds, both black and white. It

[1] Claudius B. Grant was born in Lebanon, Maine, Oct. 25, 1835; graduated from the U. of M. in 1859; was made capt. in the 20th Michigan Infantry, 1862; rose by promotion until mustered out as colonel in 1865. He studied law, and became a law partner of Gov. Alpheus Felch. He represented his district in the legislature, and was elected and re-elected to the office of Supreme Court Justice, which position he now fills.

was during this stampede that General Hartranft, the ranking officer present at the Crater, ordered the 20th Michigan up to the left of the fort to assist in checking the panic. Accordingly the regiment or what was left of them, passed along the trench and into the left part of the fort, which had not been entirely destroyed, where they assisted as best they could in arresting the stampede. Here we came in touch with the other Michigan regiments of our division, or rather the men of those regiments, for all organization was pretty effectually lost.

Here they remained through the remainder of that horrible day, or until about two o'clock p. m. when pursuant to orders, received by General Hartranft from General Burnside,[1] the greater part of them with ammunition exhausted, withdrew to our own lines, from which we had advanced in the morning. The day had been fearfully hot, the men lying on the red earth beneath the blazing noon-day sun without the slightest shelter and without water or food since the night before.

The men of the 20th and of the other Michigan regiments participated in repelling several charges by which the enemy attempted to retake the Crater, but it was as individuals rather than as organizations. The Crater had become a veritable slaughter pen, packed as it was with the disorganized remnants of four divisions. It was at about 12:30 as stated by General Hartranft in his official report, that orders from General Burnside, came into the Crater that the troops should withdraw to our own lines, but the officers present with the troops in the Crater were to use their own judgment as to the time and manner of withdrawing. This order was delivered to General Hartranft who called together a few of the officers near him, including Brig. General S. C. Griffin[2] and Colonel Cutcheon (who was the senior officer of the 2nd brigade present) to confer in regard to the execution of the order. It was decided to hold on until dark if practicable, in order to prevent the heavy loss of life which would be inevitable in a withdrawal by daylight, and steps were taken to cut a trench or small covered way back to a depression in front of our breast-

[1] Ambrose Everett Burnside was born in Indiana and was a cadet at the military academy July 1, 1843, was brevet lieutenant in 1847 and rose to the colonelcy of a Rhode Island regiment in 1861. He was mustered out Aug. 2nd, 1861, but again reentered the service as brig. general Aug. 6th, 1861: he was promoted to major general March 18th, 1862. Congress passed a resolution of thanks to him and his officers and men for their good conduct and soldierly endurance. He resigned April 15, 1865 and died Sept. 13, 1881.

[2] Simon Goodell Griffin was born in New Hampshire. Capt. 2 N. H. inf. June 1, 1861: resd. Oct. 31, 1861: lt. col. 1861: col. 1862: brig. gen. May 12, 1864: bvt. maj. gen. 2 Apr., 1865, for gallant and meritorious conduct in the assault on Fort Sedgwick, Va: honorably mustered out Aug. 24, 1865: died Jan. 14, 1902.

works. But we were without tools or sand bags for the work, and worst of all, without a supply of ammunition.

After this consultation—some time between one and two o'clock—Colonel Cutcheon, at the instance of General Hartranft, undertook to run the gauntlet back to our works to secure the much-needed supply of ammunition, tools and sand bags. But before the Brigade or Division Commanders would be found, or anything effective could be done, the final Rebel charge was made upon the Crater, and General Hartranft gave the orders to withdraw, which was done in much haste and necessary disorder.

So ended this most promising but most disastrous attempt. Whatever may be said of other commands, it can be truly said of the Michigan regiments that they behaved with their customary gallantry, and none of them performed its duty more worthily than the 20th regiment. Out of its small number six were killed, 27 wounded and 19 missing—total 53—almost fifty per cent of the number that started on the charge. Many hundreds, of all our divisions, scattered through the surroundings of the Crater did not receive the order to withdraw, and did not know of the withdrawal of their comrades. Soon after the Rebels regained possession of the Crater and these became prisoners. Among them were Lieutenant Barnard and the Color Guard of the 20th regiment.

The story of the part taken by the four left regiments of the brigade, can be told in a few words, in the language of the official report of Colonel Humphrey commanding the brigade, as follows:

"At 8 o'clock the three regiments on the right of the line charged across the fields as directed, taking the pits in their front and men by whom they were occupied. These were the three Michigan Regiments. After clearing the pits the 46th New York hesitated, lost connection with the regiment on its right, broke and crowded through and carried with it the regiment on its left (the 50th Penn.) to the road (the Baxter road). These regiments were afterwards put in the pits forming our front line, where they remained to this time (Aug. 4, 1864). The regiments that reached the enemy's works (the Michigan regiments) helped hold those works against three assaults of the enemy, and were among the last to obey the order to retire at 2:30 p. m." General O. B. Willcox, in his official report, makes substantially the same statement, but is even more severe in his condemnation of the troops that broke.

The battle of the Crater proved one of the most disastrous affairs of the whole war, and its effect was most depressing upon the army and

the country. General Meade,[1] commanding the Army of the Potomac, asked for a Court of Inquiry, which was ordered and met at headquarters of the Second Corps, Aug. 6, and continued its session until Sept. 9. The Court was composed of General W. S. Hancock,[2] General R. B. Ayers[3] and General Nelson A. Miles[4]—all named by General Meade. As a result Gen. Burnside was relieved of his command, and did not return to active duty: General Ledlie was transferred to another field, and served no more with the Army of the Potomac. Other officers were visited with more or less censure, because they did not accompany their troops. A Congressional Committee on "The conduct of the War" also investigated and made a lengthy report on the disaster. It is proper here to say that the conduct of the Michigan regiments and of the 20th Michigan in particular was entirely satisfactory to their division brigade and regimental commanders.

The assault did not fail by reason of want of courage or sacrifice on the part of the men. There was a superabundance of sacrifice. The 9th Corps lost in killed 50 officers and 423 enlisted men: wounded 124 officers and 1,522 enlisted men, missing 79 officers and 1,277 enlisted men. Many of these reported "missing" afterwards proved to be killed or wounded, making a total loss to our Corps of 3,475. These were the figures of the official reports immediately after the battle. The corrected figures increased the number of killed and wounded and reduced the number of the missing. General A. A. Humphrey, who was General Meade's Chief of Staff, places the loss of the 9th Corps at 3,500, being vastly greater

[1] George Gordon Meade born in Spain. Cadet M. A. Sept. 1, 1831: 2 lt. 1835: 1 lt. 1851: capt. 1856: maj. 1862: brig. gen. 1861: maj. gen. Nov. 29, 1862: maj. gen. 1864: bvt. 1 lt. 23 Sept. 1846 for gallant conduct at Monterey, Mexico. Under resolution of Congress: "That the thanks of Congress are due to Maj. Gen. George G. Meade and the officers and soldiers of the Army of the Potomac for the skill and heroic valor which at Gettysburg repulsed, defeated, and drove back, broken and dispirited, beyond the Rappahannock, the veteran army of the rebellion." Died Nov. 6, 1872.

[2] Winfield Scott Hancock born in Pennsylvania served in a Pa. regiment as lieutenant, captain and major: made brig. gen. 1861, maj. gen. 1862, given a brevet lieutenancy Aug. 20, 1847 for gallant and meritorious service in Mexican war; maj. gen. for gallant and meritorious service at battle of Spottsylvania, Va. Congress passed a joint resolution in his honor. He died Feb. 9, 1886.

[3] Romeyn Beck Ayers, was born in New York and was a cadet in the Military Academy in 1843. Promoted to a lieutenancy 1847: made capt. and afterwards major for conspicuous service at Gettysburg; lt. col. for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of the Wilderness; col. for bravery at the battle at Weldon; brig. gen. 1864 for the same at Five Forks; maj. gen. 1865 for conspicuous gallantry in the battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Jericho Mills, Bethesda Church Petersburg, Globe Tavern or Weldon and for faithful service in the campaign; died Dec. 4, 1888.

[4] Nelson Appleton Miles born in Mass. lt. 1861, lt. col. N. Y. inf. 1862, col. Sept. 1862, brig. gen. 1864, maj. gen. Oct. 21, 1865, made bvt. maj. gen. 25 Aug. 1864, for distinguished service at the battle of Ream's Station, Va., hon. mustered out Sept. 1, 1866; col. 40 inf. July 28, 1866: brig. gen. 1800, maj. gen. 1890, lt. gen. 1900, received honors for gallant and meritorious service in the battle of Chancellorsville and Spottsylvania and awarded a medal of honor for distinction at the former. He was severely wounded while col. of the 61 N. Y. Vols. and was retired Aug. 8, 1903.

than the entire American loss by land and sea, in the whole Spanish-American war.

Michigan men and Michigan commanders bore so important a part in this assault that it seems quite proper that a record should be made thereof in this Historical Society. The length of this paper forbids the discussion of the causes of the failure, except as they are manifest in the foregoing history.

PAPERS READ AT MEETING, 1904.

OLD KEWEENAW.

BY JOSEPH A. TEN BROECK.[1]

The location of Keweenaw Point on the map of Lake Superior is not one whit more unique than the part which it has played in the history of that Lake. Running some fifty miles out into the Lake, it forms a very prominent topographical feature, one whose bold hills and rocky coasts peremptorily demand attention from the passer-by. The rock strewn shores, broken by safe harbors, have alternately been the terror and the comfort of the storm-tossed mariner. One can imagine with what varying feelings the bold *voyageurs* of early time looked eagerly for the long finger beckoning to them as they approach, coasting the shore from East or West. If the Lake were rough and stormy, blessings would fall upon its bold head lines which broke the fury of the storm, and on the safe Portage which gave a temporary relief from the unequal struggle. On the other hand, if the wind and weather were favorable, then in true *voyageur* style curses would fall upon the fortune which added to the already long journey the many miles around the Point or else compelled the tedious Portage. So in like manner, from earliest times, Keweenaw Point has summoned men from afar to explore the regions of Superior and also has repelled them. In prehistoric times it called them perhaps from far-off Mexico for the sake of its copper, and yet by its severe storms of winter forbade their making any permanent stay.

[1] Joseph Anthony Ten Broeck, B. D., the son of William P. Ten Broeck and Mary Elizabeth Yundt, was born at La Crosse, Wisconsin, January 4, 1872. The family was of the original Holland stock which settled in the Hudson Valley of New York. He was educated at the Public schools of La Crosse, the University of Minnesota and Seabury Divinity School, and ordained to the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church by Bishop Whipple in 1895. In 1901 he took charge of a large field at Christ Church, Calumet including much of Houghton and Keweenaw counties in Michigan, and has since shown a deep interest in collecting details of the early pioneer life of the Copper Country. In 1905 he was married to Clara Daniell, daughter of the late Captain John Daniell organizer of the Tamarack Mine.

Early records tell us that the first attempt by the white race to reach Lake Superior was made in 1618 by a French *voyageur* named Brulé, who had heard from the Indians of Eastern Canada of the copper to be found in this district. How successful he was history does not say. He did obtain a specimen which was afterwards shown in France and seen by the historian Sagard. (There is a very strong probability that he bought it in an Indian junk-shop by the way—like many modern travelers to the copper region who stop off at Houghton.) Other explorers set out with the same object before them. It is said that Joliet had this for his ulterior object. However, the detached masses occasionally found along the southern shores of Keweenaw and vicinity, and the inability to reveal their parent source, gave rise to stories of their having been brought from elsewhere, even that they were floated on icebergs across the Lake from Isle Royale. Spasmodic efforts were made to locate the copper, but they proved unsuccessful.

In the meantime two hundred years of the history of Lake Superior were passing since its discovery by the white race. And at the end of those two hundred years the Lake promised to be almost as mysterious a wilderness as at the beginning. The missionary had gone up and down the Lake, curing the souls and bodies of the forest dwellers. But he traveled in the same frail canoe which the Indian had used for centuries. Except at a few scattered points like La Point, the Soo or Baraga he had left no permanent mark. Elsewhere he lived like the Indian, sleeping in his wigwam and living on his food. However, by his kindness he was doing a wonderful work in taming the savage nature, so that when the settlers did come the frightful stories of Indian wars and massacres of the East should not be repeated. The story of what the missionary did has been well told. For many of them were men of education and refinement whose deeds are preserved in the records of the brotherhoods which sent them out.

But there is another band of whom we know but little, and yet who did even more for this section during those two hundred years than the missionary. I refer to the *voyageur* and the trader. The Hudson Bay Company had various posts established throughout the Northwest. But it was never the policy of the Hudson Bay Company to write history. The wilder the country the better it served the company's purpose. Nor was it policy to publish to the world their transactions. To keep on the right side of the Indians, and to keep the country as wild as possible, were their sole motives. This purpose was well accomplished by the *voyageurs* and traders. They were a strong, sturdy set, fearless, tire-

less, determined, inured to hardship. No wilderness was too wild for them to penetrate—if furs were to be found there. They ravaged through trackless wilds from the Lake to the Rocky Mountains, then and for years afterwards a *terra incognita* to other whites. Almost the only record of the deeds of these tradesmen is to be found on the bank books of the Hudson Bay Company. They frequently married among the Indians and gave themselves over to the wild life. They met the missionary and led him on his way. And yet this race of men have disappeared like the foam which followed in the wake of their canoes. With muscle like steel from battling with the waves, with eyes like the eagle from looking for the storm, loyal to friend, fierce and bitter toward foes, resourceful in danger, sluggish and reckless when at ease, they skirted quickly along the shore during calm weather, more quickly they dragged their frail canoes upon the beach or sought the safe harbor when the storm gathered. They battled successfully with many storms, but frequently found the storm more than they could master. They have scarcely left a scar on the wilderness. The grass has overgrown their trail through the forest and the wave washed out the mark of their canoe upon the beach. One thing, however, they have done. They left a full knowledge of the shore line of Superior for the first settlers.

And so for two hundred years the white race has visited the inhospitable shores of Lake Superior utterly unprofited by the untold wealth of copper, iron and lumber which lay concealed. *Voyageur*, trader, missionary, adventurer, a few scattered mission stations, a few old trading posts are all that stand for the work of six generations. The region was entirely as wild as two hundred years before. How is it then that the life of one man has been more than sufficient to see this vast wilderness tamed and the commerce of Lake Superior spring from that of frail canoes to the greatest of the globe? Untold treasure, untold opportunity on every side of mine and forest and commerce and trade? Where is the key and where the master hand to unlock all this treasure? The key was Keweenaw Point, the hand that of Douglas Houghton.

Almost in a day the Superior district leaped from savagery to civilization. Modern history dates from February, 1841, when he sent out his report of the copper regions. At once men's eyes were opened to the possibilities of that wonderful region; prospectors and miners turned their steps hither from all directions; a new era had dawned—or rather, let us say, had burst like a flash of lightning upon the northern sea. That report rang like a clarion call to battle, summoning the host from every land to the conquest of the "Little Brother of the Sea."

Prospector demanded merchants and mechanics. Commerce must be opened up; lumber must be secured, and from one end to the other the Lake took on new life. And yet read the conservative words of the discoverer of the true vein of the copper:

"While I am fully satisfied that the mineral district of our State will prove a source of eventual and increasing wealth to our people, I cannot fail to have before me the fear that it may prove the ruin of hundreds of adventurers who will visit it with expectations never to be realized. I would simply caution those persons who would engage in this business in the hope of accumulating wealth suddenly and without patient industry and capital, to look closely before the step is taken, which will most certainly end in disappointment and ruin. In three years' time great changes were wrought. The country swarmed with persons taking out claims and opening up mines. Every piece of trap rock, copper or no copper, meant a company and stock sold on the market to the highest bidder. A few specimens so called meant a stream of money which might, for all the investor knew, be poured into a lake or swamp. In some locations a trifle better prospect meant more money sunk in larger exploration and better equipment. These inflated prospects threatened to ruin the whole district and led outsiders to pronounce the mines of Lake Superior a humbug. But gradually the inferior mines were weeded out and the country settled down to a reasonable development.

Some curious stories are told of the early attempts at mining. There is one drift pointed out on the lower point, I am told, where the prospector evidently let himself down over the cliff by ropes. A perpendicular wall two hundred feet high drops away from beneath. The shaft was sunk horizontally into the face of the cliff. It was a very wise, unscientific method, because a blast of powder would throw the rocks out into space and there was no trouble with dumps. But where the prospector hung out while the powder was going off I am not told, nor is there the remotest evidence of copper thereabouts. But it was trap rock. (I do not vouch for this story, nor do I know where this prospect is located, nor will I tell you my authority for fear your confidence, like mine, in a certain respectable fellow citizen, be shaken.)

The study of the history of Keweenaw will show that history can be written without blood. In spite of the vast number who visited this section for copper prehistorically, they left no evidences of having been molested hostilely. The relationship between the early *voyageurs* and Indians was always cordial and friendly. The Indians record only one

battle on Battle Island, near Portage entry. There is but one short chapter to tell of man's inhumanity to man amidst the furies of war. A strong lesson may be learned from the cordial and mutual confidence which existed between the pioneers and the aborigines. I say one can learn a strong lesson here as to how to deal with the weaker races; for what a glorious contrast there is between the relationship with the Indian here and in the East. Scourged with fire and baptized with blood were all those eastern lands. In early New England we trace the history of civilization in the blood of the forest dwellers. The colonists met savagery with savagery, blood with blood, fire with fire, until one shudders with horror at the inhumanity of man to man. Certainly they were an uncivilized race, but their deeds and their character seen through the eyes of their bitterest enemies compel our admiration in the desperate struggle against forces whose triumph meant humiliation and annihilation of their own race at the hands of the usurping strangers. They were lovers of freedom, fond of their native soil, true to their ancestral customs, loyal to racial proclivities, faithful unto death to friends, fierce as wolves toward an enemy. Stricken down none mourn their fall and an enemy's hand writes their history.

But thank God, there is no such history to write of the Indian of Keweenaw. Fort Wilkins, established in 1843, proved useless except as a precaution. On several occasions alarms were spread of an uprising, but they were brought in from outside. At one time it was reported at Eagle River that runners were seen going up and down the Eastern shores evidently summoning the tribes to war. The settlers were not particularly concerned but the authorities of the state sent up a supply of guns for use in an emergency. They were the old fashioned flint-lock guns even then a little out of date. However they were not entirely useless for they were bought by John Senter, and when the first military company was organized at Calumet were sent hither. The old flint-locks are today stored at Eagle Harbor and also the bayonets once an indispensible adjunct to the war rifle.

At L'Anse there were two or three causeless alarms. On one occasion word was received that the young Indians had taken to the woods with their war weapons. At once the settlers assembled in one house. The men were organized, guns loaded and windows and doors barricaded. Several Indians joined the whites. After several hours of anxious waiting for the expected attack, about eleven o'clock at night friendly Indians were sent out to scout. Some two hours later the glimmer of guns on the hillside in the moonlight indicated the presence

of Indians steathily approaching the house. The terror increased many fold for the crisis had come, but it did not stay however, for these were the scouts returning, and morning light with its natural return of courage, proved the falsity of the alarm and restored the mutual confidence of red and white. One cannot help but admire the men who restrained the savage and cultivated the childlike simplicity of the wild men. They found the Indian truly loyal to the pale-faced brother. He stood ready to guide his canoe and furnish him with the products of the hunt, meat for his hunger, fur for his market, to run his errands and to carry his messages. Over the dying race as seen in Keweenaw we may quote the mutilated inscription on the slab beneath Brockway Mountain near Copper Harbor.

1 Beneath this slab a red man's body lies.
2 Once to his tribe an honor and a prize.
3 But death relentless his————days hath numbered o'er.
4 His bow-string like his bones will carry death no more.
5 O stranger! pass not reckless o'er this lonely sod.
6 But hesitate and think here lies the image of your God.
7 Through wild and savage ————————————
8 Yet his heart ————————————————

Compare this with Captain Church's curse over the body of King Philip: "For as much as he has caused many an Englishman's body to lie unburied and to rot above the ground, not one of his bones shall be buried."

The Indians are said never to have had any settlement north of Portage Lake. The birth of the first white child was a cause for great rejoicing. With a curiosity born of native simplicity, old and young, buck and squaw crowded about the hut to catch a glimpse of the white papoose. Bonfires were lighted, dances inaugurated and presents brought. The child was Mrs. Sally Scott, formerly Miss Brockway, born at L'Anse, now living at Lake Linden.

Yet if anyone thinks that it was an easy task to settle in Keweenaw sixty years ago, they are grossly mistaken. Added to the other difficulties which accompany new settlements there was the ungovernable prey of Lake Superior storms. Men might conquer every thing else in the battle for supremacy in the northern wilderness but nothing could stand the fury of a Superior gale. One wonders that men were not discouraged at the attempt to open regular traffic on the lake so frequent were the losses and so great the risk. Captain Hall says

that if he had thought he must stay he would have taken a rope and hanged himself.

The story of the opening of the Lake traffic would make a very interesting volume. The canoes of the *voyageurs* had explored the coastlines so that it was comparatively well known to the navigators, but human mind could not foretell the treachery of the storms nor human skill as yet cope with their violence. So irregular and uncertain were the early boats that for several years travelers were repeatedly obliged to fall back upon the Indian canoes and mackinaws for longer as well as shorter trips. However the establishment of the copper and all other lake industries depended upon the shipping. The battle must be fought to a finish at any cost. Keweenaw demanded attention.

In the summer of 1843, D. D. Brockway and L. B. Charrier, the one a furrier, the other a carpenter in government employ, arrived at the Soo. Their wives are said to have been the first white women west of the Soo. There were at that time but two vessels on the Lake. The *Algonquin* of thirty tons, and the *Furtrader,* a smaller boat, both of them two-masted schooners. After a delay of six weeks, they set sail for L'Anse, where a landing was made August 12, 1843. It was eleven months before another boat arrived and the first news received from the outside world. Two years later Mr. Brockway removed to Fort Wilkins, where he made a permanent residence. Before his arrival, John Hays had, in the year 1844, opened the first successful mine in the region. He found a black oxide of copper of which a specimen is now in the hands of Mr. John Senter of Houghton. His old shaft, seventy-five feet deep, is yet seen a few rods west of the Fort buildings.

But let us return to the shipping interests which the old settlers watched scarcely less eagerly than their prospects. In the Fall of 1844 occured a disaster of far-reaching importance. The *Astor* was ten days overdue at the Soo. The *Algonquin* arrived with the sad news that, having anchored in Copper Harbor, she was struck by a terrific gale and wrecked on the rocks near Fort Wilkins. It was a far-reaching catastrophe for the growing settlements along the coast which were waiting for her to bring their winter supplies. They faced great peril and suffering during the bitter season now approaching. The *Algonquin* had all that she could do to supply Fort Wilkins. However, it was once more demonstrated that heroic courage, (if it has sense enough to lie by until a Lake Superior storm blows over) can overcome every obstacle. The canoe and the mackinaw boat did much to alleviate conditions, but another such disaster at that time would have almost emptied the coun-

try of inhabitants. The addition of steamers to the lake shipping was another result of the strenuous demands which the opening up of the copper interests was making upon commerce for better and larger boats. Thirty-six years after Robert Fulton launched his first steamer, they were plying the waters of the northern sea. Captain Averill of Chicago, tradition says, conceived the idea of shipping grain direct from Chicago to Europe. He built a boat for the purpose, three hundred and sixty-five tons burden, a propellor called the *Independence.* In those days, like the pudding of the proverb, the test of a boat was in its using. Its sea-worthiness and speed were matters of skill and not of scientific ship-building and consequently unknown until put to the test. The *Independence* reached the remarkable speed of five miles an hour. If loaded to her utmost capacity with coal she would travel one-half way across the Atlantic before the supply ran out. Consequently the captain sent her to the Superior trade under his son, Captain A. J. Averill. She was dragged across the straits and launched, the first steamer to float on the surface of Lake Superior. At the time of her crossing quite a fleet was being dragged over, mostly if not all besides her being sailers. The *Independence* made only one trip that fall of 1845, and this was by no means propitious. It has been minutely described by Lewis Manville, the steward. She landed at Copper Harbor, touched at Eagle Harbor, where there were but few houses. While discharging cargoes at Eagle River dock, a storm threatened which caused the Captain to leave at once for La Pointe without finishing the unloading, expecting to finish on the return trip. After a stormy voyage, the vessel almost reached La Pointe, when suddenly it was struck by a severe storm and driven back until by good fortune a safe refuge was found under the lee of Keweenaw Point. It returned to Eagle River and then on to La Pointe. Later new engines were put into the boat which increased its speed sixty per cent, or to eight miles an hour. After battling successfully with many a fierce storm and outriding many a violent blast, she came to an inglorious end by exploding at the Soo. In spite of Mr. Manville's statement to the contrary, it seems that the *Julia Palmer* was the second steamer on the Lake, but according to records at Eagle river and the memory of John Senter, Mr. Manville would put the *Napoleon,* launched in the fall of 1845, ahead of the *Julia Palmer.* It is true that the *Napoleon* was portaged across the Soo that fall, but as a sailer, knocked down. A few years later she was equipped as a steamer. The *Julia Palmer* was a sidewheeler, one hundred feet long, thick set, could drift to perfection before the severest gale with plenty of sea room but utterly unable to

make head against a gale, or even to control her own movements. On August 28, 1846, she landed for the first time at Eagle River, having on board Mrs. M. E. W. Sherwood of New York, the authoress, and Mr. John Senter, whose personality plays such a large part in the history of Keweenaw.

On her last trip the staunch boat met and successfully outrode one of those furious hurricanes which make men feel their impotency in the presence of the forces of nature. In the fall of 1847 she set sail for the Soo with winter supplies for the Point. When but a short way out, a fearful storm came on from the East. An effort was made to get behind White Fish Point, but it failed. On the wind hurled the helpless boat beyond the shelter of Presque Isle. It was no human hand that saved her from being dashed to pieces on the rocks near the present Marquette. The smoke stack was down, a monkey-wrench held the machinery together, everything was cast overboard that could be dispensed with; pork and lard, so essential to the comfort of the settlers, were thrown into the furnaces to help in the present crisis; the stove was bottom side up where it formerly stood. With each plunge everything moveable was hurled violently about and huge mountains of water swept the decks from end to end with relentless fury. The captain and the mate, Jack Angus, held a council as the locality of the vessel. The mate declared in Keweenaw Bay, the captain off Copper Harbor. Which was right will never be known, for the next land sighted was Isle Royale. An effort to enter Rock Harbor proved unsuccessful, but finally, the storm abating, a landing was made at Slate Island. Here the wood supply was replenished with the aid of hand and wood saws; for all the axes were at the bottom of the Lake. Copper Harbor was reached sixteen days out from the Soo. And when one adds to the story of this appalling struggle, the scarcity of food which resulted during that winter for the settlers owing to the loss of provisions, one wonders at the courage which still persisted in the fight till the campaign should be won.

If time permitted, one might give many more illustrations of what the opening of this country involved. I have barely touched on the subject, but certainly it is a story worth rehearsing accurately and to its fullest extent. The courage and skill in such a frontier life is well worthy of emulation and would serve as a stimulant to our lives of ease, and the actors deserve remembrance at our hands. The eastern states to-day at great cost are trying to make up neglected records of their foundings. We should profit by their mistakes. Complete files of old newspapers, hand-bills, private letters of public interest, store-accounts, hotel-reg-

isters and others records of current events should be put on file beyond danger from fire and under State protection. I am told that there is but one lone specimen of Keweenaw copper at Lansing in the State Museum.[1] Memories of old settlers should be pumped dry, not more for facts than for conditions of early time. The time to act is now. Something has been done, much is left undone. Keweenaw occupies too important a place in the history as well as on the map of Lake Superior to be passed by unnoticed, or to allow those men who mastered its wilderness to take an obscure place in the history of the north. They unlocked the treasures of the richest regions on the globe; they forced the opening of the greatest commerce on the globe. Certainly the study of their lives, their methods, their characters and their mistakes would be a source of great profit.

There is one more motive to lead to an attempt to preserve more accurately the history of Keweenaw Point. History, especially early history, has always proven of great value to the man of letters. One needs but to run over a list of our own great literary work to discover how many of them were inspired by the tale of by-gone years. The simplicity and open-heartedness of pioneer life strongly appeals to the mind of the author. Need I mention Homer's Iliad, the greatest of poems, resting on the legends of early Greece, or the Æneid of Virgil, or the Cid, or the poems of the later poets of England inspired by the simplicity of rural life, probably what is more to the point, the works of Washington Irving. How many of his quaint stories are built upon the tales which he has gathered from the hills and dales of the Hudson Valley, and by a master hand has polished into gems of literature, only those can know who have delved into his old haunts. Tales whose value, like a diamond in the rough, his quick eyes recognized and his skilled hands have polished. We owe many of Washington Irving's choicest stories not only to his masterful pen but also to those who have preserved the anecdotes.

Has not Keweenaw a stock of tales waiting to be worked over by one who has the genius? Slip up along side of some old settler and gain his confidence. Read in the empty stare of vacant houses the story of shattered hopes and broken prospects, of life, of death, of love, of courtship, of friendship, of marriage, of happy homes and sacred memories. Go among the tombs, the silent resting places of the dead; read there,

[1] This was true in 1904. Since that time a number of unusually fine copper specimens have been contributed by Mr. John T. Reeder, of the Tamarack Mine at Calumet, and two collections of iron ore from the Cleveland Cliff and Oliver Mining Companies of Ishpeming.

the story of agony and mourning. Read the trite sayings promising undying remembrances. But time, the ruthless destroyer, has already nearly erased the legend and crumbled the monument. Even the tombstones have their witty side. Who has not heard the sad story, with its many variations, of Johnny drowned in or off Copper Harbor, which will take a higher critic of the German school to unravel? Was he sailor or miner, drunk or sober, does his body lie beneath the icy waters or are his mortal remains laid at peace beneath the warm sod at the foot of Brockway Mountain and where his wooden monument now stands, sharing his grave as well as his slab with the aforesaid Indians?

"Friends may weep o'er where I sleep
Or where my name is found,
And brother dear may drop a tear
For Johnny who was drowned."

Such is the sentiment, composed by his brother, inscribed with black paint on pine wood by McLain, a carpenter. For I think you will find on investigation that when it comes to story telling for the sake of amusement, the story tellers of Keweenaw Point have learned well that time-honored motto of all good story tellers; "Never spoil a good story for the sake of the truth."

REMINISCENCES OF "OLD KEWEENAW."

BY MRS. W. A. CHILDS, CALUMET.

In the year 1836 Michigan claimed jurisdiction over a strip of land also claimed by Ohio, but Congress agreed to admit Michigan to the Union upon condition that she relinquish her claim to the disputed territory and accept a larger tract of country in the Upper Peninsula. Included in this area was the land lying north of Torch Lake, known as Keweenaw Point, Isle Royale and several smaller islands. The word Keweenaw being derived from the Indian word "Ki-wi-wee-noning," meaning the place where the portage ends, or the canoe is carried back to the lake. Burdened thus by what was considered worthless territory, Michigan, on January 26, 1837, became the thirteenth State[1] of the Union. Shall anyone say that thirteen is an unlucky number? Seven years later the government sent a farmer, a carpenter, and a blacksmith to the Indian reservation on Keweenaw Bay. Their mission was not simply to teach the Indians how to work, but also to instruct them how to live as white people live.

Dr. Douglas Houghton, state geologist of Michigan, made the first scientific examination of the country in 1841. His explorations and his life were suddenly ended by the swamping of his canoe in the lake near Eagle River.

October 13, 1845, the first protestant missionary was settled at Kewawenon mission, about three miles up the shore from L'Anse. At this time the Rev. W. H. Brockway was superintendent of the Indian mission of Lake Superior. He it was who sent the Rev. Pitezel to take charge of the mission at L'Anse in 1844. This reverend gentleman was a personal friend of my father's family, and always made our home his headquarters when making visits as presiding elder to different towns at least ten years later. I, as a small child, have heard him many times tell of his experiences on land and water.

The life of a pioneer in a wild country is far from being monotonous. He is continually coming in contact with extremes. His life is not all made up of thorns, nor of clouds and storms. Often it is the case that in new and unsettled portions of the country the travels and labors of the missionary form an important link in its after history,

[1] Counting from the original thirteen.

and unless the missionary makes the record it is not likely to be made by others. Much of the history of our State has been gleaned from the writings of Mr. Pitezel.

The Cliff Mine was the first to begin operations. Three years were spent in developing it with discouraging results. At the end of that time the mine changed hands, and under control of new owners proved to be very rich in copper and silver, and eventually paid $7,000,000 in dividends. To make money was the object which induced most of the pioneers to forego the blessings of home in a better land, and endure the privations of the wilderness. Many of the miners had families in distant lands, some across the seas, whose society they had not enjoyed for years. The influences which surrounded them tended to harden them. Many abandoned themselves to drinking and gambling; vice and wickedness prevailed, yet under the rough exterior were some noble minds and generous hearts. These people of the long ago in their attire were odd specimens of humanity; flannel shirts, mackinaw coats, and shoepacks were full-dress for a long time. Frequently a man had no coat at all, and if cold added a few more shirts. I recall the costume of one man who was commonly called the dude of the place. His favorite shirt was blue flannel, heavily embroidered in silks of different colors on bosom and collar, his trousers white duck,—for comfort worn over heavy ones of flannel,—held at the waist by a red sash, on his feet he wore top-boots; on his head a stovepipe hat. I assure you, he dresses quite differently now as one of the wealthy men of the iron country.

We received mail in those days sometimes twice in a winter, brought overland from Green Bay on dogtrain, which would also carry the provisions and blankets of the carrier, he walking on snow shoes. The train or sled was constructed very much like the toboggan of the present day, the provisions, blankets and mailbags being lashed fast to the bottom with strong cord. Sometimes three dogs would perform the service of hauling this mail-train.

In 1844 adventurers began to pour into the country from eastern states. Mining operations commenced at various places along the shore on Keweenaw Point. Copper Harbor was the central point of excitement for all. The shore was lined with the tents of prospectors and miners, and Mr. D. D. Brockway, whom we have before mentioned as the blacksmith sent by the government to Kewawenon, hoping to better his fortunes, removed with his family to Copper Harbor, his only means of transportation being an open boat. The wind blew a gale, the lake

was all agitation, and our friends were forced to land and dry themselves and their goods by a log fire before they could sleep. This same year Mr. Brockway and his Indian voyagers barely escaped death when bringing a boat load of potatoes from L'Anse. At a later time he had a long boat and a smaller one filled with hay he had cut at Agate Harbor; a bridge uniting the boats was also piled high with hay; a sudden squall drove them helpless to the rocky shore, but providentially the great waves lifted them on to a large flat rock and receding left them there; they were now in danger of loosing the boats, but succeeded in making them fast to a tall tree, after which they walked home to the joy of the family who had counted them lost.

Fort Wilkins, named for Major Wilkins who figured conspicuously in the war with the Indians at the siege of Detroit, was built in 1844-45. Two companies of soldiers arrived in 1845 on an old propeller which had been brought over the portage at the Sault the year previous. The soldiers remained two years, and were then sent to participate in the war with Mexico. In the rear of the Fort, a hundred or two yards distant, in a gloomy wood of birch and fir, is the burying place of the Fort. The marks of many graves can be seen among the trees, which of course have sprung up since. Some graves have been opened and the bones removed to more desirable quarters, but they have no historical association connected with them.

Copper Harbor was a government reservation, but when it became apparent there was no need of a fort, most of the land was put upon the market. Mr. Brockway got his by pre-emption claim, and on this land stood the town of Copper Harbor. Not far from the Harbor is Brockway mountain standing guard over the dark waters below, with a few stunted trees thinly clothing its nakedness. Behind it stretches away a long train of inferior hills, all of which have in their day witnessed the passage of noble ships, and there is not an echo on either that has not answered to the crack of rifle or scream of whistle. It was very hard to get material and supplies for want of transportation, though there were several vessels, and in this year a second steamer was put into service, the *Julia Palmer;* this steamer one year later encountered a terrific storm, being blown all over Lake Superior, but finally, after three weeks, came into port to the surprise of everyone. Many of the pioneers of the whole country were on board; one gentleman found steps being taken to administer his estate. The first steamer on the great lake was the *Independence,* and we are told it was built for trading with England, but as she could make but four miles an

hour, and a whole cargo of coal would take her only half way across the Atlantic, she was strengthened and improved to run six miles an hour, and put into Lake Superior. One lady says she still remembers the little tub with her one mast, her piratical blackness, and, oh! her awful rolling.

Supplies of every kind were procured in the fall to last till navigation should open. Sometimes the last boats would be wrecked, or sometimes encounter storms, making it necessary to throw provisions overboard, pork and ham even being used for fuel to make steam to propel the boat. There was necessarily considerable suffering before winter passed and the white sail was again seen in the distance, which brought a fresh supply from below. One year the potatoes had been consumed, flour nearly gone, fish could not be gotten because of the great thickness of the ice, game taken from the woods was inadequate, and many of the miners were almost reduced to starvation. One man more resourceful than some made a small mill in which he ground the corn that should have been fed to the chickens. This meal was made into mush three times a day and given to the children to eat with molasses. When the Sault Canal was opened in 1855 it put Copper Harbor on what was the highway between New York and Minnesota. These were days of long distances, slow going freight and no refrigeration. There was little butter and less milk, but what matter when the palate was not accustomed to taste of these.

As the number of the boats increased so did the comforts of the people. Fresh meats and apples were among the luxuries that found their way into the home of the pioneer. In autumn, when cold enough to carry meat without too great danger of spoiling, it was an amusing sight to see steamers come into port with the carcasses of sheep and sides of beef hanging from upper and lower decks. These were sold in halves or quarters, cut into suitable shape for cooking and carefully packed in snow to be used as occasion demanded.

Apples were so rare that they could only be indulged in by the few who were considered affluent. I recall that one particular barrel found its way into a house at Copper Harbor. One evening quite a number of friends had gathered for social intercourse, and as a treat a large plate of apples was brought out. One little girl sat quietly by and saw the apples passed to one and another of the older people, and thinking how lovely when one of these bright red apples would be given her. Finally the looked for moment arrived and she was invited to take one. With eyes glowing bright and cheeks rosy she took one.

She was then asked to take another, which she innocently did. Then asked to take another, and another till her little lap was full, her eyes dancing with pleasure, and cheeks outshining those of the apples. Finally she heard a snicker go around the room and realized she had been made the butt of the company. Burning with shame she settled back into the corner of the old lounge on which she sat, and the apples one by one rolled to the floor. It is needless to say she ate no apples that night, nor could she be persuaded to touch another that whole long winter.

Woman has been found to bear her share of the toil, privations and dangers connected with the struggles of the pioneer. She finds herself environed by sights and sounds to her entirely new, and strange. She may be surrounded by few of her own language and manner of life; perhaps she is alone, except the members of her own family. At first it seems most romantic, and there is a peculiar charm about it all, but the spell is at last broken and the scene begins to wear an aspect of monotony. Her body is in the forest, but her mind is with loved ones far away. Her domestic cares are onerous and trying, and if everything else differs about her, she must have her home regulated as much as possible after the old sort. She is expected to be nurse, cook, housekeeper, seamstress and governess, while a man thinks he does well if he is a specialist in one line. After everything is in order she takes up knitting or sewing as a respite from more active toil. Now Indians come to the door, and without knocking, open it and walk in. The men usually seat themselves on chairs or benches, while the squaws, with their papooses, sit on the floor. The men are sure to be smoking tobacco or kinnikinic, and for a time it is puff and spit. All this time the odor from the dirty blankets and steaming moccasins is nearly smothering the lady of the house. After a while the head man of the tribe, more important than the others, begins to talk in Indian and succeeds in making her understand that they came for pork or bread, and that they must have it too. In sympathy with the hungry, and sometimes fearing for her life she gives them what may be left from the last baking, and they are sent away only to return in a few weeks for more. At certain seasons of the year they have been known to bring offerings of game or fish, and by unmistakable signs let it be known that anything would be acceptable in return.

Once an Indian—one who had the name of being a nice clean Indian—brought to a certain housewife a mocock of maple sugar, containing perhaps ten pounds, which he wished to exchange for flour. This she

was willing to do; then came the question of what to put it in for transportation. She had nothing that could be spared. He evidently had, for off came his shirt, into it went the flour, and away went the Indian with a happy farewell. On another occasion, having grown tired of salt pork—the only meat she had eaten for months—she asked the Indians if they could not bring her something from the forest. They expressed themselves willing to try, and in a few days returned bringing a beaver's tail.

The first lighthouse was built at Copper Harbor, about 100 feet from where the one on Hayes Point now stands. It was built of rock in the form of a circular tower, 70 feet high. The second on Manito, a facsimilie of the first. By the erection of these lights a great benefit was conferred on mariners and the traveling public generally. Prior to the erection of these lights the only beacon was a globe lamp sent out in a yawl boat and placed upon a lone rock in the channel, to give notice of impending danger. One man by the name of Smith was among the first to take charge of the light on Manito. It is said that he one day in June, 1856, rowed out to welcome the first boat of spring, after a long and dreary winter on the island, and to learn something of the outside world. Among other things he was told that Buchanan had been elected to the presidency the previous November.

Have you ever thought, in your protected modern home, what it must have been to have lived far away from the heart of things? How one's ideas of even the necessities change under stress!

We do not like to look back on the past as a better period than the present, but certainly there were no strikes or lockouts, no new women or social problems, no women's clubs.

A SKETCH OF JOHN SENTER OF HOUGHTON.[1]

On January 1st, 1904, there was only one man living who had maintained a residence on the Keweenaw peninsula for a longer time than John Senter of Houghton. This man was Joseph Sahl, still living at Copper Harbor. Mr. Senter arrived at Eagle River in the summer of 1845. Many interesting anecdotes and reminiscences are told by him of his experiences here since that time. The complete record of all these statements would virtually be a history of the Copper Country of Michigan since its development began. Mr. Senter was drawn to the Keweenaw peninsula through his connection with the government engineering corps. His birthplace was Keene, New Hampshire. He left there when a young man, going to Dubuque, Iowa, where he remained for three years. Dubuque at that time was a station of the Surveyor General's office. The territory under the jurisdiction of this office comprised a large portion of the northern Mississippi valley and the Northwest. The office was in charge of General James Wilson, who was young Senter's protegé. James A. Reid was assistant draughtsman in the office and young Senter worked under him. General Walter Cunningham represented the United States government in the Galena lead fields of Illinois, a short distance from Dubuque, which were at that time in their earliest development. In those days the government exercised authority over the mineral yield of the country, all rights to mining operations being governed by a royalty paid to the government. Michigan copper deposits were just being heard of, and the government delegated General Cunningham to take up his post on the Keweenaw peninsula and look after the federal interests. General Cunningham asked General Wilson to permit Surveyor Reid to accompany him to Michigan. It was also arranged that young Senter should be one of the party. General Cunningham also secured the services of an Ottawa half-breed Indian as interpreter and guide. Senter returned to his home in New Hampshire for a visit before making his trip north. Mr. Senter reached Eagle River before the first known shipment of copper was made from the Keweenaw peninsula. The entire district comprising what is now Keweenaw, Houghton, Ontonagon and Baraga counties and Isle Royale, was then organized as Houghton county. Eagle River was the principal town and the county seat.

[1] We are indebted to the Rev. J. A. Ten Broeck for this sketch.

The first shipment of copper from the Keweenaw peninsula consisted of a number of specimens forwarded by J. Tolman Whiting, who landed at Eagle River during the last week of October, 1845, and within a few days forwarded his samples. The method of consignment and of carrying the specimens is an interesting point in history. They were shipped to Henshaw, Ward & Company, Boston,—care of John R. Livingstone, Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan—agent of the American Fur Company,—care of Biddle & Drew, Mackinac,—care of Degarmo Jones, Buffalo. (McKnight.) J. R. Livingstone, therefore, appears to have been the first shipping agent who forwarded copper from Keweenaw peninsula. Mr. Henshaw, of the firm to whom these specimens were forwarded, was appointed by President Jackson as Secretary of War, but the appointment was not confirmed by the Senate. This was in the days when President Jackson maintained his famous "Kitchen Cabinet"—a body of unofficial counsellors who were more instrumental in guiding the policy of the president than were the members of the official cabinet. The president and congress were constantly at loggerheads, and it was perfectly natural that the legislature should refuse to authorize the appointment made by the chief executive.

The first steam vessel to sail on Lake Superior was the screw propeller *Independence.* It was built at Chicago and steamed up to St. Mary's Falls, where it was carried overland for seven-eighths of a mile across the portage at that point. This vessel was capable of making five miles an hour with her steam, and was supplied with a foresail and mainsail which added to her speed in accordance with the wind. Captain A. J. Averill was sailing-master of the *Independence.* The vessel was built by his father. In those days shipbuilding had not attained its present degree of perfection and the possibilities of a vessel could not be calculated with the precision possible today. To ascertain the speed of vessels in those days the craft had to be put into the water and tried before an estimate could be made with the least degree of accuracy. Mr. Senter was aboard the *Independence* when it made its first trip, and also the last. Mr. Whiting arrived on the same vessel a few weeks after Mr. Senter reached Eagle River. The exact date upon which Mr. Whiting arrived at Eagle River is not known, but it was probably about the 25th of October, 1845. It is a matter of record that the *Independence* arrived at La Pointe, on the Apostle Islands, November 1st, 1845. Landing ports on Lake Superior were very few in those days: Duluth was hardly a name then, and the port at the head of Lake Superior was the town of Superior, now known as Old

Superior. All steam vessels sailing on Lake Superior for the ten years succeeding the first trip of the *Independence* were carried around the portage at the Falls in St. Mary's river. In the meantime a way by the ship canal was under construction. The first vessel to pass through this canal was the side-wheeler *Illinois,* the date of its transit being July 17th, 1855. The second steam vessel to land on Lake Superior was the *Julia Palmer,* and on her first trip when she landed at Eagle River, August 28th, 1846, she had on board Mr. Senter's early friend, General Wilson, his wife and daughter. The *Julia Palmer* was a side-wheeler one hundred feet long. She was built at Buffalo and had been in service there for some little time before being sent north. The *Julia Palmer* ran two seasons. The first season her sailing-master was either Captain Wood or Captain Charles Stannard, and the second season her sailing-master was Captain Samuel Moody. It has been a matter of tradition that the *Julia Palmer* sailed only one season on Lake Superior, but this is not true. At the close of the season of 1847 the vessel was tied up in the St. Mary's river, forming a part of a wood dock, where she remained for many years.

Although there is some uncertainty as to whether Captain Stannard ever sailed the *Julia Palmer,* it is positive that he was one of the very earliest sailing-masters on Lake Superior. He was the first to locate Stannard Rock, in the Keweenaw peninsula, which rock now bears his name in honor of its discoverer. The *Julia Palmer's* last trip consumed sixteen days from Sault Ste. Marie to Copper Harbor, having encountered a very bad storm.

Mr. Senter, shortly after his arrival, located at what is now the Phoenix. This place is about two miles from Eagle River, where the postoffice was located. There was quite a settlement at Phoenix at that time. Mr. Senter was appointed assistant postmaster. September 28th, 1847, he received the appointment of postmaster at Eagle River, succeeding the first postmaster at that place.

A relic brought to Eagle River by Mr. Senter, and still in his possession, is a desk brought by his ancestors from the north of Ireland over two hundred years ago. This desk was used constantly by him throughout his business career of over fifty years on Lake Superior.

The first mill for the reduction of ore in the Copper Country was erected a year or so before Mr. Senter arrived,—probably in 1843. It was called a German Pulverizer and was built by Dr. Charles T. Jackson, who afterwards became United States geologist. This mill was somewhat after the principle of the old Chilian mills, being operated by

horse power with a sweep or arm working in a groove. This mill was unsuccessful in reducing the product of the Lake Superior mineral lodes because of the masses found in them. The mill, however, was of the standard type used in Germany, where it was very successful in reducing the soft ores of that country. This pulverizer was never in use after Mr. Senter's arrival.

The next method introduced into the Michigan mining district for the reduction of rock was the Cornish stamp, a method successfully employed for over forty years and only recently fallen into disuse. These stamps were of practically the same construction as those used in the western gold fields. The shoot was attached to a vertical shaft and this shoot and shaft were lifted by means of a crank attached to a revolving shaft. The vertical shaft and the shoot combined weighed approximately one hundred and fifty pounds.

The first type of stamp in which the steam piston was attached directly to the steam shaft was invented by a Mr. Ball, and was installed in the stamp mill at Copper Falls mine. This type of stamp was very satisfactory and is still used in many of the Lake Superior stamp mills, and all steam stamps of the present day are variations from the type invented by Mr. Ball. This stamp head was built in a foundry in lower Michigan and was landed at Eagle River. A special wagon, a very heavy contrivance, was built to haul it from the landing place to the Copper Falls mill. This wagon is still in existence at the old Copper Falls mine. The Copper Falls mill in which the head was installed was burned after a few years of service.

The first actual mining on Lake Superior of which there is an authentic record was done by James Hayes, who operated a vein of black oxidized copper in the neighborhood of the Copper Falls mine. A newspaper article was written some years ago by Mr. Hayes, in which his experience was given.

There were no survey lines in Keweenaw peninsula until several years after the arrival of Mr. Senter. Henry A. Wilts, who had run the fourth meridian for almost its entire length, and with whom Mr. Senter had been acquainted while he was situated at the Dubuque Surveyor General's office, continued the fourth meridian northward until it reached Lake Superior in 1847-8.

Mr. Senter engaged in the mercantile business shortly after his arrival, building a store 20x30 feet and stocking it with goods. This store building is still standing at Eagle River. He also built a pier dock and warehouse at Eagle River, both of which are still standing—though

in bad repair. This dock and warehouse were sold a few years ago to the Cliff Mining Company, which was afterwards absorbed by the Tamarack Mining Company—the latter concern now owning the dock and warehouse.

Mr. Senter has entertained in his store many men who afterwards attained prominence, both in the mining world and in other lines. Horatio S. Bigelow, one of the pioneer mining promoters of Lake Superior, slept in the store many times on a bed made of goods from Mr. Senter's stock. The hotels of the early days lacked many features now considered essential and some of the most fastidious persons preferred sleeping in Mr. Senter's store to taking lodging in the hostelries.

A subject which has been in constant dispute for more than half a century is the weight of the heaviest piece of mass copper ever taken from a Lake Superior mine. Evidence which came to light January 1st, 1904, places a high tribute on the wonderful memory of Mr. Senter. The mass of copper, the weight of which was so long disputed, was taken from the old Minnesota mine in Ontonagon County in 1855. Mr. Senter has always contended that the weight of this mass was four hundred and twenty tons. A number of old residents who were here at the time the mass was taken disputed this point, but they also disputed among themselves as to the actual weight of the piece of metal. Mr. Stannard of Ontonagon contended that it weighed five hundred and sixty-four tons, while Mr. Mercer, also of Ontonagon, maintained that its weight was five hundred and forty-seven tons. Both of these men have resided in Ontonagon continuously since before this mass was discovered in the Minnesota mine. There were many lively discussions on this point, and its settlement seemed hopeless until Samuel Brady of the Michigan Copper Mining Company, whose property includes the old Minnesota mine, discovered a letter in the archives of the old company in January, 1904. In this letter reference was made to the now famous mass, giving the weight as four hundred and twenty tons—thus settling beyond further question the dispute on this point. Mr. Senter received his information about the weight of the mass from J. B. Townsend, who was clerk at the mine at the time the mass was taken out, and in connection with his duties had charge of the weighing of the mineral. A short time after the mass was brought from the mine Mr. Townsend stated to Mr. Senter that he had weighed the copper himself and had assisted in shipping it, giving the weight, which Mr. Senter retained in his memory ever since.

Mr. Senter visited all the early mining districts very frequently, coming in contact with the mine officials by reason of his position as agent for the Dupont Powder Company, a position which he held for over fifty years. As agent for the Dupont Powder Company Mr. Senter gave special heed to the wants of his customers, taking care of all orders at whatever cost and in any emergency. A case in point is that in which the Cleveland Powder Company failed, leaving a large number of unfilled orders. The Dupont Powder Company was the pioneer powder company on the Keweenaw peninsula, and, of course, all business of the Cleveland Powder Company was with concerns which had at one time been Dupont customers. When the Cleveland Company failed, leaving some of the mine operators in an embarassing position, the Dupont Powder Company shipped in its powder in sufficient quantities and with enough haste to meet all emergencies, although it resulted in actual loss to the manufacturers.

The first organized company to obtain a lease from the government for a copper mine on Lake Superior was the Lake Superior Copper Company, which operated what is now the Phoenix mine. There were a number of other early lessees whose names are not recorded. The North American Copper Company, however, is remembered as having held lease No. 7.

The discovery of a large piece of float copper in the Ontonagon river has become historic. This specimen, which is among the largest ever discovered, was detached from its surrounding gangue and is now in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington. While resting in Ontonagon river it had been for many years an object of veneration to the Indians. To molest it was dangerous, as it was held sacred by them. Their veneration waning, negotiations for the purchase of the copper were finally closed with the Indians by a Mr. J. Paull, who, in company with a half-breed Indian named Nick Minneclear, succeeded in removing it by means of a skid to the mouth of the river, where it was put aboard a boat and carried to the lower lake region. At Sault Ste. Marie the United States Government seized the mass of copper, as at that time all mining was still done on royalty—the Federal government maintaining authority over the mineral output. It was on the grounds that this metal had been taken from the government property that this seizure was made. The specimen was taken to Washington and found its way into the Smithsonian Institute, where it remained buried beneath rubbish in the basement for many years. This specimen is now on exhibition in the Smithsonian Institute. Messrs. Paull and Minne-

clear had an adventurous trip through Wisconsin from the northern wilds by dog-train immediately preceding their successful efforts to get the copper from its ancient resting-place to port at Ontonagon.

MICHIGAN STATE RIGHTS.

BY MRS. ANNA REID KNOX.

Many a story of disappointed hopes and unfulfilled ambitions could be told of the years 1837, '38 and '39. A visionary spirit was abroad, and nowhere did it display itself more than in Michigan; and nowhere with more reason, for promises of great and immediate prosperity were many in the Peninsular State. Every steamboat coming up Lake Erie bore hosts of immigrants, whose courage and strength were to be a mighty asset to the State. Loaded caravans, bearing families and their worldly goods, were crowding in from the southern borders. The forest was filled with the music of ringing axes and crashing trees. Wilderness and solitude were fast giving place to homes and fields of waving grain.

It was altogether a natural thing that the new State, with a young, enthusiastic and impetuous Governor, should have determined to fall into step with the pace set by the older states, and begin at once a system of internal improvements, calculated to develop the great resources of the commonwealth, and to insure the greatest possible degree of prosperity to its people.

The lesson taught by the construction of the Erie canal, that of the vast advantage to a state of transportation facilities, was not lost upon the people of Michigan. That they were very earnestly alive to it is evidenced by a clause which was inserted in the constitution of 1836; imposing upon the legislature the duty of emulating New York.

The clause was as follows:

"Internal improvements shall be encouraged by the government of this State; and it shall be the duty of the legislature, as soon as may be, to make provision by law for ascertaining the proper objects for improvements, in relation to roads, canals and navigable waters; and it shall also be their duty to provide by law for an equal, systematic and economical application of the funds which may be appropriated to these objects."

Governor Mason, in his annual message, reminded the legislature of the undeveloped resources of the State, and exhorts it to prompt action in providing for canals and railroads. "The period has arrived," said he, "when Michigan can no longer, without detriment to her standing and importance as a State, delay the action necessary to the development of her vast resources of wealth."

The legislature, animated by the same spirit, responded promptly. As a result, an act was passed for the location and construction of four lines of railroad across the state; one from Detroit to the mouth of the St. Joseph river; one from Monroe to New Buffalo and one from the mouth of the Black river to the navigable waters of Grand river, or to Lake Michigan. Sums were voted to begin their construction, as well as that of the canal route from Mount Clemens to the mouth of the Kalamazoo river, and of a canal around the Falls of the St. Mary's river.

Each project has its story of disappointment, but it is the story of the proposed canal and locks about the Falls of St. Mary's river I shall tell you. This project, like all the other plans of the State's first legislators, was doomed to failure. Unlike the others, time saw its ultimate and successful achievement. Also, unlike the others, its initial failure was brought about at the point of the bayonet, and by force of arms wielded by soldiers of the United States Government. This summary action on the part of the Federal Government brought forth a vigorous enunciation of the doctrine of State's rights, marked with as determined and earnest a meaning as that voiced by the hot heads of South Carolina and Kentucky in the days of Thomas Jefferson. It is with this early failure of the canal project, and its place in the history of the State that I propose to deal.

The territory known as the Upper Peninsula had been ceded to Michigan by the general government in the settlement of a boundary dispute two or three years before the admission of Michigan to statehood. Little was known at that time of the resources of this territory, and no small degree of chagrin was felt at its enforced acquisition. However unwillingly the State accepted the land forced upon her, she entered heartily enough into the plans for its development.

There is no record of any agitation of the project of a canal about the St. Mary's Falls prior to the message of Gov. Mason, and the subsequent act of the legislature. It is probable that Gov. Mason, having been Secretary and Acting Governor of the territory several

years before its admission as a State, was familiar with the situation, and fully aware of the necessity of a canal.

The legislature appropriated, to cover the expense of plans, survey and estimate of cost, $25,000. Under the provision of the act authorizing this to be done, Governor Mason appointed John Almy, engineer, to make the survey, plans and estimates. During the summer of 1837 John Almy completed his surveys, and reported to the Governor plans for a canal with two locks, with a lift of nine feet each.

The following year the Governor again called the attention of the legislature to the subject, placing before that body the plans and estimated cost. He urged the early completion of the canal. In response, the legislature appropriated an additional $25,000, to be applied to its construction "provided that Congress did not, at its present session, make an appropriation for that purpose."

Congress had been memorialized by a committee from the legislature, and the boundless advantages, not only to Michigan, but to the surrounding states and territories, set forth. The attention of Congress was called by the committee to the great fishing industry of the shores of Lake Superior, which they termed the American Baltic. They pointed out that the shipping consequent on a more largely developed trade would prove a national nursery for seamen. They called attention to the fur industry, and to the exclusive monoply which one powerful association held on the trade in the rich and valuable furs in which the Lake Superior country abounded.

They played upon the national prejudices, and reminded Congress that the long dreaded and insidious influence which the British Government kept up among our frontier tribes of Indians would by this means be annihilated, by the overbalancing effect of an American influence that must ensue from this impulse to American commerce and American trade.

They referred to the vast and valuable deposits of copper and iron ore, the value of which at that time they so little comprehended themselves.

All these magnificent benefits were to be rendered available by the construction of a canal around the rapids of the St. Mary's river, the only obstacle in the way of a direct water route to this reign of potential wealth, and Congress was urged to come to the aid of a cause so evidently national in its responsibility, and appropriate money or lands for the construction of the canal.

Congress made no appropriation. The repeated solicitations for aid

were unheeded, the emphatic reasons which so distinctly gave to the proposed canal a national character were unappreciated by the Congress of the United States. The State of Michigan had relied upon the past history of the general government in matters of national concern, and had expected a spirit of magnificent liberality toward a young and feeble state in its efforts to open a waterway of national interest and advantage.

However, the heart of Michigan beat high with courage in 1839, and although burdened with many other projects of improvement involving a large expense, the State swallowed her disappointment at the indifference of the United States, and resolved, unaided and alone, to undertake the construction of the canal.

Accordingly, the committee of internal improvements, pursuant to the direction of the legislature, proceeded to let the work. To insure the completion of the canal beyond a possibility of a doubt, the sum of five thousand dollars from the internal improvement fund was advanced to the contractors. The contracting firm immediately secured the necessary equipment of provisions, implements and men, and by the eleventh of May, 1839, were on the ground and ready for work.

Sault Ste. Marie has been the site of a federal fort since 1822. The old Fort Brady was situated about one mile east of or below the falls of the St. Mary's river, on an elevation on the river's bank. Between the fort and the falls lay the village of Sault Ste. Marie.

The officers of Fort Brady had caused to be built in the close vicinity of the falls, and thus *not* on the military reserve a trench or mill-race, which led to a saw-mill. This had been used in the preparation of lumber for building purposes. The mill-race had not been in use for a number of years, and the saw-mill was a useless and dilapidated affair.

It chanced that the line of the proposed ship canal crossed the line of the old mill-race, and so necessitated its being filled up. The officers commanding at Fort Brady were aware of this fact, and the breadth of conception and liberality of view which characterized that body is evidenced by their subsequent action in relation to the proposed ship canal.

Upon the landing of the contractors, with their men and implements, at Sault Ste. Marie, they were met by Lieutenant Root, assistant quartermaster at Fort Brady, and presented by him with a notice to the effect that it would be his duty, in pursuance of instructions from the war department, to "interfere with any work on the projected canal

that might injure the United States mill-race near that post."

To substantiate this notice, Lieutenant Root also presented the contractors with a copy of a letter from the war department, which bore date of March 6th, 1839, having been written two months previously. The letter stated, in substance: "It could not, it is presumed, have been the intention of Michigan, in contracting for the opening of a canal around the rapids of the Sault de Ste. Marie, to interfere with the improvements made by the United States at your post, among which the mill-race is regarded as one of the greatest importance,—you will, therefore, apprise the contractor, that he cannot be allowed, in the execution of his contract, to interfere in any way, with that work."

Later in the same day the contractors returned an answer to Lieutenant Root informing him, "that they were bound by the State of Michigan to excavate a canal within the lines run and laid out by the chief engineer, and that they should proceed with the work, and could not allow water to flow through the race, where the canal crosses the same, as it would entirely frustrate the object that the State of Michigan had in view."

To this definite statement of intention, Captain Johnson, commanding officer at Fort Brady, returned a prompt answer, in which he said, "that the proposed work could not go on peaceably; that the instructions received from the war department were positive, and that, as much as he regretted impeding any work for the public good, he had only to see these instructions carried out to their full extent."

The contractors, having received part payment for their work, resolved to fulfill their contract, if possible, and to continue working until prevented by a superior force. Accordingly they proceeded to the work of digging ditches to carry off water from the mill-race, and of cutting timbers on the line of the canal.

While they were engaged in this labor, Capt. Johnson, at the head of his company, fully armed and equipped, marched on the ground and forbade, in no uncertain terms, the work to proceed. The contractors and their men refused to recognize the orders of Captain Johnson, and continued working. Again the Captain, in unmistakable earnestness, ordered a cessation of work, again to no effect. Thereupon Captain Johnson strode up to the foreman, and seizing upon the instrument with which he was working, wrested it forcibly out of his hands, his soldiers in the meantime, with fixed bayonets, driving the workingmen and contractors from the line of the canal. There being no possibility of con-

tinuing the work under the circumstances, the contractors were forced to abandon it, and return home.

The disturbance of mind of the legislative fathers can be imagined. Still smarting from a sense of injustice over the settlement of the Ohio boundary question, they felt doubly wronged in being unable to carry on an improvement of the country so ungratefully thrust upon them,—a wrong aggravated by the knowledge that the improvement was national in character, and for the doing of which they should have been praised and honored and aided, instead of being met with a humiliating indignity. Still further was the sense of outraged injustice aggravated, because the assumed jurisdiction of the general government was over a portion of the State *not* in the military reserve, and so unauthorized by any statute of government, or provision of Congress.

It was evident, too, that the commanding officers at Fort Brady had received instructions from the general government two months before they communicated their knowledge to the State. Had the general government taken dignified and worthy measures to communicate these instructions to the legislature of Michigan, the useless expenditure of $5,000, paid to the contractors, would have been saved, and the bitter humiliation of frustrated plans at Sault de Ste. Marie have been prevented.

Michigan's list of grievances against the general government was long and sorely felt. The legislature appointed a special committee to memorialize Congress, to present her grievances and what she considered to be her claim upon Congress. The result was a remarkable document, and the nearest approach to the spirit of secession in the history of Michigan.

After explaining the reasons for the State's chagrin and disaffection, the memorial is as follows:

"Your committee are of the opinion that such a course of arbitrary proceedings on the part of the government, exhibits a reckless disregard of the rights and honor of the State of Michigan, and is unwarranted by any provision in the constitution of the United States. It not only inflicts upon the people gross injustice, but adds another great cause of censure and reproach to the course which has marked the policy of the government towards the State of Michigan. It is not yet forgotten, that Michigan was compelled to go into the Union by surrendering to a more powerful state, territory to which her citizens believed that she was justly entitled, and of which they will ever believe,

they were unjustly deprived. It was sufficiently humiliating that she was compelled to abandon the high and elevated stand she had taken, and so nobly sustained in that controversy, and tamely submit to, and acquiesce in, the conditions which were prescribed for her admission into the union. But as if her humiliation was not yet complete, an attempt is now made by the general government to trample in the dust her legislative enactments, and treat with contempt the legitimate and constitutional exercise of her sovereignty. Under the pretence of protecting as military property, a trench or race, which leads to an old dilapidated and worthless saw-mill, a military force is employed to interrupt her works of internal improvement, and the officers of the general government directed to dictate to the State the mode and manner she must pursue, in the exercise of a right guaranteed to her by the provisions of that constitution which confers powers on the federal government to provide for the common defence of all the states, but not to crush or oppress the weak and feeble. If high-handed measures like these, to which allusion has been made, can be justified, if the legislative enactments of sovereign and independent states can thus be trampled upon and set at naught, then indeed will the states of this confederacy have no rights to maintain, no honor to protect; then indeed will all the anticipated blessings of our happy union be turned into curses.

"The secretary of war, in a communication to the executive of this State, assumes the position, that officers acting under orders from that department, were bound to prevent the commission of any act, within the limits of the land belonging to the United States, which might prove injurious to the interest of the government, and in so doing, in no manner violated the sovereignty of the State. Your committee do not believe that the constitution of the United States contains any provisions which will warrant the exercise of such a power. The only provision in that instrument which, in the opinion of your committee, can apply to the present case, or upon which the officers of the general government can pretend to justify the proceedings in regard to the State of Michigan, is found in the eighth section of the constitution. Among the enumerated powers which Congress possesses under it, is the 'right to exercise exclusive legislation over all places purchased by consent of the legislature of the state in which the same may be, for the erection of forts, magazines, arsenals, dock-yards and other needful buildings.'

"It will be perceived, that at the adoption of the constitution, that the right of the several states to exclusive jurisdiction over the territory included within their respective limits, was clearly recognized, and the

powers of Congress to legislate over it, carefully restricted. By the terms of that sacred instrument, before Congress could exercise 'exclusive legislation over any particular district or place,' the consent of the legislature of the state in which it might be situated, was to be obtained.

"Michigan was admitted into the Union upon an equal footing with the original states, in all respects whatsoever. And if the assent of the original states was necessary to confer on congress the right of exclusive legislation, over a particular portion of territory within their limits, it would seem that the assent of new states would also be necessary for the purpose of conferring such powers, in order to place them upon an equal footing with the original states, in all respects whatsoever.

"Your committee would beg leave further to say, that if the doctrine embraced in the letter to the secretary of war, to the executive of this State, and which has already been referred to by your committee, be true, it will deprive the several states, to a great extent, of the exercise of a jurisdiction which has never before, within the knowledge of your committee, been denied. So far as the State of Michigan is concerned, in reference to the public domain within her limits, she is only prohibited from interfering with its sale, or assessing any tax whatever on the same. With this exception, the United States can only hold the public lands as an individual proprietor would hold them, and subject to the right of general jurisdiction on the part of the state. If a contrary doctrine should prevail, or if the officers acting under orders from the war department or any other department of the general government, were bound to prevent the commission of any act, within the limits of the lands belonging to the United States, which might, in their opinion prove injurious to the government, then indeed would the states be denied the exercise of a right intimately connected, not only with their prosperity and welfare, but their existence as free, independent and sovereign states. It certainly will not be pretended that the State of Michigan, or any other states of the Union, has not the right to construct, within their respective limits, whatever works of internal improvement the legislature may see proper to undertake; and if this right is possessed, each state can construct, through government lands, canals and railways, and cut any timber, or remove any other obstructions that might be necessary to be removed in order to effect their completion. Suppose it should, in the estimation of any of the officers of the government, be thought that the completion of the

different works of internal improvement, now in progress in this State, would prove injurious to the interest of the United States, would they have a right to avert their further prosecution? Could they deny to the state the right to finish the central or southern railroad; because it might render less valuable any portion of the public lands by the destruction of timber, and the use of any other material that may be needed? Most assuredly they could not.

"The government can claim no greater rights, nor any more privileges than any individual of the state, except those that are expressly constitutionally reserved in the act providing for the admission of Michigan into the Union. The property of individuals can be taken and used for public purposes, without their assent, if an adequate compensation be made; and the lands of the general government can also be used by the several states, for like purposes, and with the same restrictions, unless some legislative acts of the state conveys to the United States the right to exercise over it exclusive jurisdiction.

"The committee recommended the adoption of the following resolutions:

"*Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Michigan,* That it is the sense of this legislature, that the proceeding of the government of the United States, at the Sault de Ste. Marie, on the 12th day of May, 1839, by which the contractors and hands at work on the canal at that place, were forcibly driven from the same, and compelled to abandon its further construction, were unwarranted by the constitution of the United States, and a gross violation of the rights and sovereignty of the State of Michigan.

"*Be it further resolved,* That, as an act of justice to the State of Michigan, the government of the United States is bound to repay to the State, the amount of money advanced to the contractors, together with all the damages the State has sustained by reason of the arbitrary and unjust measures which deprived the State of the right to construct the Sault de Ste. Marie canal.

"*And be it further resolved,* That our senators and representatives in Congress be requested to adopt such measures as will tend to the speedy reparation, by the general government, of the injury which has been inflicted upon the rights of the State, and that they demand the repayment of the money which has been expended, together with all damages that the State has sustained."

Nothing came of this protest. The doctrine of state's rights so

warmly declared by the legislature of Michigan had no effect upon Congress.

Dismayed and outraged as Michigan felt, the attempt to secure aid in the construction of the canal was not allowed to rest with the unfortunate episode. The same legislature which sent the memorial of protest to Congress sent also another memorial, which set forth at more detailed length than ever before, the wealth of the Lake Superior country. To secure information on this subject the Hon. Lucius Lyon, former Congressman, had been sent to the upper peninsula on a tour of investigation, and his very favorable report was embodied in the memorial. Hon. John Norvell, Senator from Michigan, presented the memorial to Congress, and along with it a bill asking for a grant of 100,000 acres of land to aid in the construction of the canal. The bill met strong opposition. Among those who opposed it was no less a statesman than Henry Clay, who said of the project, that it was a "work beyond the remotest settlement in the United States, if not in the moon."

After fifteen years of continuous untiring effort by the friends of the enterprise, in 1852 Congress was persuaded to pass a bill appropriating 750,000 acres of public lands in Michigan for the construction of the canal. What is now known as the old "state locks" were built by this means, and by the month of June, 1855, the first steamer passed through the locks on her way to Lake Superior. A new era of industrial progress was thus opened which has developed to an astonishing magnitude. The successive changes which have taken place in the growth of the St. Mary's Ship canal have been the result of the rapid increase of commerce over the great waterway thus opened, and the consequent development of the Lake Superior region.

The year 1881 saw the completion of a larger lock by the side of the first, known as Weitzel lock. In the same year the State transferred the management of the canal and locks to the general government, which has since that time retained their control. Owing to the marvelous increase of traffic on the lake waters in 1896 the old state locks became entirely inadequate for use, and they were rebuilt on a very much larger scale, now being called the Poe lock.

Last year (1903) there passed through the canal and locks of St. Mary's Falls, 31,600,000 tons of freight. This enormous amount was three times that which passed through the Suez canal during the same year. The probable building in the near future of a new lock of larger

dimensions than any yet built is evidence of the vastness of the commercial trade through the St. Mary's waterway, and ample justification for the enthusiasm of Michigan's far-sighted statesmen of 1837.

THE INDIANS OF THE GRAND RIVER VALLEY.

BY DWIGHT GOSS.[1]

THE THREE BROTHERS.

When discovered by the white man Western Michigan was inhabited by the Chippewas, Potawatomies[2] and Ottawas. Their early home was upon the Ottawa River in Canada, but prior to the first visit of the French to the St. Lawrence they had crossed the Lake and taken possession of Lower Michigan. The three tribes were kindred in blood, in tradition, in language, in habits of life, and in general appearance. They called themselves the three brothers, of whom the Chippewa tribe was the oldest, the Ottawa tribe second, while the Potawatomies were the youngest.

INDIAN OCCUPATION.

The Chippewas took possession of the northern portion of the Peninsula, the Ottawas of the valleys of the Muskegon and the Grand, while the Potawatomies took possession of the Kalamazoo Valley and beyond. The Indians always gathered about the waters of a country, for by their canoes they traveled, fished, hunted and transported their game. In autumn an entire family, and sometimes two or three families together, would leave the villages and wander up the smaller streams into the forests of the interior for their winter's hunt, and they would generally camp in or near a bunch of maple trees in order that they might make maple sugar in the spring. Indian villages and camping

[1] Dwight Goss is a native of Ohio, but has been a resident of Michigan since he was ten years old. His boyhood was spent upon a farm in Clinton County. He was graduated from the Ionia High School in 1879. From 1880 to 1885 he was a student in the University of Michigan, except for a year and a half, when he was a traveling salesman in the New England, Middle and Western States. In 1885 he became a resident of Grand Rapids where he was admitted to the Bar in 1886, and where he has been a practicing attorney since 1887. Both in school, and during his professional life, he has been an ardent student of American history.

[2] This is the spelling adopted by United States Bureau of American Ethnology and the Indian Bureau.

places were almost invariably upon banks of rivers and small streams. Grand River and its tributaries always supported a large Indian population. In the palmy days of Indian supremacy there were probably hundreds, if not thousands, of Indians living within the present limits of Ottawa, Kent and Ionia counties, which was an unusual number for the territory, because in his native state an Indian required a vast amount of land to support himself and family. From time immemorable there were large and prosperous villages at Grand Rapids and at Lowell. This was because of the excellent fishing in the river and the abundance of game in the valley. Contrary to popular belief, the Indians probably increased by their first contact with the white man. The white traders brought to the red men improved weapons and methods in fishing and hunting; the rude agriculture of the Indians was made more productive by the efforts of the missionaries and traders; many of the latter were more or less skilled in medicine and surgery and assisted in lessening the mortality of the Indians. Again, the traders took into the wilderness many articles which were of great use to the savages in their struggles for existence, and all these things tended to increase the native population.

INDIAN LAND LAWS.

Holding their lands by the slight tenure of possession, the Chippewas, Ottawas and Potawatomies suffered much from the encroachments of neighboring tribes. There were frequent inroads from the Lake Superior region by the Indians of that section. Those who were about the head of Lake Michigan constantly made raids into Western Michigan. The Hurons of Canada often crossed the border to hunt and fish in Michigan, but they never settled here in great numbers, although in the eastern part of Michigan there were a few Huron families and villages. The Iroquois, from beyond Lake Ontario often hunted and trapped beaver in Michigan, and after the French settled at Detroit, the tribes from Ohio annually visited that trading post and frequently hunted in Michigan forests. Those sentimentalists who mourn because the red men have been driven from their homes and despoiled of their lands should remember that the Indians themselves obtained the country by force and retained it only as it suited their convenience and desires. When game grew scarce land was abandoned and whoever else occupied it was, according to Indian custom, entitled to its possession. It was the Indian law that "might makes right." When first visited by the white men the Chippewas, Ottawas and Pota-

watomies lived in the most friendly relations with one another and so continued as long as their tribal existence lasted. By amalgamation and intermarriage they became so mixed and blended that when the whites settled Western Michigan it was often difficult to ascertain to what tribe many Indians belonged, because those of one tribe so often lived in the villages of another. There were many Chippewas and Potawatomies among the Ottawa villages of the Grand River Valley. After the middle of the seventeenth century the Indians of the Grand River Valley were frequently visited by the French explorers, traders and missionaries, and by them the habits of the natives were much changed. They traveled more and wandered over a larger extent of territory; they made annual visits to the French trading posts to sell furs and secure supplies; undoubtedly they lived better and had more comforts than in the years before the white men visited their country. The traders, white hunters and trappers who first went among the Indians were a blessing to the race. Living among the red men, marrying their women and adopting their ways and habits, they introduced many simple elements of civilization and helped to develop the better part of savage life. The first white men who came among the Indians of Michigan should be numbered among the benefactors of mankind.

EARLY TRADERS.

In 1679 LaSalle established a trading post at Mackinaw and built a fort on St. Joseph river. Thereafter French *voyageurs* annually traversed the Eastern shores of Lake Michigan and gathered rich cargoes of furs, which were shipped to Quebec, first by the way of Georgian bay and the Ottawa river, and afterwards by the way of Detroit and Frontenac. These expeditions were generally in the spring when the traders would meet the Indians and buy their furs which had been captured during the winter, and in the late summer or early autumn the Indians would visit the trading posts at St. Joseph, Mackinaw, Saginaw and Detroit for supplies to carry with them on their winter hunts. Such was the annual routine of Indian life in Western Michigan two hundred years ago. French hunters and trappers visited the country, renounced civilization, married Indian wives and became more Indian than the Indians themselves. Without doubt, more than a century before the settlement of the country every Indian village in the Grand River Valley had been visited by white men.

CHARLES LANGLADE.

In 1755 Capt. Charles Langlade of Mackinaw, whose father was a Frenchman and whose mother was an Indian woman, led a band of Indians at Braddock's Defeat, and it is quite likely that among them were Indians of the Grand River Valley. Langlade and his braves were also present a few years after the capture of Fort William Henry, on Lake George. He also commanded a band of Indians on the Plains of Abraham when Montcalm was defeated by Wolf and the French control of the Northwest passed to the English. At the close of the old French and Indian war the trading posts of Michigan were surrendered to the English, who at once began to make extensive preparations for increasing the already large trade of the country. The Indians rebelled against the change and prepared for war. The leading spirit was Pontiac, an Ottawa chief of Eastern Michigan. He visited tribe after tribe and village after village to unite them in a contest against the English. A grand council was held at Grand Rapids, over three thousand Indians were present, and every band in Western Michigan was represented. Pontiac was present and fired his audience with noble specimens of Indian oratory and unstudied eloquence. He contrasted the English with the French—the pride, arrogance and rapacity of the one with the suavity, generosity and justice of the other. Every Indian in the Grand River Valley sympathized with Pontiac; and a year later, when he laid siege to Detroit, his camp was filled with warriors from Western Michigan. But the eloquence, bravery and sagacity of Pontiac were insufficient to expel the English. The power of the French had passed away and the days of Indian occupation were numbered.

After the Pontiac war Indian supremacy in Western Michigan was unchanged for many years. The general policy of the English towards the Indians of the Northwest was the same as that of their predecessors. The same posts were maintained and, so far as possible, the same agents were employed. Rival fur companies contended for the trade of the country and catered for the good will of the Indians. During the American Revolution, under instigation of the British officers at Mackinaw and Detroit, the Indians of Michigan engaged in warfare along the Virginia, Pennsylvania and New York borders. The grandfather of the Indian wife of Rix Robinson led a band of Indian warriors, among whom were many from the Grand River Valley, with Burgoyne through the Northern wilderness of New York to the head waters of the Hudson, but deserted the expedition before the surrender at Saratoga.

Captain Charles Langlade, during the last years of the revolution, led an expedition by way of Detroit, the Maumee and the Wabash to recapture Vincennes from the English after it had been taken by the Americans under George Rogers Clark, but it was unsuccessful. Langlade retreated without attempting to strike a blow because his Indian followers deserted when most needed. In the expedition were many Indians from Western Michigan.

AMERICAN OCCUPATION.

At the close of the Revolution the posts of the Northwest remained in the hands of the British and were not surrendered until 1796. Many Indians of Western Michigan engaged in the battles of Ohio and fought against Harmer, St. Clair, Wayne and Harrison during the years between the Revolution and the war of 1812. It was during those years that the second great confederation of the Indians of the Northwest was brought about by the wily Tecumseh. He probably never visited the Grand River Valley himself, but sent his agents, who secured many recruits for the warriors who fought at Tippecanoe. A forge was erected on the banks of the Kalamazoo river, where renegade white men made hatchets and scalping knives for the Indians who fought under Tecumseh at Tippecanoe and on the side of the British during the War of 1812. The surrender of General Hull, at Detroit, placed the Northwest posts again under the control of the British. During that war most of the Indians of Michigan espoused the cause of Great Britain, but there were a few who proved faithful friends of the Americans and were afterwards generously remembered when treaties were negotiated with their people by the United States. And Great Britain did not forget her savage allies. From the close of the war until 1834 the Indians of Southern Michigan annually visited Malden to receive from the British government annuities for their services during the war. At the close of the war American garrisons were again placed in the forts at St. Joseph and Mackinaw and American settlers commenced pouring into Michigan. The Indian supremacy was rapidly passing away.

THE LAFLAMBOISES.

The first trading post established in the Grand River Valley was on the river a mile or two below the mouth of Flat river. Joseph LaFlamboise, a French trader in the employ of the American Fur Com-

pany, had full charge of the Indian trade in Western Michigan. In 1796 he married a half-breed girl—half Chippewa and half French—famed for her beauty and spirit, who had been educated in a convent at Montreal. Her father was said to be an Indian chief of the Lake Superior region and her mother a French woman. After marriage they spent their winters at Mackinaw, which they were accustomed to leave in the early spring and travel south on the east shore of Lake Michigan, trading with the Indians until they reached Grand River, up which they traveled to Flat river, where they would remain for a time and then return to Mackinaw. After a few years they established a permanent post on the banks of the Grand below the Flat, where they spent their summers. In 1809, in coming from Mackinaw, they met on the Lake shore about half way between Muskegon and Grand Haven a party of Potawatomies, among whom was a young brave who, after they had gone into camp, demanded whisky from La-Flamboise. It was refused. The Indian drew a knife and drove it into LaFlamboise's breast. The white man immediately expired and the Indian fled. Mrs. LaFlamboise took the remains of her husband in a bateau to the trading post, where they were buried, and she continued the trade with the Indians of the Valley. Before her return to Mackinaw in the autumn a band of Potawatomies brought to her the murderer and offered him to the widow for execution in conformity with Indian usage. She did not demand a life for a life, but requested that he be set free, yet forever banished from the tribe. It was done and the Indian became an outcast.

At the end of the season she returned to Mackinaw with the remains of her husband, which were buried on the Island. So successful had been Madam LaFlamboise in the Indian trade that she was continued as an agent for the company in place of her husband. She spent the summer of each year in the Grand River Valley and continued in trade until 1821, when she sold her establishment to Rix Robinson. She had become wealthy and thereafter lived at Mackinaw until 1846, when she died. She and her husband lie buried side by side on the Island. Their only daughter married Captain Pierce, a brother of Franklin Pierce, President of the United States. Among the elements of civilization scattered from old Mackinaw among the forests of the Northwest none were more romantic or more fruitful than those planted in the Grand River Valley in the early years of the past century by the LaFlamboises.

TREATIES.

By the ordinance of 1787 the civil authority of the United States was extended over the Northwest Territory. In 1805 Michigan was set aside as a separate territory. After the war of 1812 there was a great demand for land for speculative purposes. There was much intriguing and lobbying and great pressure was brought to bear upon the General Government to secure Indian lands in Michigan. In 1821 Governor Cass and Solomon Sibley were commissioned by the General Government to negotiate a treaty with the Ottawas, Chippewas and Potawatomies and secure certain lands in Western Michigan. During the summer the commissioners met the Indians at Chicago, and on August 29 a treaty was completed and signed. By its terms the Indians ceded to the United States the lands south of the main stream of Grand River, with certain small reservations for individual Indians and half-breeds and a few small tracts for the use of the tribe. In consideration of the cession the United States engaged to pay the Ottawas one thousand dollars in specie annually forever, and for a term of ten years to appropriate annually to the Ottawas the sum of fifteen hundred dollars to be expended in the support of a blacksmith, of a teacher, and of a person to give instructions in agriculture, and to purchase cattle and farming utensils. One mile square was to be selected on the north side of Grand river, and within the Indian lands not ceded, upon which the teacher and blacksmith were to reside. The treaty was signed by Lewis Cass and Solomon Sibley on behalf of the United States, and on behalf of the Ottawa Indians, by Ke-wa-goush-cum, No-kaw-ji-guan, Kee-o-to-aw-be, Ket-wa-goush-com, Ket-che-me-chi-na-waw, Ep-pe-sau-se, Kay-nee-wee, Mo-a-put-to and Mat-che-pee-na-che-wish.

MISSIONS.

Soon after the treaty was negotiated Rev. Isaac McCoy, an Indian missionary acting under the auspices of the Board of Managers of the Baptist Missionary Convention of the United States, visited Governor Cass at Detroit in behalf of the Indians, and to secure the management of the teacher and blacksmith who, according to the treaty, were to be sent to the Ottawas at Grand Rapids. Subsequently he was appointed to superintend the United States officers sent to carry out the provisions of the treaty. Governor Cass gave elaborate instructions, dated July 16, 1822, to McCoy, and directed that ardent spirits should, so far as possible, be kept from the Indians. John Sears, of New York

City, was appointed teacher for the Ottawas, and Charles C. Trowbridge was commissioner to make definite arrangements with the Indians for the site of a missionary station on Grand river. Sears and Trowbridge visited the Grand River Valley in the fall of 1822, and selected a site, after which they returned to Fort Wayne. McCoy visited the Valley the next spring, and on May 30, 1823, crossed Grand river near the Rapids. He found the Indians dissatisfied with the treaty and was received with anything but a hospitable welcome. The chief was not in the village and nearly all the inhabitants were in a state of intoxication by liquor obtained from some traders. McCoy at once abandoned the expedition and returned to a mission which had been established on the St. Joseph river and which was called Carey. The next year McCoy visited some Ottawas on the Kalamazoo river and induced them to let him establish a blacksmith shop on the border between the Ottawa and Potawatomie territories. This modified the temper of the Ottawas for a time and opened the way for further negotiations. In November, 1824, McCoy, with several companions, left the St. Joseph river for a second visit to the Rapids of the Grand river. On reaching the border of the Ottawa country they found that the blacksmith shop built the preceding year had been burned by the Indians, who still felt unfriendly to the whites because of the Chicago treaty. On November 27 they reached Gun Lake, and camped upon its banks. The next day they were visited by Noonday, the Ottawa Chief of the Indian village at the Rapids, who, with some followers, was camping on the opposite side of the lake. McCoy found that Noonday was desirous of having a mission established at the Rapids, and the next day both the whites and the Indians raised camp and proceeded together towards Grand Rapids. On December 1 the river was reached and crossed. The same day McCoy selected a site for a mission, which was located just south of what is now the corner of West Bridge and Front streets. The selection was afterwards approved by Governor Cass and confirmed by the Secretary of War. The site selected two years before by Sears and Trowbridge is supposed to have been several miles up the river, but the exact spot chosen is now unknown. The next day McCoy started on his return to the St. Joseph river, and was accompanied a portion of the way by Noonday. The next spring Mr. Polke, teacher, a blacksmith, and two or three others were sent to the Rapids by McCoy to open the mission, but they found a great majority of the Indians still hostile to the project and were obliged to depart without accomplishing their object. Soon afterward Polke returned to the Rap-

ids and found a great change in the sentiment of the Indians. They expressed regret for their former action and wished to have the mission at once established. In September, 1825, farming utensils, mechanical tools and provisions were sent by boat down the St. Joseph river, along the Lake shore and up Grand River to the Rapids, while McCoy, with several assistants, traveled overland to the same place. Permanent log buildings were at once erected on the site chosen the year before and the mission was fully established.

INDIAN VILLAGES AND CHIEFS.

When the mission was founded there were two Indian villages at the Rapids. One was situated along the west side of the river, from West Bridge street north; the other was in the neighborhood of what is now West Fulton street, with its center near the corner of Watson street and West Broadway. The south village was the larger and numbered three hundred inhabitants or more. It was presided over by a chief named Mex-ci-ne-ne, or the Wampum-man. He was an eloquent speaker and a man of influence among his people. The Indian Commissioners found him wary in negotiations and slow to accept their overtures. He was of an aristocratic, haughty disposition and was something of a dandy in the matter of dress. While at Washington to negotiate the treaty of 1836 he was presented by President Jackson with a suit of new clothes, of which he was very proud, and with it insisted upon having a high hat with a mourning badge. He was among the foremost of his people to adopt the white man's ways. His habits were good and he lived and died in the Catholic faith. In the year 1843 his existence was terminated by a sudden illness and his funeral was attended by nearly every citizen of Grand Rapids, white as well as red. Another Indian chief living at the lower village was Muck-i-ta-o-ska, or Black-skin, who in his early years was an active foe of the Americans. He fought with the British in the War of 1812, and is said to have been the leader of the band who set fire to the village of Buffalo during that war. He lived to a great age and died in 1868.

The Chief of the upper village at the Rapids was Noonday,[1] a friendly, industrious Indian who always worked for the good of his people and was among the first to obtain the favor of the whites. He was happy in his domestic relations and a man of excellent habits. Old settlers often speak of his fine physique. Fully six feet tall, well-proportioned

[1] Indian name Qua-ke-zik.

and a noble looking man, he was well advanced in years when the Grand River Valley was first visited by American settlers. He died at Gull Prairie in 1840, and a plain stone slab marks his grave. He also fought with the British during the War of 1812.

The Chief of the Flat river Indians was Cobmusa, or the Walker. He was the husband of three wives, and treated each with the respect and consideration due the consort of a mighty chief. He had a family of twenty-two children. Aside from the number of his wives, his morals were good. In personal appearance he was not the equal of his neighbors. He was a little below medium height and inclined to corpulency. In his last days he became a vagrant and a drunkard. His village was first near the junction of Flat and Grand rivers and was one of the largest in the valley. It numbered three hundred inhabitants and upwards. In later days it was moved up Flat river to the upper part of the present village of Lowell.

At the Thornapple river, or Ada, there was a small band of Indians, of whom Ma-ob-bin-na-kiz-hick, or Hazy Cloud, was the Chief. Although of small stature, he was a man of commanding influence with his tribe. He was on the most friendly terms with the whites, visited Washington, and was one of the leading spirits in the treaty of 1836. Up the Thornapple, near what is now Whitneyville, there was the Caswon band of Indians, numbering about forty. Between the Thornapple river and the Rapids there were a few families who were under the authority of Canote, a chief who stood high in the estimation of the early settlers. Below the Rapids, at the mouth of Crockery creek, was a small Indian village, of which Sag-e-nish, or the Englishman, was chief. As his name implied he was a great friend of the white man. At Battle Point, a few miles above Grand Haven, was another Indian village, whose chief was O-na-mon-ta-pe, or Old Rock. At Grand Haven and Spring Lake there was generally an Indian village. In Ionia county there were two Indian villages of importance on Grand river. One was at Lyons, where the prairie was used as a corn-field for ages, and the other was near the mouth of the Lookingglass river. The latter was called Mis-she-min-o-kon, or the Apple Field. It was abandoned by the Indians at an early day. Among the Indians of the valley there were other chiefs than those already mentioned. There was Pa-mos-ka, a leading chief whose home was many times changed, but who generally lived in the villages down the river, at Crockery creek and Battle Point. There were Ke-way-coosh-cum, or Long Nose, and Wa-ba-sis, both of whom fell victims to Indian vengeance for the part they took in the treaties with the

Whites. The former was killed in a drunken brawl by an Indian named Was-o-ge-naw. Each had come to Grand Rapids to receive his annual stipend on payment day and, having been paid, became intoxicated. They were sitting on the bank of the river, near the mouth of Coldbrook creek, when a dispute arose relative to the treaty, and Was-o-ge-naw seized a club and felled his victim to the earth with a blow that killed him on the spot. The matter was not investigated by the officers of the law because it was considered that he was executed in accordance with the Indian customs and ideas of justice. Because of the prominent part he took in the treaties Wa-ba-sis was exiled from his tribe. For many years he lived on the banks of a small lake in the northern part of Kent county. In an unguarded moment he was induced by his enemies to partake in a corn feast at Plainfield, where he was made drunk and then murdered. He was buried near where now is the Plainfield bridge. The head of the body was left above the ground, and food and tobacco for many weeks were daily placed on the grave for the nourishment of his spirit on its journey to the happy hunting ground. There is a tradition that Wa-ba-sis buried on the banks of the lake which bears his name a large amount of gold received by him from the whites for aiding them in the treaty of 1836, but it has never been found, although constant search has been made for it by the farmer lads of the neighborhood.

INDIAN NAMES.

That the Indians were a poetical people is shown by their names of the rivers of Western Michigan. The St. Joseph river was O-sang-e-wong-se-be, or the Sauk Indian river. It was so named because, according to tradition, the spirit of a Sauk Indian wandered along its banks. New Buffalo river was Kosh-kish-ko-mong, or the-diving-kitten. The Paw Paw was Nim-me-keg-sink, which means the Paw Paw river. Kalamazoo is an English corruption of the Indian name of the river, which was Kik-ken-a-ma-zoo, or the Boiling Kettle, so named from its eddying waters. Black river was called Muck-i-ta-wog-go-me, or the Black Water. Macatawa is an English corruption of the same name. Grand river was called O-wash-ta-nong, or the-far-away-water, so named because it was the longest river in the territory. Thornapple river was called Me-nos-so-gos-o-she-kink, or the Forks. Flat river was called Coh-boh-gwosh-she, meaning the shallow river. The Indian name of Maple river was Shick-a-me-o-she-kink, which means the Maple river. Muske-

gon is one of the Indian names of the country which has not been changed by the whites. It means the Tamarack river and was so called because of the number of tamarack trees along the banks. White river was called Wan-be-gun-gwesh-cup-a-go, or the-river-with-white-clay-in-its banks. Manistee means the-river-with-white-bushes-on-the-banks, and referred to the white poplar trees on its borders.

CEDING THE LANDS NORTH OF GRAND RIVER.

In March, 1836, a treaty was negotiated at Washington, by which the Indians ceded to the United States the lands north of Grand river. There were seventy thousand acres reserved north of the Pere Marquette river, fifty thousand acres on Little Traverse bay, twenty thousand acres on the north shore of Grand Traverse bay and various other small reservations in different parts of the country. In consideration of the cession the United States Government agreed to pay the Indians of Western Michigan the sum of $18,000 annually for twenty years. A sum of $5,000 annually for the twenty years was to be appropriated for teachers, books in the Indian language and schoolhouses; $10,000 for agricultural implements, cattle, mechanical tools and other articles; $2,000 annually for provisions and $300 annually for medicines. The Indians were to receive $150,000 worth of goods and provisions, which were to be delivered on the ratification of the treaty; $300,000 was appropriated to pay off the just debts of the Indians and $150,000 for the half-breeds of the tribe. Various sums of money were to be paid to individual Indians. The Grand River Valley chiefs received $500 each and to Rix Robinson was granted $23,000. This generous treaty was signed by Henry Schoolcraft for the United States, and by twenty chiefs for the Indians. Of these chiefs three—Wab-i-wid-i-go, Mix-i-ci-nin-ny and Na-bun-a-gu-zhig (names as they appear on the treaty)—represented Grand River tribes; the rest were from other parts of the State. There were some thirty chiefs in all in this valley at the time. The witnesses were John Hulbert, Lucius Lyon, R. P. Parrot, U. S. A.; W. P. Zantzinger, U. S. N.; Josiah F. Polk, John Haliday, John A. Drew, Rix Robinson, Leonard Slater, Louis Moran, Augustus Hamelin, Jr., Henry A. Levake, William Lasley, Geo. W. Woodward and C. O. Ermatinger.

As soon as the Washington treaty of 1836 was completed a land office was opened at Ionia, and the lands north of Grand river were rapidly taken by settlers. By the conditions of the treaty the Indians could hunt on the public lands of the United States and for many years they

remained in the country and availed themselves of the privilege. The annual payments which they were to receive under the treaty were made at Grand Rapids and continued for more than twenty years. At the early payments nearly four thousand Indians received their pay here, but they decreased as the years went by. The Potawatomies were early sent to their reservations in Indiana, while the Chippewas were transferred to reservations in Northern Michigan. Separate bands of Ottawas were at different times transported beyond the Mississippi, and many individual Indians fled beyond the Mississippi, as they were ostracised by their own people or threatened with legal prosecutions by the whites.

SUPPLEMENTAL TREATY.

On the 31st of July, 1855, at Detroit, another treaty, in place of the treaty of 1836, was made with the Ottawas and Chippewas of Michigan, by the United States Indian Agent, Henry C. Gilbert, by which they were to receive annually a cash annuity of $22,000 for ten years and at the end of that time the Government was to pay them $200,000, in four annual payments of $50,000 each, or, if the Indians so elected, they were to receive the interest on that sum held in trust by the United States. There was also to be distributed among them $15,000 worth of agricultural implements, and a grant was made of $8,000 for educational purposes. Four blacksmith shops were to be maintained for their use, and five interpreters were to be furnished. In addition to their share of the above the Grand River Indians were to receive an annuity of $3,500. They were also to have eight townships of public lands, which were to be preserved for them ten years, at the end of which time they could sell the same at pleasure. By this Detroit treaty any Indian of Michigan was granted the privilege of renouncing his tribal relations and becoming a citizen of the United States; and through the influence of Mr. Gilbert many of them purchased and settled upon Government land. In 1855 about one thousand Indians received their annuities at Grand Rapids. The last payment at this place was made October 29, 1857, when $10,000 was paid in gold and silver to about one thousand five hundred Indians, squaws and pappooses. After that date the payments were made at Pentwater.

ANNUAL PAYMENT.

Indian payments were events in the early history of Grand Rapids. The Government agents would send word that a certain date would be

pay day and the Indians would begin to congregate ten days or two weeks before. They camped upon the islands and along the river banks and in the bushes on the higher grounds. Payments were generally made in the fall, before the Indians started for their winter hunts. The agents usually paid at one of the warehouses which stood near the old steamboat landing between Market street and the river. In a large room would be a long table or counter, upon which were the receipts and little piles of coin for each Indian, and about which were seated the agents, clerks and interpreters. The Indians would enter the front door one by one, sign their receipts or make their marks thereon, receive their money and walk out the back door, where stood a crowd of hungry traders, who quickly transferred most of the money from the hands of the Indians to their own pockets, for the payment of old debts. The traders commonly claimed all they could see, and the Indians, as a rule, gave it up without protest. They were generally in debt, but were always ready to pay when they had any money. The traders never hesitated to give credit to an Indian. Abram Pike, who traded with them for years, states that annually he sold thousands of dollars worth of goods to the Indians on credit, and during all that time he lost less than one hundred dollars on poor accounts. The next day after payment the Indians always departed, none remaining but the drunkards and vagabonds who stayed behind for a debauch. The Enquirer of November 2, 1841, refers to the fact that in the week previous was the Indian payment, and facetiously adds that there were about fifteen hundred traders and two gallons of diluted whisky to each trader. The editor inquires, seriously: "Is there no remedy for this barbarous and wicked system of robbery?" There appears, however, to have been some improvement the next year (1842), when the paymaster stated that there was less dissipation among the Indians at Grand Rapids than at any other place where he had made payments, and the newspaper testified that "No barrels were rolled out as heretofore, and the heads knocked in that the savage might be allowed to gorge his fill of the destroyer."

TRADE WITH THE INDIANS.

In the early days of the settlements, the Indians' trade of the Grand River Valley was of no small importance. The Indians traded furs, berries and maple sugar for dry and fancy goods, ammunition and whisky. Beads and whisky were legal tender to an Indian. The furs were sent to Detroit, while the berries were packed in barrels and shipped to Buffalo. Maple sugar, if sent away, was generally consigned to

commission merchants in Boston and New York. During the berry season Indians would camp about the huckleberry swamps and cranberry marshes, pick the berries and then deliver them at Grand Rapids. They were carried by squaws or transported by ponies. Much maple sugar was brought to the Rapids by water. During the spring, Grand river was alive with canoes bringing sugar which had been made by the squaws in all portions of the valley. It was stirred sugar, packed in "mokirks,"[1] which were small baskets or boxes, and the packages ranged in weight from one to sixty pounds. The small "mokirks" were often elaborately decorated by the squaws with fancy work.

There was such sharp competition in the fur trade that the local traders did not wait for the Indians to bring their furs to market, but often sent messengers with goods direct to the Indian camps. Late in the fall the Indians would separate and each family go into camp for hunting and trapping during the winter, when the traders in the Rapids would dispatch men for the furs. Each went by himself, and his equipment generally consisted of an Indian guide and a pony. The Indian carried a pack of about fifty pounds weight, while the pony carried all that could be piled on him. The loads consisted of provisions for the traders and fancy goods for trade. No whisky was carried on such expeditions. When an installment of furs was secured the Indian was sent back to the Rapids with a pack of furs, while the white man continued his journey, and was afterwards joined by his dusky companion, who brought a fresh supply of goods. When the snow was too deep for the pony he was abandoned, and the men would continue the search for Indians and furs on snow shoes. By such methods did each trader endeavor to get the start of his rivals. Each kept several men in the forests all winter. Grand Haven, Allegan, Saugatuck, Gun Lake, Gull Prairie, Thornapple river, Flat river, Lyons, Lookingglass river and Maple river were all visited and canvassed over and over again for furs.

Furs were a staple article and commanded about the following prices in trade: Beaver, $1.25 a pound, weighed by hand, which means that the trader guessed at the weight and paid the Indian accordingly. It is needless to add that the furs never fell short of weight when weighed at the warehouses. Mink commanded from 50 cents to $1; buck skin, $1 each; martin, $1 to $1.25; lynx, $1 to $1.25; muskrat 5 cents each. Wolf and bear skins were not of much value. Fashions did not change and the above prices continued for years. The squaws always smoked

[1] See also Mococks.

and prepared the skins for market. Other staple articles of commerce were moccasins, which were made by the squaws. They were always elaborately ornamented with beads and often days were spent on a pair of moccasins which sold for 50 cents or $1.

LEARNING SOCIAL WAYS.

The Indians of the valley were very social in certain ways. When Grand Rapids was only a trading post the French traders, among whom were the Campaus and Godfroys, called upon their lady friends on New Year's Day and saluted them with a kiss upon each cheek. The Indians quickly adopted the fashion of the Frenchmen, with this change—the squaws called upon the white men, and the unlucky pale face who was kissed by a squaw on New Year's Day was obliged to give her a drink of whisky. No white man escaped, for she called to her aid enough of her dusky sisters to throw the victim down and then each kissed him in turn. The result was that the squaws frequently became gloriously drunk, and woe to the white man who was kissed by them while they were in that condition, since they did not hesitate to use violence to obtain the desired reward. While the squaws and white men were having rough and tumble scuffles at the stores and taverns, the Indians visited the kitchens of the white women, where they were treated to doughnuts, cookies and other eatables. An Indian always made a call by first peeping in at the window and then entering at the door without knocking. The Indians were persistent beggars, but were generally refused food by the white women, except on New Year's Day. They were not at all modest in their demands. It is related that the wife of one early settler, who had recently arrived from the East and was unacquainted with Indian ways, placed her full supply of provisions upon the table when the first dusky callers appeared, expecting, of course, that they would take a few pieces and go away; but, nothing abashed, they suddenly produced some bags, gathered in all the eatables and departed without leaving the family enough for dinner. That woman's confidence in the character of the noble red man was very much shaken by the incident, and ever after she was careful that no Indian should know the extent of the stores in her pantry.

THE INDIANS AT HOME.

The houses of the Indians in their wild state were neither hovels nor palaces. They knew no distinction of wealth or of poverty. The isolated

family home was a wigwam, sometimes circular and sometimes angular in form on the ground, and sloping to an apex or a central ridge, where was a small opening which served for a chimney and skylight. Usually it was made of small saplings set in rows in the ground to form the sides, bent and withed together at the top, and covered with brush or with bark or with flags and rushes, as a protection against wind and rain. Few were larger than sufficient to hold three or four persons closely crowded, with a small space in the center for a fire, over which their game was roasted or their corn was cooked. Heated stones, instead of ovens or pans or kettles, were their cooking utensils. Sometimes, in moving about, the poles for the frame work for the wigwams were moved also, for, before they had iron implements, the work of cutting or breaking the bushes for use was no trifling labor. Inside the hut and under its sloping sides were rude benches constructed of poles and brush, a little raised from the ground, on which with skins of wild beasts, and with matting of reeds and grass and bark and small twigs, dextrously woven by the squaws, they made beds. Literally, it was but a trifling matter when they wished to move to take up their beds and walk. A small colony might plant themselves in the spring by a stream where fish and muskrats abounded, and in mid-summer be many miles away, in the same huts, transported and made new; the males in their hunting grounds, and the females in their little corn fields or where berries and nuts could be gathered. Some tribes in villages built very large and very long wigwams or houses, which would shelter dozens of persons or, perhaps, as many families. The frame work of the sides was formed of saplings set in rows, with tops bent inward and lashed together. On these were poles for ribs fastened horizontally by means of withes or strips of bark. The outer covering was of sheets of bark, from any sort of timber that they could peel, overlapping each other like shingles on a roof; and to hold these in place other small poles were lashed outside, with strips of bark from the basswood or elm. In this form of wigwam the chimney was nearly a continuous opening, a foot or two wide, along the entire length of the ridge, under which the fires were in a line on the ground through the center. Usually each fire sufficed for two families, who, in winter, slept closely packed about them. Poles were put up along the inside toward the top, on which were suspended weapons, moccasins, clothing, skins, ornaments and dried meats. There, too, in harvest time the squaws hung the ears of corn to dry. Their way of garnering their corn was to dry the ears by fire, then beat off the grain and put it in sacks of mat-

ting, which were, in turn, put into large cylinders made of bark and set deep in dry ground where frequently it remained through the winter for use the next summer, or when the supply of other food ran short. The Indians of this Peninsula, long before the coming of the white men, understood well the comfort of the regions about Grand and Little Traverse bays as summer resorts. They stayed there during the warm season. In the fall they were wont to start for the South, hunting alongshore or inland wherever game and furs could be found, camping with their little wigwams along the Muskegon, Grand, Kalamazoo and other river valleys, going even as far as Chicago and beyond; in the spring turning to the North, to raise corn and enjoy the lake breezes.

INDIAN CHARACTERISTICS.

At home the Indians enjoyed the felicity of domestic peace. Quarrels, murders, thefts and other crimes were rare among them. Indeed, so far as may be judged from any trustworthy authority, there were proportionately less crime and immorality in domestic life among them than there are in civilized society at the present day. By nature they were neighborly and honorable. An Indian was naturally a courteous gentleman. The savage would scalp his enemy, but his childlike reliance upon the Great Spirit to supply his physical wants left little room in his heart for wanton robbery or theft. Probably the integrity and honor of the Indians have been overrated; they were not universally honest, but they were more often persistent beggars than thieves. And among their leaders and chiefs fidelity to their pledges or promises was a marked characteristic. It is related that an Indian who had become indebted to a white man desired to give his note. A note was written, to which he affixed his mark, and then he pocketed it, insisting that, inasmuch as it was his note, he was the rightful holder. He carried it home, but when it became due appeared promptly with the note and the money and paid his debt. The Indians who lived here when the white men first entered the Valley were peacefully and amicably inclined, often aiding and succoring the pioneers in time of need, providing game or fish, and exchanging courtesies with them of various kinds in a neighborly and friendly spirit. If the white man lost his horse, an Indian, keener of search or observation, was sure to bring tidings of the missing animal. Deer were plenty, and in most seasons the Indians not only supplied their own families with meat, but often when a deer was slain presented their white neighbors with choice pieces of venison. They gathered wild berries and fruits in their season, and these, as well as

game, furs, dressed deer skin and moccasins, they were wont to "swap" for flour, salt, tobacco, ammunition, sugar, blankets, and such other articles as they desired—not forgetting "fire-water" if that was obtainable, and seldom was it lacking.

Whisky was the bane of Indian life. It made courteous, strong and dignified warriors quarrelsome, weak and childish. It took away their independence and manhood and made them beggars and outcasts. It deprived them of their native vigor, nobility and gentility. It sapped their vitality and rendered them a prey to want and disease. It corrupted their morals and their integrity. It took away the virtue of their women and destroyed their families. But for drunkenness and its attending vices the American Indians could have assumed civilization and become a part of our Great Republic, and in the Grand River Valley there would now be happy and prosperous families of native Americans proud of their Indian ancestors.

LIFE AND WORK OF THE LATE REV. GEORGE N. SMITH, A PIONEER MISSIONARY.

BY MRS. ETTA SMITH WILSON.

In the days when the timid deer gazed almost unaffrighted at the approach of man, although fleeing in terror at the howl of the wolf; when acres of forest land rolled from inland sea to inland sea unmarked by county or section lines; when waterways, unbridled by turbines, unchecked by dams pursued their silent journeys to the beach, and reposing serenely in the sunlight or crusted over by the rime of winter; when Mother Nature, unaided by the scientific farmer, scattered her treasures of blossoms and fruit over the hills and plains, the mucky swamps and the slumberous valleys, there came from the East not three wise men, but many. They were a mighty and vigorous army, moving not in column or under the direction of a commanding general, but singly, by twos and threes, by small colonies, a sort of skirmish line which penetrated the woods and took possession of the vast storehouse of treasure which the Territory of Michigan had to yield to the daring adventurers.

These men and their families were mostly from the New England States and in their veins flowed the blood of the Puritan fathers. They

came not to destroy but to develop. They were not burdened with wealth, their main assets being a pair of willing hands and a good stout heart. But they brought with them intelligence, education and Christianity. The moral element was strong in them and if it did not actually control it was the dominating characteristic of their lives.

These stout-hearted pioneers are passing or have passed away. Their log cabins, scattered here and there, were the beginnings of the settlements which later grew into cities and towns. But the patient hands which builded toward a high ambition are folded in eternal sleep. They have gone out into the silence, but we, who to-day are enjoying the advantages made possible by their hardships and sorrows, should hold their memories in reverence. They sowed that we might reap. They planted the seed and we are gathering the harvest.

Among those who came out from Vermont in the early thirties was one whose prayerful, industrious life was to leave its impress upon hundreds of families. "Fate sought to conceal him by naming him Smith," but posterity placed a wreath of laurel upon the head of the gentle, kind and wise old man who lived a life of rigorous virtue and devotion to duty without hope of reward except the knowledge that the world was better for his having lived in it.

Born the eldest of a large family of children, George Nelson Smith, son of John Smith and Esther Austin, first opened his eyes to the sunshine of the New World on a farm near Swanton, Vermont, October 25, 1807. His parents had been married the year before and in accordance with the custom or habit of those days began immediately to raise a large family. The Smiths were farmers of good old English and Welsh stock and the Austins were farmers and all English. Both families were intensely patriotic, the male members serving in the Revolutionary war and the war of 1812. Mrs. Austin, mother of Esther, was one of those heroic women of the Revolution whose names should be written where the morning stars sing together. Her husband fought with Washington and, while he endured the hardships common to all wars and the extraordinary privations peculiar to those times, she was toiling and struggling to maintain her family. She carried on the work of the farm. She sheared the sheep, carded the wool, spun it and colored it and made clothes for her family, supplying even her soldier husband with his uniforms. More than that, she furnished him with bullets, melting up her choice Britannia ware into deadly pellets for the soldiers of the king. But this noble woman was not conspicuous for her patriotism, industry and capability. The exigencies of the times developed in the women of

Revolutionary days a wonderful adaptability and no duty was shirked or allowed to languish because it was difficult of performance.

Of the childhood of the future pioneer little may be said except that it was barren of the pleasures which are the inherent right of the young. His parents were pronounced Calvanists and he himself became deeply imbued with religious feeling when only six years of age. On Sundays he went to meeting with his parents and the hours spent outside of the meeting house were passed in the seclusion of his home, where he, in common with the children of those days, early learned the adage, "Little children should be seen and not heard." He grew up without toys —not even a jack-knife ever rattled significantly with a medley of nails in his pockets.

Once in his boyhood he borrowed a sled from a more fortunate boy and went out on the hillside to coast. A rail fence ran parallel with the base of the hill, the top rail lying imbedded in the crust of the snow. Before ascending the hill he dug out a couple of rails and laid them aside, leaving a gap in the fence through which he might slide when the bottom of the hill was reached. The hill was very steep. The sled came flying down and when it reached the place where the rails had been removed the runners plunged into the soft snow beneath the crust, throwing the young pleasure-seeker far beyond. He landed with such force that his head and hands were thrust through the crust, the sharp edges lacerating his skin in a frightful manner. This experience and the parental admonitions and corrections which followed killed his desire for what was termed "sinful pleasure."

During his early boyhood he worked summers upon his father's farm and attended the district school winters. In March, 1827, when he was twenty years old, he went to Highgate, Vermont, to learn the trade of millwright with Messrs. L. and J. Carpenter.

While in Highgate Mr. Smith made the acquaintance of a number of young men and through their friendly influence he became for a time interested in worldly pleasures. Being the sons of farmers they were devoted to horseback riding and many a quiet horse race was enjoyed in the seclusion of the country roads. But the average farm horse is not a speedy beast and covetous glances were cast at the little shapely animal owned by the good clergyman of the village. Finally one of the young men, more venturesome than the others, suggested taking out the animal at night and putting it through a few paces to develop its speed. This was done and for several weeks the minister's horse engaged in nocturnal races with farm horses, soon developing a gait which

distanced his more cumbersome competitors. One bright and beautiful morning as the minister mounted his horse after the close of the Sunday service and rode sedately away from the meeting house a gay young man drew up behind him on the speediest of the farm horses. Instantly the minister's horse pricked up his ears and with head high in air dashed down the road at a pace quite horrifying to the good man. In vain he jerked at the bridle, in vain he shouted, "Whoa there, whoa there, John Henry!" Neck and neck the two horses galloped down the stretch, which seemed to the minister to be lined with the sons of his parishioners, each waving his hat and shouting, "The Domine 'll beat! The Domine 'll beat!"

But the reign of these worldly pleasures was exceedingly brief and not at all exacting. The Messrs. Carpenter by whom young Smith was employed were Universalists and with great persistence they sought to convert the young man to their point of view. They were not successful, but it was, perhaps, their very zeal which pointed out the way of life for the future missionary. In order to successfully combat their arguments he studied the Scriptures so zealously that he was converted in May, 1828, joining the Congregational church at Swanton on the 6th of the July following. This important point of his life may be best described in his own words:

"From the time of my conversion I had an impression that I ought to qualify for the ministry. This increased until December 1, 1828, when I was induced to leave my trade and commence study. During the winter I attended a district school. In March, 1829, I visited an uncle in Canada, a physician, where I studied chemistry about four weeks, then returned home. After my return, having received encouragement from the Reverend E. H. Dorman, I commenced the study of Latin at St. Albans academy, May 5, 1829, continuing throughout the season."

It was during this term that the young prospective preacher became acquainted with Miss Arvilla Almira Powers, whom he afterward married. This lady was a cousin of Hiram Powers, the sculptor, and of John Brown, the abolitionist.

Of his courtship and marriage he quaintly wrote:

"In the fall of 1829 I became acquainted with a young lady of this place. She was small of stature and poor in the things of this world, but she possessed a mind capacious and well stored with useful knowledge. She was pious, kind to all and generous-hearted. Such beauties inclined me to offer my hand on November 1, after a considerable acquaintance, which offer was cordially received, and on November 25

we mutually agreed that when I should have got through my studies we would join hands for life. The next morning I started for Russelltown, Lower Canada, to the teaching of a winter school."

Returning from Canada in April, 1830, he wrote in his diary:

"On the 16th I visited my friend in St. Albans and there found all things agreeable to my mind."

Miss Powers was teaching school at a distance from her home and Mr. Smith went to board with her father's family.

"June 15, 1830," he writes in his diary, "she was brought home very ill, which gave rise to a series of thoughts unknown to my breast until now."

The condition of her health and other circumstances induced the young couple to marry sooner than they had intended, and accordingly they were united in wedlock on July 4, 1830, by the Reverend Worthington Smith.

The young student was poor, and taught school to support his family and prosecute his studies for the ministry. Having married before his ordination he feared the great ambition of his life might not be attained at all. Some of his friends encouraged him to continue his studies, while others discouraged him; but he struggled on teaching day schools and evening singing schools. His wife aided materially by sewing and teaching and they economized in all things except affection. He secured a school at Alburgh, Vermont, where they began housekeeping.

On June 13, 1831, Mr. Smith joined a temperance society at Alburgh, and this was the beginning of a life-long advocacy of temperance. On July 12, following, he made his first appearance as a public speaker, delivering a temperance address of so uncompromising a nature that he was afterward roughly treated by a disorderly mob which made a premeditated attack on him.

Early the next April Mr. Smith began attending a course of theological lectures by the Reverend Worthington Smith, whom he described as "a very learned and pious man."

About that time the cry of "Westward, ho," rang through the Green Mountain State and Mr. Smith caught the fever. He continued his studies for the time being, unable to start directly for the West on account of the delicate health of Mrs. Smith. George Nelson, their first child, was born in St. Albans June 20, 1832.

Ohio had been designated as the end of their journey, but in May, 1833, a colony of Congregationalists, to whom he was to preach, had

formed to start for Michigan and Mr. Smith determined to come with them. The little boy was then nearly one year old. Mrs. Smith's health was well established, and they were both ambitious to see the new country. For some reason not understood at this late day, the colony did not materialize; but Mr. Smith and his family, including Mrs. Smith's sister, Miss Jane Powers, who afterward became the wife of the Hon. D. D. McMartin, a pioneer resident of Kalamazoo, left St. Albans, May 8, 1833, for the Territory of Michigan. They crossed Lake Champlain by steamer, took the Northern and Western canal to Buffalo, crossed Lake Erie to Detroit by steamer, upon which Mr. Smith took deck passage, while Mrs. Smith, Miss Powers and the baby occupied the cabin. Arriving at Detroit Mr. Smith found himself possessed of exactly $1.06, but fortunately they met an old Vermont acquaintance, who took them to the only hotel, a log cabin kept by a Frenchman. To meet expenses, Mr. Smith sold his watch for $5.50. He found a teamster who was willing to take the family across the State to Gull Prairie for $20, payment being guaranteed by Mr. Smith's friend.

The roads were wretched and the discomforts and hardships of the trip were almost unendurable. For a week the little family battled with the tortures of the lumber wagon, prying wheels out of mud holes, eating poor fare from boxes, exposed to rain, sleeping in the wagon or on shanty floors. The entire trip from Vermont occupied twenty-one days, and cost about $70, a sum much larger than was anticipated.

Arriving at Gull Prairie they were appalled at the amount of sickness among the pioneers who had preceded them. Bilious fever, typhoid fever, and fever and ague of a kind and intensity which shook the hardiest, were raging in every family. Not a house or even a room could be obtained; but a home was found with a Presbyterian minister, who, on learning of the new arrivals, hastened to them and offered a home in return for their help. His wife and children were ill with fever and ague and he was putting up a barn and could get no help. The Smiths remained with the family until fall when they rented a room that had been used as an office. It was large and convenient, with a large brick fireplace, and the family were very comfortable there.

The first three years in Michigan were trying ones. Mr. Smith taught school when he could find one to teach and at other times worked at the carpenter's trade for $1 per day. At this early day very little building was going on in the southwestern part of the Territory of Michigan. The town of Marshall consisted of but two log houses; Jackson was known mainly by its one hotel—a poor one; Kalamazoo was but a sug-

gestion of a place and Grand Rapids was mainly an Indian trail with a trading post of the American Fur Company and a mission for the Ottawa Indians in charge of the Reverend L. Slater, a Baptist missionary.

Work was being carried on on the University of Michigan buildings, but Western Michigan was almost a trackless forest.

The winter following Mr. Smith was appointed agent to distribute bibles in Kalamazoo county. He also preached when he could find hearers. For a time the family escaped the ravages of the prevailing diseases, but with the coming of spring the plague was upon them. Miss Powers, who was teaching school a few miles away, was brought home on a bed, being very ill with bilious fever. Mrs. Smith was also down with the fever, and while still very ill gave birth to a little son, which wept feebly and died.

The problem of living became a serious one. Mr. Smith, although small in physique, was strong and wiry, and possessed of boundless energy and endurance. He worked like a slave days and studied nights, never forgetting his great aim. When not ill with the ague Mrs. Smith earned a little by taking in sewing when she could find opportunity. In August, 1835, Mr. Smith received a request to preach in Plainwell and Otsego alternately, with the prospect of getting support from the Congregational Home Missionary Society, then in its infancy, and the family moved to Plainwell the same month.

Arriving there they found their only shelter to be the frame of a building, which Mr. Smith boarded up with his own hands with green lumber fresh from the mill. There were no doors or windows and no material for the building of a chimney. Quilts were hung in the doorway and window openings and about these flimsy screens wolves howled nightly. In order to keep the ferocious beast at a safe distance a big log fire was kept blazing throughout the night. Such meager fare as the young housewife found to prepare was cooked over the fire built out of doors. The house was so damp that the bedding was saturated nightly and had to be hung outside to dry each morning. Water for domestic purposes was brought from a well a quarter of a mile away.

They occupied this house until October, when the owner took possession. Then a subscription was circulated and enough money was raised to buy an acre of ground, lumber was donated and there was a grand turnout for a house-raising for the young student of theology. The frame went up in one day, but it was a month or more before it was enclosed as the lumber had to be drawn from the mill fifteen miles over rough roads. Of course, the lumber was green and this courageous fam-

ily again began the dangerous task of seasoning it. In this house there was neither door, window or chimney, but a fire was built on a spot left floorless, the smoke escaping from a hole in the roof directly above.

The natural sequence was soon apparent: Both children—for at this time there was a third child, a little daughter, Mary Jane—were stricken with pneumonia. They lingered between life and death for many weeks, but finally recovered.

The latter part of December, realizing that it would be impossible to get brick, Mr. Smith put up a stick chimney. A clay hearth was beaten down and a door and window placed.

Then followed a dreary winter in which starvation threatened. The Home Missionary Society was limited in its means and the farmers were poor and well-nigh helpless. In addition, the house was located at a crossroad greatly traveled for those days and many weary and hungry wayfarers had to be fed and sheltered. Merchants and landlookers laid siege to the hospitality of the poor young couple. Often when one meal was eaten there was absolutely nothing for the next. Yet many instances might be related of a replenishing of the food supply that, while not so miraculous as the descent of manna for the sustenance of the Children of Israel, were quite as unexpected. The relation of a few such instances will suffice:

One afternoon two gentlemen on their way to New York dropped in to stay all night. One was the late Judge F. J. Littlejohn and the other a minister. There was nothing in the house to eat except potatoes and flour. Retiring to her attic, which was her closet for prayer, Mrs. Smith poured out an appeal for help from the only possible source. Then she descended, prepared her potatoes, put them in the pot and placed the tea-kettle over the fire. While thus engaged a knock came at the door. She opened it. There stood a distant neighbor with a large piece of beef. He said: "I was tired to death, Mrs. Smith, but, somehow, I felt that I simply must come."

Another time Mr. Smith, who was busy organizing a Congregational association, came home after a few days' absence bringing six gentlemen —four ministers and two delegates. They were to have dinner, then go on to Marshall to organize. Again there was nothing in the house but potatoes and flour and a tiny bit of butter; but the resourceful wife of the pioneer was equal to the occasion. She had no stove and her cooking utensils consisted of a teakettle, a three-quart kettle and a frying pan. Her kettle was not big enough to cook potatoes in for so large a company, so she washed and dried the tubers and spread them on the

hearth and covered them with hot ashes. Then she made a dough of water and flour, pounded it until it was velvety, rolled it into thin pieces and baked it as she did the potatoes. The little boy was sent to a neighbor's for milk, from which a gravy was made and, when the dinner was served, the guests declared it one of the best they had ever tasted; so the hostess felt amply repaid for her hospitality.

The next year matters brightened a little. The congregation was getting too large for the little log church and a new building was under consideration. Not only the Sunday services but the midweek prayer meetings were well attended and there was a society of intelligent and well-educated people. The Home Missionary Society sent $100 for the year and pledged a like amount for the coming year.

On Friday, February 5, 1836, the young student was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of St. Joseph, Mich, at Bronson, Mich., and nine days later he held his first regular service at Comstock. He organized Congregational churches at Gull Prairie, Otsego, Plainwell, Gun Plains and other places, in all of which he preached. It was his custom then to hold three services each Sunday—forenoon, afternoon and evening—and for years Mr. Smith preached three times each Sunday, often to congregations miles apart. January 13, 1837, he was regularly appointed to do missionary work, stationed at Plainwell, and was to receive a salary of $200 per year and voluntary contributions. February 1, 1837, he attended and took an important part in a State convention of the Michigan Total Abstinence Society at Marshall, which was attended by many of the most influential men in the State. He assisted in organizing the first Congregational Association in Michigan, at Richland (Gull Prairie), March 2, 1837. The constitution and bond of union, which were there adopted with scarcely any alteration, he drafted. April 7, 1837, Mr. Smith was ordained by this Association by Rev. A. S. Ware, which made him the first Congregational minister ordained in the State of Michigan. Rev. James Ballard was the second. It was during this year that the conviction grew upon him that he was called to labor in behalf of the Indian. The first mention of this conviction is in the diary under date of October 7, 1837, in which he states that it had existed for a long time. About that time a company of Ottawa and Ojibway Indians, under the direction of Chief Shin-e-kos-che and Chief Wauk-a-zoo, came down from Middlevillage, Emmet county, Michigan, in search of a missionary. They had been under the direct tutelage of the Jesuits, but were not satisfied and were desirous of embracing Protestantism. They had learned of Mr. Smith's ministerial labors from

Indians passing up and down the State on their regular migrations. A meeting was planned at Allegan and Mr. Smith attended. At this meeting Chief Wauk-a-zoo made an impassioned speech, vividly portraying the desire of his people for the teachings of the Protestant faith. This speech was translated into English by Jas. Prickett, a half-breed Indian and Government interpreter. Mr. Smith was completely won by the fine rhetoric of the Red Man and the evident sincerity of the entire company. If scruples as to his life-work had ever before assailed him, they were entirely dispersed at that meeting, where savages came to plead for the light and life of Christianity. His heart was won. He cast his lot with them and to the day of his death he remained their true, unfaltering, unchanging friend. He believed himself delegated by the Almighty to accomplish a greater work in enlightening the benighted Indians than had ever yet been accomplished, and to this end he worked as faithfully and zealously as ever man labored.

In January, 1838, a meeting of Ottawa and Ojibway Indians was called at Allegan for the purpose of talking over a scheme for their colonization. Mr. Smith and many other white men who were interested in the welfare of the Indians attended. At this meeting the "Western Society of Michigan to Benefit the Indians" was organized, of which Mr. Smith was appointed general agent the following June. He at once went to work to perfect the colonization scheme, laboring night and day, often with no thought of his own welfare or that of his family. During the months which followed he traveled much, visiting different tribes of Indians, raising means and arousing interest. By December about thirty Indians with their families joined the movement and a partial organization was effected. Mr. Smith moved his family to a spot near Allegan and December 23d he preached his first sermon to Indians, in a temporary building erected for the purpose.

Following is a list of the Indians who with their families joined the colony: Shin-e-kos-che, A-ga-ma-non-in-wa and Joseph Wauk-a-zoo, who were chiefs and leaders. Shin-e-kos-che and A-ga-ma-non-in-wa were from Middlevillage, but Wauk-a-zoo was chief of an Ottawa tribe of great fur traders from the shores of Lake Winnipeg. Others were: Mik-saw-ba, Chin-gwan, Mose-nau, young Joseph and Peter Wauk-a-zoo, Shaw-shaw-gwa (Duck), Say-ke-che-wa-be-nah (Turn-him-out-doors), Po-neat, Pe-pe-gwa, Mi-in-gun (Wolf), Maish-quatch, Pe-ton-e-go-gee-zhik, Sa-wan-a-kwut (Yellow Cloud), Ning-we-gah (Old Wing), Win-do-go-wish (Good-for-nothing-giant), Sha-wan-e-se, Na-wa-gah-tah (Five Legs), Nah-me-gah-sa, Sha-wa-squah (green), Sah-be-qum, Se-sa-ge-mah, Kah-gah-make (Cat-

fish), Mus-ko-gwum (Red Feather), E-to-e-ge-zhik, Shin-e-ne-ga-gah and Pom-e-ge-zhik.

These Indians had long been under the instruction of Catholic priests, but many of their old-time habits remained. It was their custom to observe New Year's day by going about shooting off their guns into the air to drive away evil spirits for the year. Having performed this essential duty in the vicinity of each house, the Indians went about making New Year's calls. Entering, each one shook hands with each member of the family saying "Boo-zhoo, boo-zhoo!" with great cordiality; nor would they depart until they had received a trifling gift—a paper of pins, a bit of ribbon or a fried cake or other toothsome delicacy.

From the day he became inbued with the missionary spirit Mr. Smith began the study of the Indian language, and in a comparatively short time he had acquired a fair knowledge of it and was able to dispense with the offices of an interpreter for the Sunday services.

December 28, 1838, three days after having preached his first sermon to Indians, he opened his first Indian school, in the same building, with seven pupils in attendance. But the number increased daily until thirty or more were receiving instruction, their ages ranging from five to fifty years. This church-schoolhouse was built of basswood strips set up on end and was floorless. The earth was beaten down and in the center of the room a fire was kindled daily. When the fire warmed up the ground, frogs would work their way out and squat around the blaze in characteristic attitudes, a proceeding which would convulse a room full of white children, making lessons an impossibility, yet these dusky children of Nature saw nothing amusing in the actions of these prematurely active Batrachians. While Mr. Smith taught the men and boys Mrs. Smith instructed classes of Indian girls, using her kitchen for a schoolroom, giving instruction in reading, writing, spelling, sewing and cooking.

By spring the colony of thirty families had grown to three hundred and there was imperative need of a permanent organization and location. April 13, 1839, Mr. Smith and a party of Indians went on a prospecting trip which extended from the mouth of Black River to what is now known as Cross Village near Petoskey. This trip occupied four weeks and three days and was attended with perils by storm and flood. The Indians finally determined to locate on Black River, at a point about four miles east of the site of the present city of Holland, and during the summer months they moved there, Mr. Smith's family joining them

in August, a log house having been erected and prepared for their coming.

Months of toil and hardship followed. The winter at this mission was filled with trials severe enough to daunt the bravest heart. Provisions were short and, in the hope of replenishing them, Mr. Smith and a white neighbor, Mr. Cowles, started in a canoe for Allegan. The shortest route was a forest trail, but they went by water, hoping to brink back sufficient supplies to last until spring. They paddled down Black River for nine miles, thence to Lake Michigan and to the mouth of the Kalamazoo River and twenty miles up that waterway to Allegan, a total distance of fifty miles. Returning with provisions they were delayed by a heavy snowstorm on the lake, also meeting with additional delay from ice packs in the river, so that the trip consumed three weeks instead of two weeks as planned.

In the meantime Mrs. Smith and the children were reduced to a mere handful of potatoes for food and starvation stared them in the face. George, then only six years old, searched the river bank for a boat in which he might cross and possibly find food among some farmers. He found an old boat with a hole in the bottom and no paddles, but he patched up the bottom and was busily engaged making a paddle when his father and Mr. Cowles returned.

When spring and summer came Mr. Smith used to go on foot to Allegan and return with a sack of flour or cornmeal strapped to his back, topped off with a big chunk of pork. The trip was a hard one and when he reached his cabin the sweat would be dripping from his face.

This mission was named Old Wing, in honor of Old Wing, an aged Indian and pronounced Catholic. In time a large schoolhouse was built and the missionary's house was enlarged and made comfortable. The work of uplifting the Red Man was carried on at this place for ten years. Three months of the year were devoted to school and the remaining time was spent in clearing land, building and farming.

During all this time the life of the young missionary was one of responsibility and toil such as are experienced by few. He was preacher, teacher, judge and adviser-general combined, he doctored the sick and settled all disputes which arose among the members of the colony. His word among these simple people was law and there was no thought of deviating from the course which he laid down for them. His duties were varied and exacting and his reward was accumulating in Heaven.

In 1847 a colony of Hollanders from the Netherlands settled at the head of Black Lake. They were the advance guard of that vast army of

Dutch which came later to settle in Western Michigan. These people had set sail from the old country October 2, 1846, in the ship Southerner for New York, their purpose being to proceed to Wisconsin and there buy a tract of land, reserve a portion for the communal purposes of church and school and parcel out the remainder to settlers as they could pay for it.

The boat arrived the middle of November. The party, none of which understood the English language, was under the direction of the Reverend A. C. Van Raalte. While in New York Mr. Van Raalte met a countryman who had traveled extensively in the Western States and who asked him why he wished to go into the absolute wilderness of Wisconsin. He advised him to go to Michigan, which already had railroads, was developing rapidly and was near to market. The party lingered for a time in New York, then went on to Buffalo, thence by boat to Detroit. But navigation had closed for the season and a boat route to Wisconsin was not available. Van Raalte, therefore, found lodgings for his family uptown and temporary shelter for his followers in an old warehouse. Employment was given many of the men by the captain who had brought them from Buffalo and who was building a boat at St. Clair. Relieved of the responsibility of the immediate necessities of his flock, Mr. Van Raalte set about a systematic study of the situation. In some manner his attention had been directed to this locality about Black River, where the Reverend Mr. Smith was located. He started out immediately on a prospecting tour, and early in December arrived at the home of Mr. Smith, who greeted him cordially and gave him a home for three weeks while he was investigating the possibilities of the country. He was initiated into the mysteries of snowshoes and, piloted and accompanied by Mr. Smith and a party of Indians, traversed the country for miles about Old Wing Mission. Mr. Smith was accustomed to the hardships of winter travel in the forests, but the man from the Land of Dykes was altogether a novice in the deep woods. Yet with dogged perseverance he would blunder along on his snowshoes until the physical effort overcame him, when he would sink down, crying out, "I can no more, I can no more!" Then would the husky Indians lift him to the sled which carried provisions for the party and willingly drag him over the snow the remainder of the day. But he was an apt pupil, and soon learned the meaning of the mysterious "blazes" on the trees by aid of which the pioneer landlooker threaded his way through seemingly impenetrable forests. Through the instruction of Mr. Smith he familiarized himself with the American system of townships, ranges and sections. He even

discovered the good quality of the soil by digging down through three feet of snow.

He returned to Detroit, and accompanied by his family and other friends, among whom was Mr. Grootenhuis, his right hand man, proceeded again to Old Wing Mission, in February, where the entire party was housed in the home of Mr. Smith until their own cabins were completed in the spring.

Much might be written of the trials entailed upon the missionary and his family by the influx into their small home of so large a company. Their house had been enlarged until it was of a comfortable size for themselves and the ordinary visitor; but there were fifteen extra persons to be sheltered and fed, a serious problem for many in more opulent circumstances, doubly serious for the poor missionary. But in those days the claims of hospitality were never disregarded. Mrs. Smith gave up her parlor to the strangers and they cooked their own meals and slept as best they could. The church building was also utilized for lodgings. Shelter was thus made possible, but the ways of the strangers were different from those of the New Englanders. In the morning the good vrouws would empty out their night vessels, wash them and stir up their pancake batter in them; and the housekeeper from Vermont could never witness this performance without being overcome with nausea. There were other habits, also, similar in nature, but of which delicacy forbids a description. Yet these people were educated and respectable. From their point of view there was no indecency implied or intended.

Mr. Smith not only extended to the strangers within his gates all the courtesies possible but also gave them material aid by instructing the Indians to help them clear the land. In those days the Indians of the Mission were always ready and willing to do whatever their missionary asked them to do. They were like obedient children, honest and faithful, and they began immediately to clear the land for the newcomers. Day after day they would swing the ax and fell the great forest trees, piling them in windrows and burning them.

But almost from the beginning there was discord between the two races. The Dutch people were inclined to impose on the Indians. When the latter went South to the vicinity of St. Joseph and Michigan City to hunt and fish as was their custom, the Hollanders appropriated their copper and brass kettles, took possession of their fields, gathering their corn and beans and converting them to their own use. No doubt their actions were inspired by a desperation born of their necessity

instead of a spirit of lawlessness, but, whatever their motive, the Indians did not take kindly to such deeds and when they returned to their farms in the late summer there was trouble. Moreover, there were other difficulties. The Indians claimed that the habits of the Dutch were so filthy that they could not live near them. A chief cause of complaint was the pollution of their wells by the Dutch women when they went to draw water. Scarcely a day passed when the missionary was not called upon to pacify some member of his mission who felt that he had been imposed upon by some one of the newcomers.

The relations between these two peoples, finally became so strained that, after much persuasion, Mr. Smith was induced to look up another site for his mission. With Chief Peter Wauk-a-zoo and family he again set his face northward in the spring of 1848, the party going up the coast as far north as Mackinaw, investigating and surveying sites and possible locations.

Leelanau county was finally decided upon and the party returned to Old Wing and made ready for the removal of the entire colony, which was accomplished in the following summer.

The Indians obtained the land about Old Wing Mission from the Government and when it was decided to move away they sold out to the Dutch, the deeds, which were made out by Mr. Smith, having been filed at Ionia, the nearest land office.

The Indians migrated in canoes and Mackinaw boats; but Mr. Smith and family, Mr. James McLaughlin and family and Mr. Wm. Case and family, seventeen persons in all, made the trip in greater comfort in the little schooner Hiram Merrill, purchased in Chicago for the purpose. Mr. McLaughlin was the Indian farmer and Mr. Case was his assistant. Those who formed the party on that memorable occasion were the following: Mr. and Mrs. Smith and their children, George, Mary, Arvilla and Annie; Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin and children, James, Robert and Charles, who were the sons of the first Mrs. McLaughlin, who was Mrs. Smith's cousin, and Miss Laura, who was the daughter of the second Mrs. McLaughlin, who was Mr. Case's sister; Mr. and Mrs. Case and daughter, Mina; Captain Huntley who handled the vessel, and Leonard Venice, deckhand. Of this company of people only two are living in Northport today, i. e., Mary Smith, who is now Mrs. Wolfe, and Arvilla Smith, who is now Mrs. Powers.

The stock, consisting of four cattle, three horses and three calves, was driven up the beach by George Pierson, Frank Whiting and John

Drewyar, who forded streams, wallowed through swamps and cut a trail, where necessary, through the dense wilderness.

The boats hugged the shore and the only places where there were signs of civilization were at Grand Haven, where the Ferry family were in charge of a mission, and at Manistee, where Mr. Canfield had erected a sawmill. The Ferrys had for years been kind and tried friends.

Mr. Smith had planned on his initial trip to locate at Cathead Point, where he had landed, surveyed a site and named it Louisville, after Louis Mik-saw-ba, an Indian of the mission, but it was finally decided to locate on Grand Traverse Bay, and on June 12, 1849, the schooner Merrill entered what is now known as Northport harbor and cast anchor in the lovely, peaceful waters of the bay, after weathering a severe storm. The landing was made about a mile north of the center of the present site of the town, on a small point, which was immediately named "Point Lookout." The first religious service ever held in Leelanau county was participated in a few moments after the party landed. Gathering his followers about him, Mr. Smith read a portion of Scripture, offered up a prayer of thanksgiving and gratitude for the safe termination of the trip and led in the singing of a hymn of praise to the Creator.

The virgin forest was dense and almost impenetrable, extending to the beach, but willing hands and sharp axes were brought into play and a temporary shelter was made from logs and the seats of the Old Wing schoolhouse which had been brought by the schooner. Over this was thrown an ingrain carpet, the gift of a missionary society, and the interior was thickly carpeted with hemlock boughs. The cook stove was set up out of doors.

Three weeks were spent at this camping point while a permanent home was being built a short distance south of the camp. Indians and white men worked at the task of felling timber, stripping bark and hewing the trunks into squares. In one day the missionary's house, built of poplar logs, was set up, even to the rafters; but it was several weeks before the living rooms and the two bedrooms were ready for occupancy, as the schooner Merrill had to make a trip to Traverse City for the flooring, sash, doors and casing. This log house, which was afterward greatly enlarged and improved by the addition of other rooms, and of clapboards and paint, remained the family home for over fifty years, and is still standing, although removed a few feet from the original site to make way for a railroad.

While the log house was being erected a few rods from the shore, a thick growth of cedars which entirely obscured the view of the water was removed, a considerable space was cleared and shrubbery and fruit trees which had been brought from Old Wing were set out. These apple trees, brought by the missionary, were the first fruit trees set out in Leelanau county except a few seedling apples which grew in a field owned by Muck-a-ta-wa-be-go-no-che (Black Mouth), an Indian, a mile back from the beach. This field was the only clearing in the county at that time.

Thus was started the first settlement in Leelanau county.

Services, attended by the three white families and the Indians, were held each Sunday in the open air, canopied only by the waving boughs. By fall an additional room was built and services were held indoors throughout the winter. The next spring a small but comfortable log building was erected for the usual purposes of church and school. Years afterward Thomas White Ferry made his maiden speech in this building for political honors.

Mr. McLaughlin built his home on the bank of the creek which runs through the center of the town of Northport and Mr. Chase built near by. These three men were the first white settlers in Leelanau county. Their nearest neighbors were the Reverend Peter Dougherty, in charge of a Presbyterian mission at Old Mission, Grand Traverse county, twenty miles away, and Sho-bos-son, a Chippewa chief, who, with his followers, lived at what is now known as Omena (a-point-beyond). These Indians were all Catholic except the chief. Five years later Joseph Dame, of Old Mission, located at Northport, securing the site formerly occupied by Mr. McLaughlin, who had moved to Elk Rapids, and Mr. Case, who had also moved away. Later the Reverend Mr. Dougherty located at Omena in charge of the Indian school, which was maintained by the Government.

In 1851 Mr. Smith purchased about 200 acres of land about his home, sending his son George to Ionia, the nearest land office, to perfect the purchase. A village was then laid out and called Waukazooville, after the Ottawa chief, Peter Wauk-a-zoo. When a new element had grown up and become strong the name was changed to Northport, by which it is still known.

The first few years spent in the Northland by the missionary and his family were repetitions of former pioneer experiences except that they no longer suffered want. Support was becoming systematic. As time went on white settlers came to the little hamlet to locate and the In-

dians eventually sold their holdings and moved back from the town.

Two and one-half miles west, on the high bluffs overlooking Lake Michigan Mr. Smith re-established the Old Wing Mission which flourished for many years. The Indian town which clustered about it was called Nomineseville and was made up almost entirely of the Carp River, or Claybank band of Ottawa Indians, who had always been Protestants. A Government school was established and white teachers were employed.

Mr. Smith organized a Congregational church society among the white settlers at the "Bight," a few miles north of Northport at the head of the bay, and held services at these two missions and at Northport where he also organized a Congregational church among the whites when a sufficient number had settled there to make the establishment of a church society possible.

The first years of his life at Northport were devoted entirely to the interests of the Indians but with the coming of the white settlers his scope of usefulness broadened. For many years he was physician and surgeon—the only one obtainable—and his services were given gladly and gratuitously. Before the establishment of the courts he was invariably called upon to settle disputes over money and property matters and his decisions were accepted without murmur.

Soon after the establishment of the mission at Nomineseville, Mr. Smith was appointed official interpreter with a Government salary of $400 per year and he held this office until his death. As the population increased in the county his labors and responsibilities increased also. When the entire Grand Traverse region was but one county he served as probate judge and when it was divided he was the first Treasurer of Leelanau county. He was coroner, justice of the peace, supervisor—in fact, during his long residence he held, at one time or another, nearly all the township and county offices. As a politician, however, he was not always successful because of his unswerving honesty and absolute incorruptibility. He was upright from principle and policy never moved him. No hope of gain ever induced him to countenance party intrigue and for this reason he was often cruelly misjudged. In politics he was a Whig until the birth of the Republican party, when he affiliated with it and remained a radical and loyal Republican until his death.

But while devoting himself to the varied interests of humanity in general he never forgot his duty to his family. As a husband and father he was firm yet kind, demanding implicit obedience after the old patri-

archal fashion. While his children were small he and Mrs. Smith taught them, but when they became of a suitable age provision was made for their higher education. His eldest daughter, Mary, married early in life, Payson, the only son of Chief Mi-in-gun (Wolf) and Charlotte Wauk-a-zoo, sister of Chief Wauk-a-zoo. The marriage was solemnized July 29, 1851, the ceremony having been performed by Mr. Smith in his home. Perhaps no other act in Mr. Smith's life brought to him the severe and persistent criticism caused by this marriage. Yet his critics may not have taken into consideration the circumstances which combined to urge him to acquiesce in this unusual union. The young suitor for the hand of his daughter was the only child of a proud, brave and haughty chief who boasted a long line of honorable ancestry. Chief Mi-in-gun was gray-eyed and yellow-haired, an inheritance from a white grandmother. His family was noted for courage even among a people characteristically brave.

Charlotte Wauk-a-zoo (Kin-ne-qua) Payson's mother, was also a descendent of a long line of chiefs noted for their bravery and honesty. In some ways they held the white people in contempt. She delighted in relating tales of the old days before the white man came to civilize the Indians, and it was her boast that theft was unknown before his advent. She was in many ways a remarkable woman. From her grandmother, a beautiful French captive, she inherited not only curly hair, but a dash of the volubility and enthusiasm characteristic of the Latin races. She was a beautiful woman with fine, easy manners and a stately carriage. In religion she was an ardent Catholic having belonged to a tribe of Ottawa Indians from Lake Winnipeg where the early Jesuits made many converts. Her people were healers or medicine men, but their cures were accomplished not by incantations or horrid rites but by the administration of medicines made from roots and herbs. She was an indefatigable worker and her cures of such so-called incurable chronic maladies as cancer, scrofula and kindred diseases were marvelous. Chief Mi-in-gun died young from an accidental dose of poison, but Charlotte lived, a widow, to a great age.

The Smith children from infancy had known almost no other playmates but Indians, who were their constant associates. They had been taught that the Indians were as good as the white people—that all were children of God—small wonder then that the fair-haired daughter of the missionary loved the brave young son of the chief. The girl's parents did not yield easily. The mother rebelled and in her closet prayed that the marriage might be prevented. But the father was face to face with

the terrible problem. He had taught absolute equality between the races. The young man who wished to marry his daughter was moral and upright. If Mr. Smith refused his consent he knew that his life work would be ended. His influence among the Indians would be gone. Yet it was not a question of choosing between his ambition and the sacrifice of his daughter. It was wholly a matter of conscience and his Calvanistic training triumphed. He gave his consent to the marriage.

Payson Wolf (Wolfe) built a comfortable home for his bride. Their first child was born May 23, 1852. Mr. Wolfe was a farmer. After the civil war broke out he enlisted and served three years as a member of Co. K, 1st Regiment, Michigan Sharpshooters, and participated in many battles. He was taken prisoner, having daringly exposed himself, early in the seige of Petersburg. He spent three weeks in Libby prison and was then transferred to Andersonville, where he remained until the close of the war, nearly ten months in all. When taken a prisoner he was a man of fine physique, weighing nearly 200 pounds, but he emerged a physical wreck, weighing only a little over sixty pounds.

Mrs. Wolfe became the mother of thirteen children, ten of whom are living. When her youngest child was a mere babe, Mrs. Wolfe secured a divorce on account of habits which her husband had acquired while he was a soldier. Mr. Wolfe accompanied by his mother, went to Cross Village, Mich., and continued to live there until his death in December, 1900. His mother remained with him as long as she lived. He drew a pension from the United States government for many years and being as industrious as the state of his health permitted, he acquired considerable property. He never married again.

The children of this union were, generally speaking, of unusual ability. In school they outstripped their associates and they exhibited a marked tendency to music and the arts. Some are musicians while several of them became newspaper and general writers.

The other children of the Smith family received college training being sent to Olivet, Oberlin, Ohio, and Urbana, Ohio. George, the eldest child and only son, graduated in theology and medicine and was converted to the Swedenborgian faith. He became a clergyman of that faith. He was twice married. His first wife was Miranda M. Wyman, whom he married August 26, 1860, at Grand Rapids, and who died June 28, 1867, leaving an infant son, who died shortly after, and a daughter, Louise Edith, who is now Mrs. James A. Weeks, of Muskegon. He was again married December 23, 1868, at Rochester, Wis., to Seddie A. Powers, a distant relative of his mother. He died Jan. 11, 1897, leaving a widow,

five children and ten grandchildren. Mrs. Wolfe is the mother of ten living children and eleven grandchildren. The second daughter, Arvilla, was twice married, her first husband being Joseph Voice, an Englishman, whom she married July 4, 1858, and who died May 10, 1892, leaving eight children. Thirty-four grandchildren are numbered among his descendants. Mrs. Voice was married the second time, April 25, 1898, to Albert Powers, her first cousin. Annie, the third daughter and youngest of the family, became the wife of Eli C. Tuttle, at Holland, June 30, 1869. She died in Brooklyn, N. Y., March 8, 1885, and is survived by her husband and one daughter, Helen, who is now Mrs. Chauncy R. Perry, of Waltham, Mass., and the mother of three children.

In his younger days Mr. Smith was greatly opposed to secret societies; later in life he became so impressed with their usefulness that in 1869 he joined the Masons. This step is believed to have set in motion the chain of events which culminated in his withdrawal from the Congregational church. The sentiment against masonry was most bitter at that time, and his action in joining the society was assailed openly and in secret by many of his brother ministers, some of whom, even while they plotted, did not hesitate to lodge under his roof and eat at his hospitable table. In 1872 he withdrew from the Congregational Association and united Old Wing Mission with the Presbyterian Board. But the disaffection spread even among the Indians of his mission and he was succeeded in his labors by the Reverend Mr. Barnard at Nomineseville and the Reverend Mr. Kirkland at Northport and the "Bight." Later some of the disaffected Indians repented and made efforts to regain the old relations. In a measure they were successful and again the missionary preached to the people he loved so well and had served so untiringly. The Reverend Peter Dougherty having moved to other fields Mr. Smith preached in the little old wooden church at Omena. This building still stands.

Considered intellectually Mr. Smith was far above the average and although his life was spent almost entirely among the humble race whose spiritual necessities appealed to him, there were few, if any, subjects in the whole range of art, science and literature upon which he was not able to converse entertainingly. Always a student he delved not only into the mazes of history and science, but he was a devoted reader and kept well up with the times by a thorough perusal of the papers and periodicals of the day.

His Puritan education sometimes made him appear harsh and unrelenting, but his heart was as tender and affectionate as a child's. Human

woe, the suffering of the dumb beast, always appealed to him and roused him to best effort to alleviate. He was a kind, attentive, solicitous and liberal husband and father and he took upon himself not only the care and education of his own children, but of a number of his grandchildren as well. Always hospitable, his home, particularly after the building had expanded and was provided with furnishings suggestive of luxury, was rarely without one or more guests, whose stay often lengthened into weeks and occasionally into months.

The writer of this sketch enjoyed the great privilege of living in the home of this kind Christian gentleman from her childhood to her marriage and she has no difficulty in recalling more than one summer when an average of eight guests were housed from June 1 to September 1. Sometimes the number of guests reached fifteen. Horses, boats and the fruits and flowers of the garden were all at their disposal.

Out of the virgin forest this man of tender heart and inflexible will had hewn a beautiful home and about it were many acres of cultivated land. The practical work of the farm, drudgery for many studious men, was his delight and the fruits of his labor were spread around with a liberal hand.

Long before it was felt that he could be spared, years before his life-work was completed, if such a task ever can be completed, the Angel of Death came to bear him away to the pearl-paved streets of the Heaven he loved so well to describe and into the presence of the Creator he venerated. April 5, 1881, he died after a ten days' illness from Bright's disease and his funeral, held three days later, was attended not only by his relatives and the citizens of Northport, but by great numbers of Indians, many of whom had driven fifty or sixty miles in order to place a kiss upon the face of their old minister in accordance with Indian custom. Most impressive was the sight and one not easily forgotten. Tall and rugged chieftains, followed by their dark-faced wives, advanced in single file to the casket wherein reposed the remains of their faithful leader. Bending low and gazing intently as if to fix forever upon their memory the features of their dead, each one in turn pressed his lips reverently to the pale forehead. And when they turned away tears were coursing down their cheeks.

Not far from the beautiful home he loved so well he rests in eternal sleep and by his side repose the remains of his beloved wife, who was reunited with him April 16, 1895.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith celebrated their golden wedding the summer before his death. Of the ten children born to them six died at birth or

in infancy, death being caused no doubt by the rigors of pioneer life endured by the mother. Two are still living, Mrs. Mary J. Wolfe and Mrs. Arvilla Powers, both residents of Northport. There are twenty-four grandchildren and fifty-five great grandchildren—eighty-one descendants—to hold him in loving remembrance.

MEN AND EVENTS IN WASHINGTON DURING AND AFTER THE CIVIL WAR.

BY EDWARD W. BARBER.[1]

My services as reading clerk of the national house of representatives in Washington commenced at the first session of the 38th congress, in December, 1863, and continued until the close of the 40th congress on March 3, 1869, covering the latter part of the civil war and the period of the reconstruction of the Union—the end of an old and the beginning of a new era of American history. Writing, mainly, from personal recollections of that eventful time, my observations are necessarily of a discursive character, with neither logical nor chronological coherence or continuity.

Almost forty years have passed away since I went to Washington for the first time. Life had not reached its noon. The sunset slope

[1] Edward Wilmot Barber was born in Benson, Rutland county, Vermont, July 3, 1828; came to Michigan and with his father's family settled in Vermontville, Eaton county, in October, 1839. After that, attended the district school, in a log school house, during terms of three months each for three winters and one term of four months at the Vermontville academy in the winter of 1846-7. On the first day of November, 1847, commenced learning the art of printing in the Expounder office at Marshall, Mich., serving an apprenticeship of three years and worked at his trade in Detroit, Kalamazoo and other places. In 1854 set the first type, made up the first forms, and was the first city editor of the Detroit Daily Democrat, the original free soil daily paper in Michigan. In 1857 was appointed assistant clerk in the Michigan house of representatives at Lansing; served in the same capacity in 1859; and at the sessions of 1861 and 1863 was elected clerk of the house. In 1860 and 1862 was elected clerk, and in 1864 register of deeds of Eaton county. At the commencement of the 38th congress, in December, 1863, was appointed an assistant clerk of the national house of representatives at Washington, and served as reading clerk during the 38th, 39th and 40th congresses, resigning in March, 1869, to accept the appointment of supervisor of internal revenue for the district of Michigan and Wisconsin, and held that office for nearly four years. In March, 1873, was appointed third assistant postmaster general by President Grant, and served until May, 1877, when he voluntarily resigned and retired from official life. Mr. Barber has resided in Vermontville, Marshall, Detroit, Kalamazoo, Charlotte and Jackson ever since coming to Michigan. Since 1880 he has been editorial writer on the Jackson Daily Patriot, and for the past twelve years has been, and still is, the editor of that paper and president of the Jackson Patriot Company. For the past ten years he has been a member of and a frequent contributor to the collections of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society, and in January, 1906, a member of its committee of historians.

was an untried path. The glamour that seemed to be associated with an official position at the national capitol has faded away. Distance and aspiration lent an enchantment that nearness and possession dissipated. True, a place may bring honor to its occupant, or it may bring only a dishonorable notoriety. The real honor comes from a faithful and an honest discharge of its duties, and not from the mere exaltation of an individual to an official position. He who seeks office merely to gratify personal ambition, seeks it unworthily, and the honors "like Dead Sea apples turn to ashes on the lips." But he who takes an office because asked to do so by his fellow-citizens—they having faith in his fitness and confidence in his integrity—and then faithfully performs the trust, takes it worthily, and the honor upon him is worthily bestowed.

As if but yesterday I remember the evening that I stepped from the cars, and following the inflowing tide of humanity, walked up Washington avenue to the Washington house. At the left stood the Capitol —that Mecca towards which the hopes and ambitions of most American politicians tend. How grandly, in my eyes, it loomed up in the evening air—the great white goal of many a lofty ambition, and of many a lamentable failure. How few of any generation in the babble of debate achieve distinction! The superb dome, standing out white and distinct against the sky, surmounted by the goddess of liberty, seemed no more majestic then than it does now; and so perfectly does it meet the requirements of grandeur and beauty combined that one can look at it for the thousandth time with increased admiration. The prominent public men of that time are all dead, and those of a subsequent generation occupy their places.

A few words concerning the selection of Washington as the site for the national capitol are not inappropriate. It was selected in accordance with the original suggestion of President Washington. No doubt he was influenced in his preference by its nearness to his own state and home and his familiarity with the scenery along the Potomac. Mount Vernon was but twenty miles away, down the river; Bladensburg on the eastern branch of the river a few miles distant was a port of entry, and from its wharves vessels cleared for Europe laden with tobacco and other products of the soil, though it is impossible now to get with a canoe to the places where the ships received their cargoes. Alexandria enjoyed a lucrative trade with the West Indies, and there seemed to be for that section of the country a prosperous and magnificent future. Virginia ranked first among the states and her influence was all-power-

ful in the councils of the young republic. She had furnished the most honored name of the many great names that are associated with our revolutionary history. Washington had been commander-in-chief of the patriot army; the president of the convention that framed our constitution; and he was the first president chosen by the people. Twice he received the unanimous vote of the electors of all the states. It was not surprising that in the strife which prevailed in regard to locating the capital his suggestion was adopted.

In 1790 the act was passed by Congress for the removal and location of the capital, after the same acrimonious debate that has from that day to this characterized all proceedings in the national legislature when important local interests are involved, and in 1800 the seat of government was actually removed from Philadelphia. Then, ten years after the act was passed designating it as the capital, its population was only 3,210; while now, after a hundred years, it contains a population, made up of its permanent business residents, of politicians and contractors, of statesmen and those who would like to be called statesmen, of white and black and all the gradations of miscegenatory shades, of those who are in office and those who want to get an office, of claim agents, lobbyists and adventuresses, of about 250,000 souls, counting as souls everybody, regardless of the fact that there, as everywhere, can be found bodies wanting souls.

The city was laid out on military principles by Major L'Enfant, a French engineer. The streets running east and west are designated by letters and those running north and south by numbers; whilst, commencing at the Capitol as one center and the White House as the other, broad avenues, named after the original states, radiate and cross the streets diagonally. Wherever the avenues intersect street crossings open spaces are left, and recently these have been enclosed as circular or triangular parts and ornamented with trees, flowers and fountains. For breathing spaces the city is better provided than is any other one in America.

Evidently the French engineer had no regard for economy, but sacrificed it to the military idea. At that time and for seventy years later it had no beauty. With the end of the civil war and the growth of the country, improvements were absolutely necessary, in order that the city might become, in some respects besides its name, worthy to be the capital of a great nation. Down to about thirty years ago, except as to its public buildings, it would have disgraced any country of the civilized world. Owing to the grand scale on which it was planned improve-

ments have been very expensive, and Washington cannot be maintained as a city that will arouse the pride of American citizens without constant and liberal aid from the general government. Now no finer avenues, streets and parks can be found anywhere; and to one man, a born leader, more than to all the rest of mankind, is the city indebted for its present condition; and yet he was howled down when the necessities of politics seemed to demand a victim.

Washington is not, like Rome, a seven-hilled city, yet it has its Capitoline Hill, commanding views that are rarely equaled. Standing on the west portico of the capitol a beautiful panorama stretches out before the spectator. Up the long line of Pennsylvania avenue, which is 160 feet wide, over a mile away, the eye rests on the colonnade of the treasury building, a granite structure 600 feet long by 200 feet wide. A little farther on, almost hidden among the trees, beyond the new state, war and navy departments, is the White House. Three miles distant are the heights of Georgetown, on which the buildings of the College loom up with wonderful distinctness. In front, towards the Potomac, at this point about a mile wide, is an extensive part, containing the Agricultural department building and the Smithsonian Institute, the latter with its picturesque towers of medieval architecture, with superb drives widening through grounds made attractive by the hand of art; while nearer the river stands the column, tallest in the world, reared to the memory of Washington. At the left Maryland avenues stretches from the Capitol to the long bridge across the Potomac, and on the Virginia shore stands Arlington House, the former home of the great confederate soldier, Robert E. Lee. Its grounds are a national cemetery wherein rest the mortal remains of thousands of Union soldiers who laid down their mortal lives upon the battle-fields of Virginia. Adown the river seven miles, the sleepy old city of Alexandria, with the church built of brick brought from England in which Washington worshipped, appearing as if just emerging from the water, rests quietly on the Virginia shore, and back of, three miles inland, the tower of Fairfax Seminary rises in the air. In war time and later the hotel in which Col. Ellsworth was killed was a place of interest to visitors. From the point of view, at the right of Pennsylvania Avenue, the Postoffice Detpartment, the Patent office, the City Hall, and the best built portions of the city were plainly visible. Few places present a more attractive view than the one that is offered to the spectator from the west front of the Capitol, overlooking the treetops of the park at its immediate front and

stretching away till the vision rests on the Virginia hills, flecked with evergreens and notable because of historical associations.

In those days, in respect to erecting buildings only, Washington satisfied the ideas entertained concerning a national metropolis, even though its leading business is politics. The Capitol, the Patent Office, the Treasury Department, the Postoffice Department, the Smithsonian, the White House, and the newer building for the State, War and Navy Departments were fine structures. Only as the seat of government has Washington any importance.

The Capitol itself is imposing. The center building was commenced in 1792, the foundation laid by Washington. The extension was begun in 1851, its foundation laid by Millard Fillmore. The original building was constructed of yellow freestone, which was painted white; but the extensions are of white marble; the whole covering three and one-half acres of ground, being 737 feet in length and of irregular width. In the center is the rotunda, 96 feet in diameter, surmounted by an iron dome of grand proportions and unsurpassed beauty. At its summit stands Crawford's Statue of Liberty, the head of which is 287 feet above the basement. Statues by Persico and Greenough adorn the eastern front, and historical paintings ornament the walls of the rotunda, the wide halls and spacious stairways. On the walls of the rotunda are four paintings by Trumbull—the Signing of the Declaration of Independence, the Surrender of Burgoyne, the Surrender of Lord Cornwallis, and Washington Resigning his Commission at Annapolis; the Embarkation of the Pilgrims from Leyden, by Weir; the Landing of Columbus, by Vanderlyn; the Baptism of Pocahontas, by Chapman; and the Discovery of the Mississippi, by Powell. At the head of the grand stairway leading to the gallery of the house of representatives is an allegorical picture, done in fresco, by Leutze, illustrating Bishop Berkley's celebrated line—"Westward the star of empire takes its way"—and scattered throughout the great building are many other works of art. Greater attention seems to have been paid to matters of this kind formerly than in recent years, though there are indications of the beginning of the work of erecting monuments to the memory of our prominent men. If not the very best in all cases, these works of art, illustrative of American history, find a fitting place in the nation's capitol. It might be well to let the North Pole remain undiscovered, so far as spending public money is concerned, and give renewed attention to the more artistic embellishment of the capitol of the nation. The unseemly scramble by inferior artists for special orders or jobs should be avoided by the adoption of

some plan that will supply the very best works of art that American skill and genius can produce.

Except as a center of political agitation, plotting and counterplotting, Washington, unlike other American cities, has no distinct and peculiar life. The old city—founded by the first President of the Republic, died in 1861—then its old life passed away forever, not quietly and calmly, but with a struggle as fierce as the casting out of devils, and the new era has been too recent to admit of any distinct crystallization of its own. It will, probably, become noted for its great educational institutions, and these it may be hoped will exercise a civilizing and humanizing influence upon its demoralizing politics.

Prior to the new era the dome of the capitol, with the rising and the setting of each day's sun, cast shadows over slave-pens and auction blocks where human beings were bought and sold. Its streets were dirty, and, except the few public buildings, there was nothing to make it attractive. As already stated, it was one of the shabbiest capitols in the civilized world. With the abolition of slavery in 1862, and the advent of a new spirit, its progress commenced, although during the civil war but slight attention was given to public or private improvements. Up to that time the city was essentially southern in sentiment. During the dark days of 1861 there was only one man on Pennsylvania Avenue who had the courage, or deemed it prudent, to hoist the old flag over his place of business. Hudson Taylor, a bookseller, in spite of the remonstrances of old residents and friends, or the threats of the disloyal mob, kept the national banner afloat over his store, day after day, until it became popular even there. No better illustration of the dominant public sentiment can be adduced.

With the end of the civil war, and the coming back into the National household of all the wayward sisters, enterprise and energy began to seek less sanguinary fields of effort, and Washington felt the impulse of a new, vigorous, progressive life; and the new Washington owes more to one of its native-born citizens, Alexander R. Shepherd, than to any other man. He was a man of indomitable energy and marvelous executive ability. Now the city is more distinctively American than Boston, New York or Chicago. The indolent, slip-shod life of the old *regimé* passed away; the change can be appreciated only by those who knew the old city; and the time is coming when it will be the recognized home of science, literature and art, as well as politics. The 50,000 inhabitants of 1860 have in forty years become 250,000, and in all other respects the progress has been in a greater ratio. The spirit of liberty wakened it

from its long and lethargic sleep, and it will surely become a city worthy of the name it bears and of the nation whose capital it will remain.

In 1863 the country was in fearful peril. In Washington the hopes and fears of the terrible war focalized. The storm-clouds of battle, illumined with occasional sunbursts of hope, for the great contest at Gettysburg had been fought and won, hung over the land. Washington was a military city, surrounded by forts and earth-works, filled with hospitals, and its streets worn by ambulances transporting sick and wounded soldiers and by army wagons loaded with military stores. The days were filled with anxiety and the nights brought news of disaster. Grant, in the west, had been successful, but our army in Virginia had met with many reverses. The first measure, in January, 1864, that attracted my attention and left a permanent impression, was the bill to establish the rank of general of the army. Evorybody said it was intended for Grant. Representative Elihu B. Washburne of Illinois, later our minister to France, pressed it with all the vigor of his energetic nature. Scarcely concealed in the debate was a jealousy in the east of the west. George S. Boutwell of Massachusetts, strenuously opposed the passage of the bill. But Washburne's indomitable zeal triumphed and it became a law. Grant's qualities as a general had been tested at Belmont, at Donelson, and in the strategic movements and the fighting that preceded the capture of Vicksburg, and his laconic utterances had become household words among the loyal people of the nation. That President Lincoln should select him for general of the army was as natural as the law of gravitation.

The Thirty-Eighth Congress, elected in 1862—the first one chosen after the war commenced,—contained many notable men. In the Senate William Pitt Fessenden of Maine was, perhaps, the oldest and most useful senator. Possessing a clear, logical, trained intellect, with a mental grasp that enabled him to comprehend the difficult details of finance, law and government, of unquestioned integrity and despising buncombe, he was the foremost senator of the time. Solomon Foot of Vermont, by his personal demeanor, dignified and courteous manner, filled out the measure of the ideal Roman Senator to perfection, and he was an admirable presiding officer. His colleague, Jacob Collamer, was of a different type, a man of larger ability, but hard-headed, cross-grained and repellant. Charles Sumner filled a large space in the public mind, a master of rhetoric in his prepared speeches, but not a ready debater; and, while always true to his ideal of duty, he was never practical in shaping the course of events or in the legislation he proposed, but always

true to his intellectual sympathy with the oppressed. More than any other public man he was the aristocrat of northern intellect and anti-slavery sentiment, and yet was free from malice. His letter challenging James G. Blaine for introducing the Brooks' assault into the campaign of 1874, illustrates his character. As a magnanimity it stands alone in political history. Preston S. Brooks had been his murderous assailant, and yet even for him he bore no malice. His likes and dislikes were impersonal. There never was a moment that he would have inflicted the slightest physical punishment upon Brooks even had the opportunity offered. In this regard he occupied the seldom attained pinnacle of the Christian statesman—"forgive your enemies." Henry Wilson, his colleague, was equally as devoted, yet was thoroughly practical, and was always found among the earnest workers—taking the world as he found it and doing what seemed to be the probable best. William Sprague came from the battlefield into the senate, war and wealth giving him prominence, and with Henry B. Anthony, represented Rhode Island. New York, William H. Seward having entered President Lincoln's cabinet as secretary of state, was respectably represented by Edwin D. Morgan and Ira Harris. New Jersey stood well for ability with John P. Stockton and Theodore Frelinghuysen. Pennsylvania had able senators in the persons of Charles R. Buckalew and Edgar Cowan, but their services were confined to single terms each, as neither was radical enough to keep step with events after the war. Maryland had a great lawyer in the senate in the person of Reverdy Johnson. Ohio was influentially represented by Benjamin F. Wade and John Sherman. In spite of a natural coldness that never warmed people towards him, Mr. Sherman retained his power at home and in the senate longer than any other public man of Ohio because of his ability and faithfulness, and his careful attention to important legislation. Later Allen G. Thurman maintained the high reputation that the state gained for itself when it commissioned such distinguished citizens as Thomas Ewing, Thomas Corwin and Salmon P. Chase as its senators. Indiana, with Thomas A. Hendricks and Oliver P. Morton, was prominent in the nation's principal council chamber. Lyman Trumbull of Illinois stood abreast of Fessenden in ability and usefulness. James R. Doolittle of Wisconsin was strong and conscientious, and his colleague, Timothy O'Howe, was faithful to every trust. Alexander Ramsey of Minnesota was solid and sensible, and Morton S. Wilkinson, that state's other member, who read law in Eaton Rapids, Michigan, and lived in Livingston county before he went west, was a notable man of the war period. James W. Grimes and James Harlan

worthily represented Iowa during that crucial era of American history. Jacob M. Howard of Michigan was one of the ablest and most effective extemporaneous debaters of the senate, and Zachariah Chandler had an influence second to none because of his business ability, his sound common sense, and his unbending integrity. Not all of the senators have been mentioned, nor do all merit words of praise. The scholarly James A. McDougall of California was the most brilliant drunkard, and Willard Saulsbury of Delaware the most repulsive.

Many of these men failed to reach the goal of their ambition. Several aspired to the presidency, failed and were disappointed. It is doubtful if political achievement ever satisfies the soul. A friend who called on Senator Oliver P. Morton during his last sickness in Washington found him in a despondent mood. Attempting to cheer him up by telling him of the high honor he had gained as the great war governor of Indiana and as United States senator, Morton replied: "Yes; but what is it all worth—what is it all worth"—and lapsed into silence. He wanted to be president. No words could indicate more clearly how keenly he realized the disappointment of his ambition, and the unsatisfying character of political position and power. One recalls Cardinal Wolsey's words to Cromwell, in which he spoke of the bitterness of his own disappointed life, and said that he, like a boy with a bladder around him, had been swimming for many summers on a sea of glory, and at last had sunk beneath the waves. "Cromwell, I charge thee fling away ambition; by that sin fell the angels." And a sacred pessimist declares: "All is vanity and vexation of spirit. In much wisdom there is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." Poetry, too, expresses the same doctrine, for Pope says: "Man never is but always to be blest."

In the senate the amenities of debate and the courtesies of personal and official intercourse are much better observed than in the house of representatives. As a result, while there is more dignity and decorum in the senate, there is more belligerency and excitement in the house. This was so well understood that the sight-seeing multitude generally thronged the galleries of the popular branch of congress. Perhaps for the same reason, good American citizens, when they visit Spain, have a curiosity to see a first-class bull fight. Such is human nature, although our Puritan ancestors wisely suppressed the pastime. Macaulay, however, does not give them much credit for abolishing it when he says: "If the Puritans suppressed bull-baiting, it was not because it gave pain to the bull, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators." The house of repre-

sentatives is apt to furnish more pleasure to visitors than the senate. Necessarily, in the house, everything is done on the high-pressure plan. Unless a member gets his name into print for the public eye, once in a while, he fears that his constituents—that aggregated bugbear of conscientious legislative life—may think he is a mere dummy, and so there are ever-recurring scramble, wrangle and struggle for recognition and cheek and lungs often succeed where modesty and brains fail to win notoriety.

Foremost among the remarkable men in congress during the war period was Representative Henry Winter Davis of Maryland. He was the only congressional orator who, at all times and in all respects, was up to the full standard of expectation.

"His tongue was framed to music
And his hand was armed with skill,
His face was the mould of beauty
And his heart the throne of will."

His calm, self-poised manner; his clear, ringing voice; his clean, well-cut sentences, with no ragged edges or ornate wastefulness; the crystalline quality of his thought—all combined to make him a conspicuous orator. Brave, scholarly and courteous—dignified, aristocratic even, yet without exclusiveness—a man of books and at the same time a man of the world—his mental wealth and his power of coining it into the currency of speech, surpassed that of any other man in public life.

Nevertheless, Henry Winter Davis was not the leader. That position was held, by common consent—for true leaders are not chosen in caucus and convention, or by ballot, but are born—by Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania, a grim-visaged Puritan, not lovable, but stern and faithful and true. The qualities of his Puritan ancestry shone out in his career in a conspicuous manner. With all of his indomitable courage in adhering to his principles, come success or defeat, through a long career, still he possessed tact to an unusual degree. His knowledge of human nature and ability to discern from the conflicting views of members of the house and especially of his own party made him thoroughly practical, and herein was the chief element of his strength as a leader in legislation. During the long struggle that related to the reconstruction of the Union which followed the close of the civil war, owing to the various and conflicting views that were entertained in congress, he realized that his own ideas could not be adopted. So, at the beginning of a session, he would introduce bills embodying his own ideas, they

would be printed, he would make a carefully prepared speech presenting his argument in their favor, and then they would be laid aside; but when it came to the bill or bills reported by him from the committee on reconstruction, his sagacity and judgment of men, prompted him to present measures as nearly in accordance with his own views as a majority of the house would accept. He did not, like Senator Sumner for example, waste time in striving for the unattainable. In all respects he was one of the wisest legislators in congress. In the thirty-eighth congress, during the debate on the constitutional amendment abolishing slavery, referring to his own epitaph, he said: "Here lies one who never rose to any eminence, and only courted the lower ambition to have it said he sought to ameliorate the condition of the poor and down-trodden of every language, race and color."

His reply to Henry J. Raymond of New York furnishes an excellent illustration of his power in extemporaneous and vituperative eloquence. Raymond was a brilliant editor and a ready and fluent debater, but was of small stature, unimpressive manner, and had an inconsequential voice. He had just delivered a conciliatory speech towards the defeated South in which he referred to the dead on both sides in the recent contest as the "common dead of the nation." He said: "The dead of the contending hosts sleep beneath the soil of a common country, under their common flag. The hostilities are hushed, and they are the dead of the nation forevermore." A kindly sentiment, no doubt, but not in harmony with the prevalent feelings of that time. The old man's reply seemed more forcible than the words themselves indicate, by a solemnly impressive manner, intensified by his deep-sunken eyes and sepulchral voice. It is worth quoting and putting on record as an illustration of the dominant and popular spirit that prevailed:

"Sir, we are to consider these dead on both sides as the dead of the nation, the common dead! And so, I suppose, we are to raise monuments beside the monuments to Reynolds and others, to be erected in the cemetery on the battle-field of Gettysburg; we must there build high the monumental marble for men like Barksdale, whom I have seen in this hall draw their bowie-knives on the representatives of the people; men who died upon the battle-field of Gettysburg in arms against the government, and where they now lie buried in ditches, 'unwept, unhonored and unsung!' Sir, was there ever blasphemy before like this? Who was it that burned the temple of Ephesus? Who was it that imitated the thunder of Jove? All that was poor compared with this blasphemy. I say, if the loyal dead, who are thus associated with the traitors who

murdered them, put by the gentleman on the same footing with them, and are to be treated as the 'common dead of the nation'—I say, sir, if they could have heard the gentleman they would have broken the cerements of the tomb and stalked forth and haunted him until his eyeballs were seared."

There was nothing in Raymond's speech that went farther than the Christian injunction to "forgive your enemies;" but for all that, it was not attuned to the dominant public sentiment of the time.

Schulyer Colfax, after reaching the second position in the nation, passed out of political life never to return. One can speak of him now as a man who is entitled to that justice which, in almost everything except in politics, men are generally willing to exercise towards their fellow-beings. No public man, during the six years that he was speaker, had more or warmer friends, or was worthier of them. Whatever of odium attached to him in consequence of the Credit Mobilier investigation was his misfortune rather than his fault; for if the people ever had an honest representative in public position that man was Schulyer Colfax. As a presiding officer he was alert, fair and intelligent, and won the respect of all. At the counting of the votes of the electoral college in 1869, his power in this respect was manifested in a remarkable manner. The senate was present in the hall of the house of representatives, and Senator Wade of Ohio, as president *pro tem* of that body, was the presiding officer of the joint convention. It was my duty to keep the tally sheet for the tellers as the votes were announced. The certified return of the several states were counted, quietly and orderly, until Louisiana was reached, when a protest was made against her votes being counted. At once there was a wild turmoil, led by Ebon C. Ingersoll of Illinois and Benjamin F. Butler of Massachusetts. The noise and confusion grew rapidly. Finally Senator Doolittle rose and protested emphatically, in a voice that could be heard by all, against the disgraceful proceedings, and demanded that order be restored. This only increased the excitement. Many members were on their feet, more turbulant than ever, shouting for recognition. It seemed as if the convention might break up in a row, Bedlam was so contagious. Senator Wade stood in the desk, feebly rapping with the gavel, and in a feebler voice saying, "Order, gentlemen, order." He could not rule the mob. Suddenly, Speaker Colfax, who stood beside him in the desk, took the gavel from his hand, like a dozen sharp pistol shots in rapid succession the strokes rang out over the turbulent hall, quickly followed by the words of command, "The gentleman from Massachusetts will take his seat; the gentleman

from Illinois will take his seat; the members of the house of representatives must preserve order!" In less than a minute the excitement was hushed, quiet was restored, and the work of counting the electoral votes went on in the manner prescribed by law.

Among the able public men during a large part of the civil war and reconstruction era, Roscoe Conkling of New York was one of the ablest. He was not a member of the thirty-eighth congress, having been defeated at the election in 1862 by his brother-in-law, Francis Kernan of Utica, afterward a senator for six years from his state; but Mr. Conkling was returned to the thirty-ninth congress and to each one thereafter until his election to the senate. He was a wonderfully gifted man; one of the strongest in all respects in public life; and his command of language was marvelous. Others were as fluent, some more verbose, but he had no equal when it came to bringing into use the exact words that made his speech magnificent and his argument invincible. His friends said he was lordly; his enemies called him arrogant; in public he was both; his lordliness was arrogant and his arrogance was lordly. In debate he shrank from no antagonist of his own or the opposite party. His bitterest enemies were of his own political household.

To the famous vituperative speech of James G. Blaine, whose first appearance in the house was in the thirty-eighth congress, Mr. Conkling made no reply, and he never spoke to or recognized Mr. Blaine afterward, though both were members of the house and senate at the same time. It was a short and vindictive speech that Mr. Blaine made, but it was long enough to cost him the presidency, for years the goal of his ambition. He, too, died a disappointed man. When he was secretary of state, near the end of his public career and his life, Colonel Goode of Virginia, who was a personal friend though not of the same political faith, had a brief conversation with him, which the Colonel has related as follows: Meeting casually on one occasion, Mr. Blaine asked: "If it is a fair question, how old are you?" Mr. Goode replied that he was born in 1829, whereupon Mr. Blaine promptly remarked that he was born in 1830. Mr. Goode rejoined: "Well, Mr. Secretary, I am a little your senior, but you have made much deeper footprints in the sands of time than I." "Ah," said Mr. Blaine, in serious and pathetic tones, "the shifting sands—the shifting sands." No words could more clearly indicate how keenly he realized the disappointment of his long-cherished political ambition.

It is very natural that we should form opinions of the personal appearance and peculiarities of prominent men before seeing them, and

that our opinion should accord with our sympathies or prejudices concerning them. No man was more unlike my preconceived impression of him than Fernando Wood of New York. He was known as the leader of the subterranean element in New York city politics, and one expected to see something of the cowboy manner in his nature and actions. Instead of that he was exactly the reverse. Always cold, courteous, dignified and formal, aristocratic in every fiber—he never forgot to be a gentleman in his personal or official intercourse with others. Tall and straight, his coat always buttoned closely around his slender form, his large mouth and thin lips partly concealed by a white moustache, he was the embodiment of courtly dignity. His speech was precise and to the point. Furthermore, he was a man of ability. From the humble position of a cigar-maker he rose to wealth and prominence, having been elected to congress for the first time in 1840, twelve years later mayor of New York, and in 1862 resuming his seat in congress, to which he seemed to have a life lease.

Among debaters Gen. Robert C. Schenck of Ohio was one of the ablest. He never read essays or made a political speech for the home market, yet the voice of no member was oftener heard in debate upon important matters of legislation. Plain, direct, forcible and earnest, the first sentence uttered as he rose to his feet was always pertinent to the pending question, and he knew when he had finished. There was no preliminary skirmishing with words to get started, and no rhetorical flourishes at the close. He lacked the tact needed for a leader, and was too independent and outspoken to remain long in public life by means of a popular election. Such a man often arouses prejudices and excites animosities to his own injury. The arts and tricks of politics, the methods for keeping popularly advertised whereby the demagogue finds scope for his faculties and success rewarding his efforts, were not his forte. Joined to his ability was a large fund of humor, but his wit was often tinged with sarcasm. During the fortieth congress a tariff bill he had charge of was so mutilated by hostile and ridiculous amendments that it had lost its identity. He struggled hard to save it, but at last abandoned it, saying, with bitterness of tone: "My bill, Mr. Speaker, has been nibbled to death by pismires and kicked to death by grasshoppers." It was hardly courteous or parliamentary to stigmatize his colleagues as insects, but the wit was so sharp and the thrust so well deserved, that the house accepted it with laughter; whereupon General Schenck introduced a substitute for the pending measure, modified to meet objections that had been made to the original bill, and it passed

without further debate. His wit won where an argument would have failed. A forceful and positive man, it was said of him that he was the only officer of the Army of the Potomac who could swear a mule train out of the mud.

Every national menagerie contains specimens of the spread-eagle orator type, burlesqued in literature and laughed at in congress, though he may be regarded as a prodigy on the hustings. James Mullins of Tennessee, for instance, was a rattler. He came to the front as one of the fruits of reconstruction and disfranchisement. Like a swallow in its flight he darted hither and thither so rapidly that to follow him was utterly impossible. Evidently he had acquired his fluency of speech by "talking in meeting" in the Tennessee mountains, and such was his familiarity with the Scriptures that whether reporting a pension bill or asking for a post-route in his district, he would glibly produce text after text, having no relation to the subject under consideration, from the rubbish that constituted his mental equipment.

But Andrew Jackson Rogers of New Jersey excelled any member of congress of that time as a voluble speech-maker, and he could be just as fluent and lofty on one subject as another. He had a tremendous voice and the rapidest possible delivery, and such a thing as hesitancy for a word was never observed in his case. If the right one did not occur the wrong one, no matter how incongruous or inappropriate, was sure to come without delay. Josh Billings, Petroleum V. Nashby, Artemas Ward and other linguistic fellows of that sort, were classical in the use of language when compared with Rogers. Talk of avalanches, tornadoes, floods, earthquakes, volcanoes, and other violent freaks of nature, Rogers was all of them combined. No matter what word came in his way when in the full onrush of speech-making, he crushed it into his sentence with a recklessness that was refreshing. Big or little, appropriate or inappropriate, fit or unfit, in it went, and on he rushed, a verbal torrent, scattering grammatical wrecks along his pathway. But Rogers was not alone. There was John Covode, an illiterate, hard-headed, sensible Pennsylvanian, who in a most intense and emphatic manner denied an allegation of a fellow-member by using this sub-tropical language—"The allegation is false and the alligator knows it." It was too funny to provoke a fight. It takes all sorts of men to make a world, and a great variety to make an American congress.

Some men seem to be expressly prepared for members of congress, such is their aptitude for political and legislative life. Among this class Samuel S. Cox, first of Ohio and then of New York, was prominent—

pre-eminent. He was quick, versatile, witty; honest and loyal to his convictions, possessed fine literary attainments, was perfectly familiar with politics and politicians, knew just where and when to give an antagonist a hard hit, and was always ready for a political debate; and yet he was one of the warmest and truest and most genial of personal friends. Were there more such men as Samuel Sullivan Cox in public life there would be fewer complaints of "graft" and government by the people would be conducted for the people instead of being prostituted to the promotion of private and corporate interests.

Men, like edged tools, are variously tempered—some irascibly brittle, some uselessly soft, and others evenly and without flaw. Perhaps the most even-tempered among the able men of the house was James F. Wilson of Iowa, chairman of the committee of the judiciary. Able and courteous, calm and deliberate, he was as well equipped for that important chairmanship as any member of the house. While profoundly in earnest, he ever preserved his equanimity, and exercised a large influence. On the question of emancipation he made the ablest speech that was delivered in congress while the constitutional amendment to abolish slavery was pending. Commencing with the postulate, that "slavery is incompatible with free government," he argued eloquently that in order to secure all the great objects of the constitution—"to form a more perfect union"—"to establish justice"—"to insure domestic tranquility"—"to promote the general welfare"—slavery must be abolished and forever prohibited. "No compromise," he declared, "can be made, no truce can be adjusted, no silver-tongued appeals for peace can be heard amid the din of this fierce conflict." "How, then," he asked, "can we have peace? Let its death be written in the constitution."

While there is plenty of spasmodic fun, sharp but not stingless repartee, and frequent scintillations of wit, of speeches that are throughout characterized by wonderful and effective humor, but few have ever been made in congress, and only one in our time has become classic—the one made by J. Proctor Knott of Kentucky. His Duluth speech it was my good fortune to hear. None knew what was coming, and all were surprised. How his humor, like a strong magnet, drew around him and held entranced the members of the house for one jolly hour! No doubt this extravaganza of his excelled any humorous effort ever made in an American congress. The unexpected happened. No one dreamed of the inexhaustible fund of humor there was in the quiet and unobtrusive Kentuckian, of whom it has been said, "He is the saddest when he smiles." During his congressional career he had never been pushing him-

self forward and endeavoring to attract attention. That one speech made him famous. After that visitors at Washington wanted to see J. Proctor Knott. His quest for information concerning "the zenith city of the unsalted seas" beggars description. He asked his friends, he ransacked the Library, but nowhere could he find the enchanted place; and if it had not been for a map kindly furnished by the legislature of Minnesota, he said: "I might have gone down to my obscure and humble grave in an agony of despair because I could nowhere find Duluth. Had such been my melancholy fate, I have no doubt that with the last feeble pulsation of my breaking heart, with the last faint exhalation of my fleeting breath, I should have whispered, 'Where is Duluth?'" "But this blessed map was placed in my hands." . . . "There, there, for the first time, my enchanted eyes rested upon the ravishing word 'Duluth.'" . . . "If gentlemen will examine it they will find Duluth not only in the center of the map, but represented in the center of a series of concentric circles one hundred miles apart and some of them as much as four thousand miles in diameter, embracing alike in their tremendous sweep the fragrant savannas of the sunlit South and the eternal solitudes of snow that mantle the ice-bound North. . . . The fact is, Sir, Duluth is pre-eminently a central place; . . . it is so exactly in the center of the visible universe that the sky comes down at precisely the same distance all around it." In half a dozen lines of peroration he gave his reasons why he could not vote to extend the land-grant to the St. Croix and Bayfield railroad, in the days when land-grabbing for this purpose was rampant. "My relation," he said, "is simply that of trustee to an express trust. And shall I ever betray that trust? Never, Sir! Rather perish Duluth! Perish the paragon of cities! Rather let the freezing cyclones of the bleak Northwest bury it forever beneath the eddying sands of the raging St. Croix." The bill did not pass.

It is like living an interesting period of life over again to recall these reminiscences of an eventful past. Time, however, will not permit reference, in detail, to the many prominent men of war time and reconstruction. Among New Englanders, James G. Blaine worked his way steadily to the front, seeking and gaining popularity; Henry L. Dawes of Massachusetts, rather prosy in debate, but a tireless advocate, ranked high because of long service and unquestioned integrity; Benjamin F. Butler, audacious, not over-scrupulous, and with the cheek of a heathen god; Justin S. Morrill of Vermont, a master of detail and just the man to toil at a tariff that should rake into its meshes every dutiable thing; Nathaniel P. Banks, superb for dress parade, but as a practical legisla-

tor of very little account; George H. Pendleton of Ohio, able, courteous, dignified and gentlemanly—rightfully entitled to the soubriquet of "Gentleman George;" James A. Garfield, with large brain power, but possessing too compliant a nature to be a leader; Samuel S. Shellabarger, another Ohioian, calm, logical and forcible, but not an attractive speaker; John A. Logan of Illinois, outspoken, fearless and belligerent, shirking nothing and avoiding no responsibility; William S. Holman of Indiana, the watchdog of the treasury, who defeated many a job and saved to the people millions of dollars; Charles H. Eldridge of Wisconsin, somewhat querulous and snarly, and always ready for a contest; James M. Beck of Kentucky, of Scotch descent, a rapid talker and indistinct enunciator, but a close reasoner and possessing a full share of the virility of his race; William D. Kelley of Pennsylvania, long the father of the house, and the *basso profundo* orator; John Wentworth of Illinois, ponderous mentally and physically—

> A man who rattled his arguments down
> Like a shower of shells on a populous town;
> And no wonder they fell with such fearful momentum,
> When you think of the distance the fellow had sent 'em.

And others, many others, of equal or lesser note, made up the personnel of the house during the stormy scenes of the beginning of the new era of American history; but most are already among the forgotten ones of political and official life.

It is a very common remark that this country has but few men of superior ability in public life. While this is undoubtedly true, as applied to the present time, at the beginning of the civil war and during its continuance, there was a cluster of really great men in the public service. The era of making money in politics had not commenced. Lincoln, Seward, Chase, Fessenden, Sumner, Stanton, Trumbull, Howard, Stevens were men of great ability, the equals of any the nation has produced for half a century, and probably at no time has there been a greater number of influential governors than when Andrew, Seymour, Curtin, Brough, Blair and Worton filled the executive chairs of their respective states.

Froude, in his History of England, accounts for the appearance of great men in any age, when he says: "We allow ourselves to think of Shakespeare, or of Raphael, or of Phidias, as having accomplished their work by the power of their own individual genius; but greatness

like theirs is never more than the highest degree of excellence which prevailed around it and forms the environment in which it grows." According to this idea, great men are but the embodiment of the character and tendencies of their time. In them is concentrated, and by them is expressed, its spirit, its hopes, its work, its aspirations. They are the leaders and spokesmen of their era. If it is great, they are great; if it is commonplace, they are commonplace. Especially in every revolutionary period, when orderly evolution is retarded by some gigantic and deep-rooted evil, do great men appear to take the lead in doing the world's work. These men, standing at the front and voicing the progressive ideas of their time, are leaders by natural selection. They may not be, generally are not, philosophical statesmen, yet they are none the less useful. Thus James Otis and Patrick Henry were evangels of American liberty. They stirred the heart of the people, and the peoples' heart must be stirred, its noblest passions aroused; its patriotism devotion, self-sacrifice, all high and noble daring kindled into activity, before those great movements can take place which break down the strong barriers of entrenched wrong and precedent, undermine the hoary institutions of evil, and, if need be, overturn the political and social order, so that truth and liberty may not disappear from the face of the earth through ceasing to exist in the minds of men. When such occasions come great men are sure to appear and become the acknowledged leaders, because they embody and give magnetic utterance to the progressive or peculiar ideas of the age in which they live.

Why, then, is there at the present time a dearth of great men in public life? Is it because the time is commonplace and there is no demand for them? Our men oftenest mentioned are the money-makers—the men who are reading new meanings out of the teachings of the Founder of Christianity because He gave them slight hope to ever enter the kingdom of heaven. Following the great struggle for the preservation of the Union, during which the minds of men were nerved to their utmost tension came a reaction and a period of lassitude and political corruption. The heroic spirit died away. Commercialism succeeded patriotism. An illustration is furnished in the course we pursued with England. We claimed that we had been wronged, that our national integrity had been assailed, that England had violated national good faith, in permitting Confederate cruisers to be fitted out in her ports to prey upon and destroy our commerce. How did we heal the wound? By demanding and receiving a money salve, and then haggling over its distribution.

During such mercenary times, when "the jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that honor feels;" when there is no great moral question to stir the minds of the people to unselfish action, and the issues of the dead past are the most momentous things we have to quarrel about; when official corruption is common in city, state and nation; it is not surprising that business enterprises and the learned profession, with the promise of larger compensation and greater peace, instead of the public service, attract the best brains of the nation.

Another thing, somewhat remarkable, cannot fail to impress the mind of an observer of affairs at Washington, in comparing the ability of public men, and that is this: Nearly all the men noted for ability, especially in congress, come from and represent rural districts. Rarely indeed does a great commercial city send a man to congress who wins leadership in the strong competitions of the political arena, where brawn and brain are both elements of success. Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, Baltimore, New Orleans, San Francisco nor Cleveland have, within your recollection, sent a Representative to congress who was qualified to be the leader of a majority, or even of a minority, with perhaps the single exception of Samuel J. Randall of Philadelphia; but by the rural districts of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Massachusetts, Maine, Illinois and other states, in which the urban population was the smallest factor, have the foremost public men been furnished.

But leaders are not made to order; they are born; and without the genius, the possession of the innate power, of leadership, no one can attain and hold the position. A man may drift to the head of affairs, in church or state, and be conspicuous by reason of long service, without this quality; but a leader he may never become. Nor does leadership come with self-seeking. It is recognized, intuitively acknowledged, and generally acquiesced in, without there being the faintest semblance of the relation of superior and subordinate. Without voice or vote, without caucus or convention, the true leader steps to the front and takes his position by virtue of a silent yet universal suffrage. Men, inspired by ambition, often seek to assume the leadership of others; and, not possessing the genius therefor, which no scholastic education can supply, they utterly and ignobly fail. It is not wholly a question of brains, but "of stomach and constitution" as well as temper and tact. A weak-voiced, thin-chested, watery-blooded, flabby-muscled man, whatever his brain-power may be, cannot control. He will lack the animal vigor, the magnetism, the physical force to lead. Throughout animated nature the

rule is the same. Emerson expresses it well in these common-sense words: "When a new boy comes into school, when a man travels and encounters strangers every day, or when into any old club a new comer is domesticated, that happens which befalls when a strange ox is driven into a pen or pasture where cattle are kept; there is at once a trial of strength between the best pair of horns and the new comer, and it is settled thenceforth which is the leader."

In this matter the dividing line between animal nature and human nature is not distinct. The idea, thus clearly expressed by the Concord Sage, found an apt illustration at the commencement of the fortieth congress, when Benjamin F. Butler first appeared as a gladiator in the national ampitheater. Then the new congress assembled and organized immediately after the final adjournment of its predecessor. Stevens Schenck, Blaine, Bingham and other prominent members of the majority had been re-elected, and Butler appeared for the first time among them. During that six weeks' session he locked horns almost every day with some one of the old stagers, and every time he was beaten. Once, upon some trifling matter of legislation, which have received the support of the house under ordinary circumstances, he proved a personal controversy with Schenck which was brutal in its fierceness, and at the end of the acrimonious debate Butler's proposition received only thirteen votes. The house, both democrats and republicans, went pell-mell, like a flock of sheep following the bell-wether, against it, and had the position of the chief antagonists been reversed no doubt the vote would have been reversed also. During that brief session Butler seemed to learn that no man, whatever his ability, audacity or ambition might be, could take the leadership of the house by storm, and after that he never locked horns with Schenck again while they served together in the national cattle pen.

With John A. Bingham of Ohio, Butler's controversies were frequent and bitter. Butler, with his hard and savage temperament, was always sharp, incisive, merciless, and devoid of sensibility. His controversial debates were of the prize-ring type, and the harder he hit his antagonist the better he felt. Bingham, on the other hand, had a poetic temperament, was sensitive as a woman, and a brilliant orator, but a good lawyer and a successful advocate. In one of their controversies Butler, with evident malice, referred to Bingham's services for the government and twitted him with having been accessory to the murder of an innocent woman, meaning Mrs. Surratt, as Bingham had been attorney for the government in that famous trial. General Grant's report of his

military operations, in which he referred to Gen. Butler as having been bottled up at Bermuda Hundred, had recently been published and was fresh in the minds of all; and when Bingham retorted that the accusation was only fit to come from a general who "lived in a bottle and was fed with a spoon," the house tallied another defeat for the gentleman from Massachusetts.

The cabinet of President Lincoln was composed of able men. All were prominent, and some had been candidates for the presidency when he was nominated. If this did not secure harmony in his political and administrative family, it gave satisfaction to a majority of the people. William H. Seward, Salmon P. Chase, Edwin M. Stanton, Montgomery Blair and Edward Bates were able officers, while Gideon T. Welles, the Neptune of the administration, was also its Boswell, as he kept a diary of its inside workings during the eight years that he was secretary of the navy, his editorial habits making this an easy task. Caleb B. Smith, secretary of the interior, like most of his successors, permitted that department to run in the bad rut in which he found it, and in which it continued until Secretary Zachariah Chandler took control of it and devoted his energies to reforming its enormous abuses. To this end he had a clear-headed Michigan lawyer, Augustine S. Gaylord of Saginaw, appointed assistant attorney general for the department to furnish legal advice. In reforming abuses more was accomplished under Mr. Chandler than by any other secretary. Jacob D. Cox of Ohio, the first appointee of President Grant, was able and honest, but as a civil-service reformer he seemed to think that competitive examinations was a panacea for all official evils, and did not dig down to the mouldy abuses that existed, especially in the conduct of Indian affairs, and apply the reformatory power of the guillotine. Mr. Seward, at the head of the State Department, had a most difficult task to perform. Many foreign powers, all European nations except Russia, and notably England and France, were avowedly hostile, and English ministers and leaders gave unmistakable evidence of their belief, if not their wish, that the union of the states, and the consequent importance and power of the nation, belonged to the past. To so conduct affairs as to prevent their active interference in behalf of the rebellious states tested all his marvelous skill in diplomacy. When Commodore Wilkes captured Mason and Slidell on the high seas, taking them from an English vessel, a majority of the people of the North applauded the act. To the extent that passion prevails reason is dethroned, and no one can doubt that passion then was at fever-heat. But Mr. Seward so managed the affair as to re-

lease the captives, thereby avoiding the imminent danger of armed interference by England, and at the same time obtaining the cheerful acquiescence of the American people. The original draft of Mr. Seward's dispatch to England, with the interlineations by President Lincoln, is an interesting document, as it reveals Mr. Lincoln's shrewdness as well as Mr. Seward's ability. Mr. Chase, too, had an arduous work, and to his everlasting honor be it said, he conducted the finances of the nation during the great war, and surrendered his commission as secretary of the treasury, without a suspicion of corruption attainting him. Mr. Stanton was an iron-clad—the impersonation of energy and integrity—a terror to evil-doers—and yet it fell to my personal experience to know that to those who had legitimate official business with him he was as courteous and pleasant as he was prompt and decisive. Clothed with and exercising almost absolute power—for war cannot be conducted like a town meeting—and visiting upon robbing contractors and military shirks all the force of a terrible indignation, and hating disloyalty, or the semblance of it, with the intensity of a strong nature, the mistakes that he made resulted from the ardent and devoted patriotism of an unyielding spirit.

These men are all dead. The strain upon their mental and physical powers did not permit any of them to reach advanced years, and most of them passed away in the prime of life. It seems strange at this writing that I should have seen them all. It may be too early to judge them impartially. Ultimately history will give to each his true position in the record of great events. We cannot change the decision; nor, probably, can any of us abide here until it is rendered.

On a former occasion, before this Society, in "The Story of Emancipation," printed in volume 29 of its Collections, it was my privilege to pay tribute to the name and fame of Abraham Lincoln, and it is unnecessary to repeat what was then said in this connection, although he was the central figure of the civil war period and one of the world's few and great emancipators. Seeing and hearing him for the first time in 1856, forty-seven years ago, and for the last time in 1865, eleven years later, when he read his second inaugural and took the oath of office for the second time at the senate front of the national capitol, that past seems more like a dream than a reality. To have seen, and heard, and met Abraham Lincoln are memories that time cannot efface. In the glory of that crucial period of our history he is unapproachable, solitary, alone, on "fame's eternal camping ground."

We idealize and idolize. No doubt, to many persons, the ideal Wash-

ington is very different from the real Washington. It is not a city of trade, commerce and manufactures, but its whole importance comes from the one fact that it is the political capital of the United States. Its business is law-making and office-holding. It is a city of concentrated selfishness. Laws are enacted, not so much with reference to their general utility and desirability, as to their effect upon partisan politics, and for the promotion of private interests. The welfare of the mass of the people is, to a large extent, a barren ideality. The people never have a lobby at the capitol to log-roll for legislation in their own behalf. They are ideally, not really, represented. They vote, and then their power is gone. Responsibility to them is so indirect and attenuated that it amounts to little or nothing.

It is not necessary that an observant person shall be long in Washington to fully comprehend the fact that there is very little of the moral element and nothing of the golden rule in politics. Partisans are devoted to the interests of but one side; it is the business of their opponents to look after the other side. Politics is a great game with many points, and the expert players gather in Washington as a common center. Even there it is largely a game of chance, with few prizes and many blanks. Each branch of business, each profession and occupation, has its own unwritten code of ethics, much above or below which if a person rises or descends his chances for success are impaired. Lowest of all is the unwritten ethical code of partisan politics. In political contests, as in war, strategy, chicanery, false pretense and deception are regarded as justifiable if they will aid in obtaining success. Defamation of an opponent, misrepresentation of his position, prying into business and family affairs, and making insinuations that conceal the truth and suggest a lie, are resorted to by men who in the ordinary affairs of life are honorable and honest, without compunction of conscience or sense of wrong. Why does this happen? Simply because these men adopt the standard of political ethics, when they become politicians, and act the same as men have acted since the time when Jacob fooled his blind old father with a goat skin and euchred Esau out of his birthright.

Reading and observation show that in practical politics for centuries there has been very little change. Twenty centuries ago, in the time of Cicero, the Republic of Rome was the theater in which was enacted scenes strikingly like our own. Ignore dates and names and there is scarcely anything ancient about them or modern with us. Habits of life, ways of thinking, sentiments uttered in political harangues were

in many respects wonderfully like our own. No one can thoughtfully read Froude's "Caesar" without noticing the parallels. The political jealousies and rivalries of that time have repeated themselves over and over again, the scenes and the actors only changed, in our own history. Furthermore, their code of political honor and morality—the product of the refined paganism of the Roman Republic—does not seem to have been of a much lower grade than our own. True, the assassin's dagger, in the hands of a hirling, was then sometimes invoked to settle political rivalries or hates; while now, too often, the printed paragraph or spoken word is the agency used to stab and destroy the private character or public standing of an opponent or rival, as the best available means of putting him out of the way by destroying his influence and popularity. The end sought is the same; the means are a little more civilized. In the generally accepted code of ethics the lowest standard of morality is in war, in the next gradation is politics, and there is a gradual rise from the lowest to the best in occupations and professions—each one having its own, above which or below which no person must get if he would achieve success; but none has yet reached the high level of the golden rule.

Back, in the later period of the Roman Republic, speeches were written and preserved that were never delivered in the Senate or the Forum. Even of Cicero's masterly orations several of them were not spoken by their author. The files of our Congressional Record during every session of congress contain many an unspoken speech. In the 37th congress two representatives who had failed of an opportunity to enlighten their constituents upon the questions of the day, near the close of the session obtained leave to have their speeches printed. Then they are embalmed in the Record and go forth to the world the same in form and appearance as if they had been orally delivered. The Globe did not print them for several days, owing to the rush of matter at the close of the session. Finally both appeared and they were alike—word for word and syllable—except the closing paragraph. Some enterprising sentence manufacturer had sold the same speech to two congressmen, and by right of purchase it belonged to both. Neither of them, however, was re-elected, and so the money invested in words for home consumption was lost. It was a poor investment. It is not often that a single unspoken speech has the happy effect of killing two politicans. On the contrary, if all of Cicero's philippics had been uttered in Rome, probably he would have found an earlier termination of his career.

Again, we find a parallel in a feature that seems to be always promi-

nent in a republican system of government, not because of the form of government except in so far as it furnishes the opportunity, but because human nature is the same, except the veneering, in all periods of time. No man could expect to attain the highest honors in Roman civil life unless he had been a soldier. High civil offices came as a result of military achievement, and the successful soldier was sure to win the highest civic honors. Even now, after the lapse of twenty centuries, this great western Republic fails not to bestow, from time to time, its highest honors upon its eminent military heroes, and the only one in our time who has put aside the proffered presidency was General William Tecumseh Sherman. We do not find fault; for Washington, and Jackson, and Taylor, and Grant—each the foremost hero of a war—deserved well of their countrymen; but we may again remark that human nature has been about the same in all ages of the world. Nor have society and civilization traveled in a direct line onward and upward in the path of progress, but rather along a spiral route, gaining somewhat yet repeating themselves at each revolution of the wheel of time.

Ten years of experience in Washington afforded an opportunity to learn something concerning the practical workings of our civil service. The old system of "catch as catch can" grew up under the theory that one man is as good as another and has precisely the same right to an official position, whether fit or unfit, if he could only bring influence enough to bear to obtain it. The result was that, although a large majority of those holding clerical positions in Washington were competent and efficient, there were many, notably incompetent, who retained their places solely by reason of influential outside pressure, and congressmen and clergymen were the most powerful agents in this sort of work. The evil was an inevitable sequence of the spoils' system, and it was a serious one, because it interfered with the proper and prompt performance of public business, and no way has been devised for doing good work with poor tools. As example is better than theory let me cite one or two illustrative specimens of incompetency.

One year a clerk was removed from a twenty-two hundred dollar position because he was not competent to discharge its duties, and for no other reason. It was his duty to report the annual estimates for the miscellaneous expenses of the postoffice department building, such as heating, lighting, keeping it in order, furniture, etc. The opaqueness of his ignorance was complete. Still he looked well, dressed well, and had influential backing. Hearing that, in his estimates, he had spelt fuel, "f-e-w-e-l," he came around one day to correct it, which he did by add-

ing a letter, so that the corrected word stood on the record "f-e-w-e-l-l," and then he went away satisfied, although he had spelt gas, "g-a-s-s," and harness, "ha-r-n-a-s-s," which orthographical errors he did not correct. After his removal he and his brother clergymen beseiged the appointing power so persistently that, a few months later, he was appointed to a twelve hundred dollar clerkship in the department, just to get rid of him, although he had not a single qualification for the place. Such things were not only possible, but they actually occurred under the old system of appointment by personal pressure.

There was another ancient pachyderm, receiving twenty-five hundred dollars a year as chief of an important division, who was kept in office for years solely by senatorial influence. Except to draw his salary he was of no earthly use. In 1873, when the work of gathering data for the annual report commenced, I sent for him and told him that a detailed statement of the work performed in his division during the fiscal year was wanted. He was puzzled, as during his many years of service nothing of the kind had been required of him. After an explanation, the faint dawn of an idea appeared in his mental horizon and his words indicated the coming of a luminous sunrise. "O, yes," he remarked, "I see what you want; you want a syn-o-pis of all that has been done during the last physical year." He always said physical for fiscal, and hence that was no surprise, but the other word was a strange perversion of synopsis, and in what school of Yankee land, or by what evolution of pronunciation he obtained that rendering of the word must ever remain a mystery.

Man has been variously described as a thinking animal, a laughing animal and a liquor-drinking animal, and it has been asserted that these definitions include the whole human race. But, in view of such examples, another definition, applicable to our evil service as it was, seems to be needed, as the specimens referred to seldom laugh or drink liquor, and who would suspect them.

These cases are not mentioned for the amusement they afford, but to call serious attention to the defects of our civil service as it was thirty years ago, and still it required a persistent agitation and strenuous efforts, running through many years, to bring about an improvement. Under no civilized government, save our own, could such unfortunate conditions exist, and largely to members of congress, to spoils' politicians, were we indebted for forcing such men into office and keeping them there after their unfitness had been demonstrated. No one can over-estimate the value of the work, carried on for years, by the patriotic

civil-service reformers. In the departments at Washington the business of the government is transacted, and it should be conducted on business methods. Faithful, honest and competent clerks, unknown so far as the people are concerned, should be retained in the service, regardless of their political or religious preferences and affiliations. Parties rise and fall, but the government is permanent. Offices are established to do the public business of and for all the people, and they should be filled and administered for their benefit. With a change of parties, or of administrations, involving a change of policy, the members of the cabinet and the incumbents of many other offices should be changed, especially those filled by presidential appointment; but in all subordinate positions, where experience and technical knowledge are required, there should be permanency, and removals should be made only for cause. This was found to be the only way to lift the departments out of the mire of incompetency, and make them the business offices of the people, and not the political junkshops of party.

Life in Washington is an ever-recurring scramble of selfish ambition with many lamentable failures, and there the Darwinian doctrine of the "survival of the fittest" finds abundant exemplification. Humanity appears in all stages of development and decline, from the highest intellectual culture to the lowest political adventurer and bummer. Men have been carried there on some wave of political excitement who were of very little account at home and never lost their insignificance. A little brief notoriety attended them, and then they subsided, finding their proper level in the turbulent tide of humanity as it sweeps resistlessly onward. Forty years ago seedy men could have been seen there who had been members of the cabinet, senators, representatives and heads of bureaus, who were mere stranded wrecks upon a barren and merciless shore. To the men of the present the name of Charles M. Conrad, a member of President William Henry Harrison's cabinet, is forgotten. During and for a short time after the civil war he could be seen in the federal city, picking up a precarious living, poor as poverty could make a man—old, infirm and bent—the tide having rolled on and past him; and he was only one of many notable cases among the political wreckage. For him a donation of fifty cents was a god-send.

Especially at the assembling of a new congress in those days did the politically dead come forth—not, however, clothed with resurrectional brightness. Then the corridors of the hotels would be thronged with these seedy samples of humanity, many of whom had been in official positions but by the mutations of politics had lost their hold on sustenance,

and were anxious for any crumbs that might fall to their lot. It used to be said that there were more men, young and old, in Washington, with no visible means of support, than in any other American city. The change, the new conditions, that came with the civil war, had much to do with this state of things. The old were swept out as the new came in. The change was a radical one. The members of the old régime, improvident when in office, had nothing and nowhere to go when they were displaced; and so they lived and died, at last joining the great majority among the "unknown." This is not an overdrawn picture of Washington as it was forty years ago. In no other city could Beau Hickman—always a mendicant—have lived a long life and at last died as he had lived, a gentlemanly beggar, who did not drink or smoke, but would always take the price of a drink or a cigar in cash. In the heterogeneous crowd, representing every phase of American life—from the fluent tobacco expectorator and chronic bummer, up and down the social gamut—there was room for every unique specimen, and a field for their operations—even for the female lobbyist.

Important innovations were made in Washington during the civil war. In many respects it was the beginning of a new era. By General Francis E. Spinner, Treasurer of the United States, whose peculiar signature on the greenbacks was familiar to soldiers and civilians all over this country, women were first appointed to government clerkships. Ruggedly honest, intensely homely, profusely profane, and a champion of equal rights, he was true to his convictions always and everywhere. He saw no reason why women should be debarred from the public service, and he set the example in appointing them clerks in his office. At first society was shocked, but soon recovered from the shock, as the world was not disturbed in its orbit by the event, and now women are performing clerical service everywhere, with the result that the men who associate with them in public and private offices, in stores and other places of business, are improved in character and conduct, are more civilized, by the association.

With the war the female lobbyist also put in an appearance. There is no one word to designate this modern innovationist, so that the qualifying prefix can be avoided. The old temples had their priests and priestesses, but the priestess of the modern temple of legislation is the female lobbyist, or lobbyess, or "lobsteress" as Josiah Allen's wife calls her. Sam Ward, the scholar, poet, raconteur, associate of diplomats, of the highest public functionaries, of literary men in America and Europe, was king of the lobby; and a little later a man of coarser type, Nathaniel

McKay, appeared upon the scene and gained a fortune during thirty years as a Washington lobbyist by ways that were dark and tricks that were not in vain; but, as yet, there has been no queen of the lobby. Women have long had an influence in public affairs, but lobbying for special legislation by them belongs exclusively to our time.

Whatever the name that may be given her, the female of the species has become a permanent feature of the legislative and departmental life of Washington. The lobby of a legislative chamber is defined as the "part not appropriated to the official use of members;" and to lobby is "to address or solicit members of the legislative body in the lobby, or elsewhere away from the House with a view to influence their votes."

For this vocation the lobbyess has facilities which are not possessed by the sterner portion of the human race. It would be ungentlemanly to plainly and bluntly tell the persistent female that her claim was dishonest—that it had no merit—that no such appropriation of public funds could be permitted—and that she, herself, is a fraud. There is a power in bright eyes, in a gentle voice and a winning smile, that even gray-haired legislators have not always the power to withstand. These fair lobbyists, like insectivorous plants with many tentacles, grasp and hold and destroy their victims. If women were the legislators, the men of the lobby would not have the same power that the charming lobbyess possesses. She can see the members elsewhere than in the House, and is rarely repulsed with a positive and decisive—"I cannot aid you, madam"—especially if she is young and witty and handsome. Plain women, as a rule, do not follow the business, but recognizing the "eternal fitness of things" keep out of it. A Vinnie Ream, by personal solicitation and the witchery of her ways, could obtain an order, by the vote of grave senators and distinguished representatives, to make a marble statue of Lincoln—which, as might have been expected, is a poor work of art—while the most eminent sculptor of the nation would have failed; and Lucy Cobb, bright and sharp and sagacious, was an expert in procuring presidential pardons.

The period that began with the civil war was not so much noted for the emancipation of woman as it was for her subsequent advent into all occupations therefore wholly monopolized by men. Not long after the clerkship era commenced the woman lawyer, the woman physician, the woman preacher, and the woman in bifurcated garments like those of the men, appeared; and in the newer portions of the country, where society is less fossilized and wedded to old customs than it is in the older sections, the woman voter is already much in evidence.

But the noblest mission of all was woman as an angel of mercy during the rebellion, when Clara Barton, at the head of the Red Cross Society, from the presidency of which she has recently resigned, began her career and devoted her life to unselfish service. The soldiers of many a bloody battlefield knew her as the first woman nurse to bring comfort and succor to the wounded. No one but a woman could have done the work that she organized and performed. There was need of it, as the means of relief furnished by the government were inadequate. The soldiers of the Army of the Potomac knew her; the heroes of Morris island could not, while life lasted, forget the only woman who remained there, caring for the wounded while shot and shell fell like hail; the widows and mothers of the dead prisoners at Andersonville will ever remember the woman at whose request the bodies of thirty thousand men who died there were identified and buried in marked graves. And later, after the war, the sufferers from the Ohio floods, the Michigan fires, the Charleston earthquake, the Texas drouth, learned who she was, and every sovereign of Europe knows well the name and deeds of Clara Barton, the president of the American Red Cross. The events of forty years ago would be very incomplete without mentioning her name and referring to her work.

Society in Washington is a conglomerate, perhaps more so during and after the war than it is now—provincial and cosmopolitan—made up, temporarily, not only from all sections of our own country, but from all parts of the world, and largely classified according to official rank. Wealth and high position are the supreme considerations. Eminent scholars and literary men are smaller factors in American society than they are in the higher official and social circles of European countries. The merely official society is necessarily formal. In a few years at the longest its personnel entirely changes. Men make many acquaintances and but few personal friends in political life. Politics is a selfish struggle, and in its atmosphere friendships do not flourish. In the clubs and at informal gatherings a man may pass for what he is intrinsically worth, but in official society according to the grade of his commission.

This false and fictitious social life, showy and superficial, makes dishonest and ruins many public men. Wealth plays the cards; pride and poverty attempt to follow suit and fail. The wealthy give costly entertainments because it is the custom, or else to make an ostentatious display, and the poorer in purse but equal in position attend them. Finally comes an apparent obligation to return the compliment, as an act of official courtesy. It is done, and the pittance that is left of the official

salary dwindles away into debt. Then the unfortunate official is ready, if he would keep up appearances, to take an interest in any job that will furnish the money he must have, and once in the toils of the lobby there is no escape. The public man, in ordinary circumstances, who attempts to imitate the social extravagance of the wealthy class in Washington is certain to find at the end of his career regret and disappointment.

The city of Rome was the republic and the empire of Rome; Paris is France; London is England; Berlin is Germany; but fortunately for us Washington is not the United States. It is the temporary abiding place for ambitious politicians, and the currents of American life flow to it, but not from it. When a great city furnishes the life-blood of a nation there will be neither physical health, nor manly vigor, nor moral heroism; for commercial and financial interests will surpass the welfare of humanity; corruption will poison the vital current, and its contaminating influences will be felt throughout the entire body politic. Our Capitol will continue to be the arena for political debates and quarrels, which for the time being may seem important to the actors and their friends; but which, generally, are mere noisy vaporings that neither accelerate nor retard the march of human progress.

It is pleasant to reflect that all these contests and strifes are ephemeral; that wrong and wrath pass away; that the good survives and the evil perishes; that nothing can prevent the forward movement of humanity; that parties die and principles endure forever; that, born of the struggles of the past and the present, peace, concord, unity and brotherhood will surely come; that the men who have fought and toiled on either side of the noisy arena, were but missionaries of the gospel of equal rights, of equal justice, and of equal liberty; and that, amid frothing waves and roaring breakers, the great tide of evolution steadily rises, overwhelming and destroying all the weak efforts of man to stay its progress; for, as it is written, "the wrath of man shall praise Him, and the remainder will He restrain." It may be hoping too much, for the upward movement of humanity is slow indeed and is attended by many setbacks, that the bells of the twentieth century may

"Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws."

OUR WESTERN BOUNDARY.

HOW MICHIGAN LOST MUCH VALUABLE TERRITORY.

BY GEORGE H. CANNON.[1]

Among the host of the pioneers of Michigan whom we all delight to honor the practical surveyors of the public domain stand pre-eminent. It was they who struck the blow that broke the wilderness and opened it for settlement. They were the pioneers of the pioneers. The roads they followed were the trails of the Indians or paths they were forced to make in order to reach their fields of operation. They were in small companies and exposed to assault by Indian, wolf and bear. They packed their way to their work, and the food they ate was that which had been carried from fifty to 150 miles on the backs of men. They encountered malaria, ague, homesickness and mosquitoes. Literally, they blazed the way for the advance of a coming civilization. They endured and we enjoy and so we delight to give them honor.

It is such thoughts as these that must furnish an apology, if one is needed, for this paper. Furthermore, it will soon become a matter of history how these boundary and division lines were made and who participated in the making of them. Again, it seems evident to the writer that through the unfortunate selection of the terminal point of the boundary line on the Montreal River the State of Michigan was made the loser of several hundred square miles of most valuable territory, as we shall expect to make appear in the progress of this article.

First of all, the writer desires to express a sense of gratitude for aid given him in the exhaustive paper by Anna May Soules on "Michigan Land Boundaries," published in Vol. 27 of the State Pioneer Collections, and also in the very able paper on the same subject read at the annual meeting of this Society in 1903 by Prof. Larzelere of the Normal School at Mt. Pleasant.

[1] George Henry Cannon, was born in the town of Day, Saratoga county, New York, December 30, 1826. He is of Revolutionary stock both grandparents having served all through the war. He came to Michigan in the thirties and learned his letters in Saline, Washtenaw county. He moved to Macomb county in 1836, where he has since resided. He picked up an education as best he could, taught school four winters and studied sciences nights. In the summer of 1846 he was with an exploring party in search of minerals along the northern coast of Lake Superior. He was appointed United States Deputy Surveyor, August 10, 1850, and for ten years was occupied in surveying the public lands in Michigan and Minnesota. He has always taken an active interest in historical research and has contributed several papers to the "Collections". He is a member of the society, served on each of its committees, and is vice-president for Macomb county.

These valuable papers, being of a more purely and direct historical nature, necessarily omit much of the narrative which I conceive to be of value and work no injury to the historical and instead, should add thereto. So I may be pardoned if, in my paper, I strive to bring up much of this. Having this feature in view I have not only drawn freely from official sources, as well as from memoranda of reliable data, but have obtained through correspondence much of the history of the work in the field by one of the actual participants in the survey of the boundary line in question, who is still living and who kept a journal during the expedition.

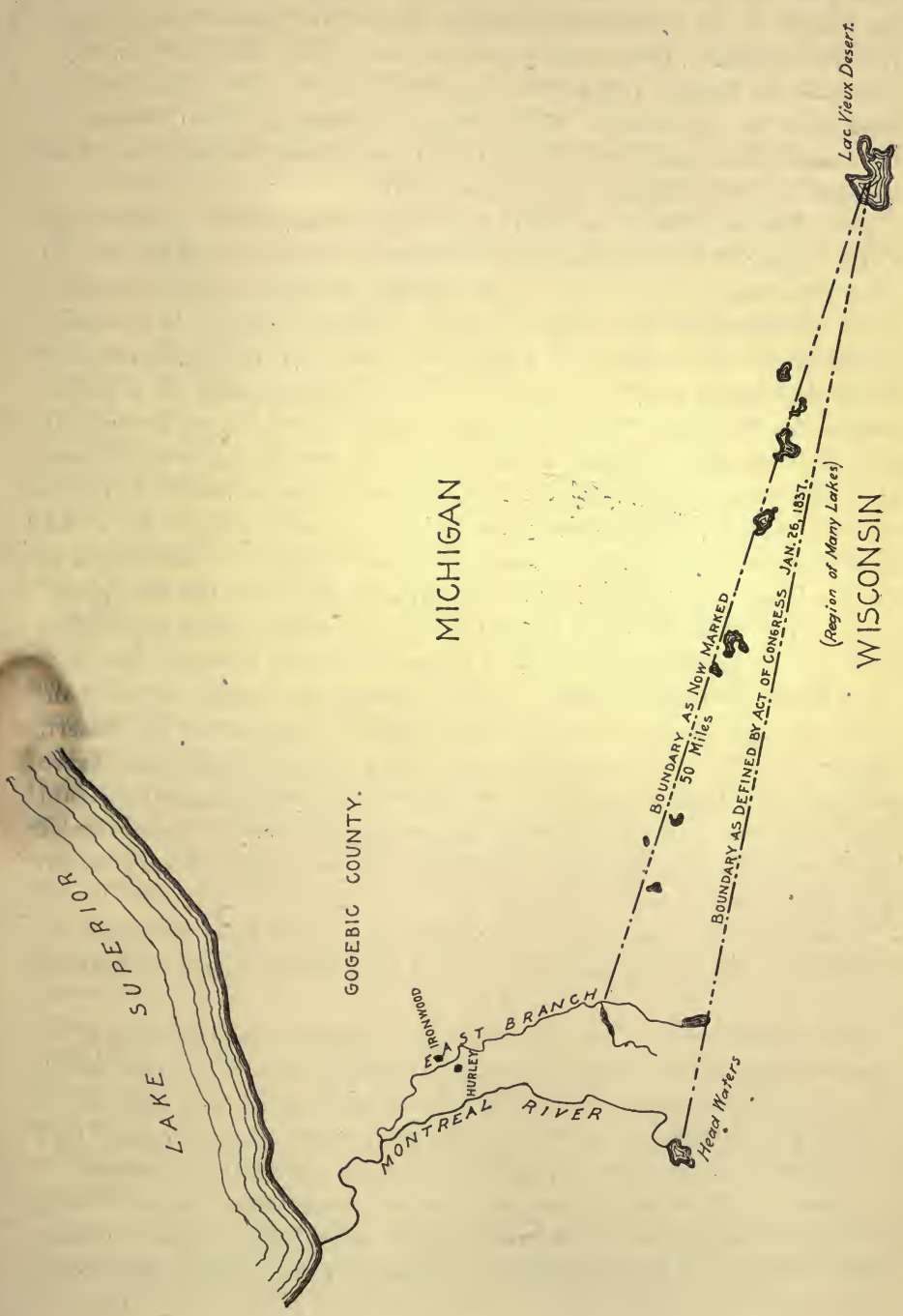
The following is a copy of the act of Congress giving authority to proceed in the matter, entitled, "An Act to Establish the Bounary Line between the State of Michigan and the Territory of Wisconsin:

"Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Surveyor General of the States of Ohio, Indiana and Michigan and Wisconsin land districts, under the direction of the President of the United States, be, and is hereby, authorized and required to cause to be surveyed, marked and designated, the boundary line between the State of Michigan and the Territory of Wisconsin, agreeably to boundary as established by the act entitled: 'An act to establish the Northern boundary line of the State of Ohio, and to provide for the admission of the State of Michigan into the Union, upon the conditions therein expressed,' approved June 15, 1836, and to cause to be made a plat or plan of the boundary between the said State of Michigan and the said Territory of Wisconsin, and return the same to Congress at its next annual session, and that the sum of three thousand dollars be, and the same is hereby, appropriated to carry into effect this act: *Provided,* That the whole expense of surveying, marking and designating the said boundary line shall not exceed that sum. Approved June 12, 1838."

This seems to have been the first attempt made in an official form looking to the establishing of the western boundary. The information available regarding the region of country through which the line was expected to pass was quite indefinite. Indeed, one might almost say there was no such information. It was known, however, as a vast wooded region, of which the maps of that date represent the boundary itself as being a water line. Leaving Lake Superior at the mouth of Montreal River and ascending that river to its source in the Lac Vieux Desert, from the other extremity of the lake a river was supposed to issue flowing into the Menominee River, which discharged its waters into Green

Bay on Lake Michigan. Obviously, such a condition could not exist, yet it was entertained by map makers, if not by the law makers of that time, until an exploration of the field dispelled the illusion. In fact, the country through which the line was to pass was a vast plateau, heavily wooded, and gemmed by numerous small lakes, which were the sources of many rivers, large and small. Of these we note only a few which seem of most importance: The Wisconsin, which empties into the Mississippi; the Menominee, with its branches; the Pine, Brule and Peshekame flowing into Green Bay, while the Montreal, Black, Presque Isle, Ontonagon and Sturgeon make their way to Lake Superior. All these were to some extent navigable by canoes or bateaux for considerable distances from their sources, and thus became of use in the search into the interior. The Indian, with his light bark canoe, could with ease overcome, or by shouldering the boat make a portage around the rapids or other obstructions frequently encountered and launch his boat in the quiet waters beyond. By such means it became possible to follow the windings of the streams to their sources. Indian trails of uncertain length and indefinite direction were frequently met, and made contributary to the same end. The one leading from the head of Keweenaw Bay was of ancient date and was eighty miles in length. Over this Indian highway the warriors had traveled since the knowledge of the whites, and possibly hundreds of years before, on their way to Lake Desert and down the Wisconsin to the Mississippi. By means of these several routes, well known to the Indian, communication was maintained by at least some of the tribes with each other for purposes friendly or otherwise. Seventy years ago the region was thickly populated with these various tribes, who, while not openly hostile to the white settlers, were a constant source of annoyance to the explorer. Several Indian villages were in the region, the largest and most important of which was situated at Lake Desert. In all this region there were but very few white settlers. A fringe of settlement far to the south in Wisconsin was slowly moving northward with greater speed along the rivers than in the interior, while in the Upper Peninsula of our State there were no settlements whatever.

On the shore of Lake Superior the Jesuit missions of La Pointe and Sault Ste. Marie were still occupied, and at the mouth of the Fox River was the mission of St. Francis Xavier on Green Bay and St. Ignace on the Straits of Mackinaw. At a subsequent date missionary stations had been established at or near the head of Keweenaw Bay, by Catholics and Protestants. There was also a small settlement of


LAKE SUPERIOR
GOGEBIC COUNTY.
MICHIGAN
WISCONSIN
IRONWOOD
HURLEY
E. & W. BRANCH
MONTREAL RIVER
Head Waters
BOUNDARY AS NOW MARKED
50 Miles
BOUNDARY AS DEFINED BY ACT OF CONGRESS JAN. 26, 1837.
(Region of Many Lakes)
Lac Vieux Desert

whites at the mouth of Menominee River. These were mere specks on the border of the wilderness, affording only a faint gleam of a civilization yet to come. These, however, served as a check upon the encroachments of the Indian, and were an important aid in the exploration and settlement of the country. The openings or clearings were confined to the immediate vicinity of the stations, and the roads leading from them reached no great distance into the interior.

Into this practically unknown and almost inaccessible region came Capt. Cram, of the Topographical Engineers in 1840, assigned by the War Department to the work of establishing Michigan's western boundary. The instruction to Capt. Cram, by which he was to be governed in his work, were issued by Col. J. J. Abert, of the Topographical Engineers, under date of July 30, 1840, and accompanied by a memorandum as follows: "The survey now committed to you is that of the boundary between the State of Michigan and the Territory of Wisconsin. The entire amount appropriated for the survey is $3,000, but it is doubtful if this will be sufficient for the duty. Under which view of the case your attention will be directed in the first instance to those parts of the boundary destitute of a distinct physical character not easily mistaken. The boundary is described as follows (that is those parts of it necessary to be referred to in these instructs) 'to the mouth of the Montreal River (of Lake Superior), thence through the middle of the channel of the said river, Montreal, to the middle of the Lake of the Desert, thence in a direct line to the nearest head of the Menominee, thence through the middle of that fork of said river first touched by the said line, down the center of the main channel of the same, to the center of the most usual ship channel of Green Bay to the middle of Lake Michigan, thence, etc.'

"The middle of rivers is not an unusual boundary between states. It is, however, always an imaginary one, as it cannot be distinctly marked out.

"The boundary of a river is a distinct physical boundary not to be mistaken where the river is known. Although, therefore, rivers which form boundaries may be erroneously traced upon maps, they are easy to be found in nature, and their erroneous positions upon maps cannot lead to any error or mistakes of jurisdiction in the adjoining authorities.

"There is no necessity, therefore, for surveying these, unless to have a correct delineation of the boundary. A desirable object without doubt, but yet not being absolutely necessary, it may be delayed without

injurious consequences, and with great propriety where it is doubted if the amount appropriated will make the whole survey.

"The line from the head of Montreal River to the head of the Menominee must also of necessity be surveyed as it is an undetermined line, without distinct physical characteristics. This line it is said must pass through Desert Lake. Recent information induces the belief that there are several lakes between the headwaters of these two rivers called Lakes of the Desert. They are so delineated and named on some maps of that locality which I have examined. The survey, however, will give correct information on this subject.

"From the foregoing remarks you will require immediate surveys only of Green Bay and of the country between the headwaters of the Montreal and the Menominee through which the line is to be traced. And from the short reference which has been made to those two localities of the boundary, you will perceive that the necessity for the most immediate or first survey applies itself to the line between the headwaters of the two rivers named. You will therefore, in the first instance, apply your whole attention and your whole force to this part of the line, which you will complete, if possible, during the present season."

Thus the general features of the work to be accomplished were outlined in a somewhat indefinite manner; sufficient, however, to cover the field of operations, in which the Lake Desert, when located, would be an unmistakable point in the boundary line.

It would appear that this noted point on the line could be reached by the way of the Wisconsin River entirely by water, or by the Menominee and its branch, the Brule, to the lake of that name, and thence by a portage of some fifteen miles overland to Lake Desert. Either route was tedious and difficult to the last degree, involving much toil and time, so that whichever way was chosen the explorer would wish he had taken the other. Capt. Cram came into the region by way of the Menominee and Brule rivers to Lake Brule, where he commenced his operations. In his report to the Department he says: "It takes fourteen days under the most favorable circumstances to reach the mouth of the Peshecumme, and the descent with canoes lightly loaded four days; to ascend the Brule in high water to its source six days, and three and one-half days to descend it. In low water its navigation would be impracticable."

In proceeding northwesterly towards Lake Desert, while triangulating a lake about midway distant, he was discovered by a party of Indians. He says, "Immediately on discovering the signal flags of the surveying

party, some of the principal men of the band assembled and came in a body to our camp, and formally notified us to desist work, representing that the land upon which we were surveying the line did not belong to their great father, the President of the United States, but was their hunting ground, and that we were encroaching upon their rights, and that we could be allowed to proceed no farther towards the setting of the sun into the country of the Ka-ta-kit-ta-kon, and that we must immediately return to the place whence we came." He farther adds, "That for some time serious apprehensions were entertained that all further work might be stopped, and the party be compelled to retreat without reaching Lake Desert; but in an interview with Ca-sha-o-sha the next day all opposition was removed by amicable negotiation and purchase of the right of way through the country, with all other needful privileges, together with permission to pass all the way through to the Montreal river. Such were the conditions of the treaty between the chief of the Ka-ta-kit-a-kon band and the chief of the surveying party, and finally, before leaving, such a friendly footing was established that the officer who may hereafter be sent out for the further prosecution of the survey need not fear any opposition from Ca-sha-o-sha's band, provided, that in the outfit of the party suitable presents be taken along and judiciously distributed among them on the principle of "quid pro quo." And then he emphasizes his caution by saying that neglect of such precaution might be the cause of defeating a whole season's work. In connection with the foregoing report of his work in the field, in December, 1840, he submitted a report to the War Department, in which he discusses at length the impracticability of making the survey without further legislation, and that, "owing to the absence of all facilities in the wilderness like that through which the line of boundary is to pass, the cost of the necessary operations for establishing the boundary between the mouth of the Montreal river and Lake Desert will not be less than $10,000."

Capt. Cram worked in this region until very late in the autumn, and explored, surveyed and mapped hundreds of miles of that unsettled wilderness region, and his report thereon is of a most valuable and interesting character, giving, as it does, the first authentic information in regard to the country through which the boundary lay. It showed that the Montreal river did not flow from the Lake Desert, but that its head waters were fifty miles or more to the westward from that lake, so far, in fact, that it "takes an Indian eight days, without a pack, to pass from one point to the other." The Lake Desert he describes as a beautiful

sheet of water, containing three islands, which may be designated as the North, Middle and South islands. In reference to the Montreal river, he says: "It is not of the importance that one would suppose from a mere inspection of its delineation upon a map," and in regard to its source says: "That it is also believed with much confidence that it does not head in a lake, but takes its rise in an extensive swamp."

This completed the season's operations and in the following summer of 1841 he returned to the Upper Peninsula and continued the explorations and survey westward towards the head water of the Montreal river, with a view to the completion of the survey. February 10, 1842, his final report was submitted to the Department. The work in the field had embraced a more extended portion of the region than lies between Lake Brule and the head waters of the Montreal River, and in this examination he found that his positive statements in regard to the Montreal River, as to its source, were erroneous, inasmuch as an exploration of the region had developed the fact that the east branch which he had found and supposed to be the Montreal River did head in a lake, and did not have its source in a swamp. From a synopsis of this report we learn that the conclusion was drawn that there were not to be found in nature any conditions of a natural boundary between the head waters of the Montreal and Menominee rivers, and, therefore, it became necessary to make a delineation of the country between those head waters and along the intended route of the boundary. Accordingly, the survey was commenced from the Lake Desert and continued westward. When within a distance of some twenty miles he came to a river two rods in width, which he thought might be the Montreal, and carrying the survey to its mouth found that the Ontonagon had been reached, and that the Montreal must be many miles to the west. Continuing the survey westward for thirty miles, or more, a good sized stream was intersected which was the east branch of the Montreal River, but which he deemed to be the real Montreal River, the object of his quest. Making some examination of the region in the vicinity he selected the confluence of two streams for the terminal point of the boundary survey at a place on the east branch where a small stream, which he named the Balsam river, came in from the east, while the main river to its source, six miles farther south, was called Pine river, and the lake from which it issues Pine Lake. The river flowing from the lake is twenty feet wide, and is considerably increased where it crosses the section lines as one proceeds northward, while at the junction with the Balsam the width is thirty feet. From this point the distance in a direct line to

Lake Superior, at its mouth, is eighteen miles or more, and by the meanders of the river, upwards of thirty-four miles. Capt. Cram was aware of the existence of Pine Lake, which he calls a little one, a mere pond, conveying the impression that it was an insignificant body of water, and therefore, the point, as selected, would be the most proper place for the closing of the dividing line, and strangely enough, marking on the official map that point as the head waters and leaving it to future legislation to determine the matter. It is charitable to believe that Capt. Cram personally never saw Pine Lake at all, but took his information from a subordinate of his party who was also ignorant as to its size. The Government surveys were extended over the region twenty-one years later, in 1862, and these show that this small pond is nearly two miles long by a half a mile wide, occupying the greater portion of sections 29 and 32, as well as a part of section 20, in township 44 North, of range 2 East, Wisconsin. It is certainly difficult to see why it should not have been selected as the head waters as determined, instead of the forks of the river. If the confluence of two streams can, in any sense, be deemed its head waters, then, in this case, the union of the east branch with the main river would be the logical terminal point of the boundary line. The Montreal river is made up of two principal branches, with numerous affluents, which unite within a few miles of Lake Superior, and flowing thence, fall into that lake with a single bound of nearly sixty feet. Of these large branches, the western one is very much the largest of the two, has a greater number of feeders, drains a large area and must be deemed in fact to be the Montreal River proper. Its source is in a lake very much larger than the one from which its main, or eastern branch flows, although but eight miles distant from that lake. It is now known as Island Lake, and occupies the most of sections 19 and 30 in Range 2 East, as well as a part of sections 24, 25 and 36 in range 2 East, Wisconsin.

This lake is undeniably the head waters of the Montreal River, and its selection as such would have complied in every particular with the intent and act of Congress in relation thereto. The selection of the terminal point appears to have closed up Capt. Cram's work on the boundary survey with the line yet to be run and marked. We opine that the conclusion can not be avoided that a grave mistake was made in locating the western terminus of the line, and that Congress should investigate the matter and cause a re-survey of that portion of the line to be made as lies between Lake Desert and the head waters of the Montreal river, inasmuch as the one now established does not comply

with the enabling acts of Jan. 26, 1837. As it now stands the State of Michigan has been unfortunate in the matter of her exterior boundaries, having been wrongfully deprived of some 400 square miles along her southern border and several hundred or more from an error in the terminal point.

The several acts of Congress making appropriations for the western boundary survey were as follows: Act of June 12, 1838, appropriated $3,000; the Act of March 3, 1841, $6,000; the Act of May 18, 1842, $7,000, and the Act of August 10,, 1846, the sum of $1,000. The reports indicate, however, that only $7,613.97 were expended by Capt. Cram on that portion of the boundary between the mouth of the Menominee River and Lake Superior. Of the above appropriations, aside from the amount paid pertaining to the land boundary, including $1,000 paid W. A. Burt, the balance appears to have been expended in determining the ship channel in Green Bay.

Further work on the boundary survey appears to have taken a rest until in the summer of 1846, when the matter came up, and Congress passed an act appropriating $1,000, requiring the speedy completion of the survey. Until this date the work had been carried on by the Topographical Engineers of the War Department.[1] Although the Act of June 12, 1838, had authorized the work to be done by the Surveyor General northwest of the Ohio, and President Van Buren's order of January 27, 1841, required the Commissioner of the General Land Office to "take charge of the surveying and marking the line in question," it appears, however, that on account of the importance of the work to be accomplished that the order of the President, as well as the act of Congress, was not complied with for several years after, until the Commissioner of the General Land Office, under date of Sept. 15, 1846, instructed the Surveyor General as follows: "By the fourth section of the Act of Congress, approved 10th August, 1846, entitled 'An Act Making Appropriations, etc.,' the Surveyor General northwest of the Ohio under the direction of the President be and hereby is required to cause to be surveyed, marked and designated so much of the line between Michigan and Wisconsin as lies between the source of the Brule River and the source of the Montreal River," as defined by the act to enable the people of Wisconsin Territory to form a constitution and State government, and for the admission of said State into the Union; and the expense of such survey shall be paid upon the certificate of said Surveyor General out of any money in the Treasury, not otherwise appro-

[1] By request of Michigan's statesmen in Congress.

priated, not exceeding one thousand dollars. The boundary is described as follows: "To the mouth of the Menominee River, thence up the channel of said river to the Brule River, thence up said last-mentioned river to Lake Brule, thence along the southern shore of Lake Brule in a direct line to the center of the channel between Middle and South Islands in the Lake of the Desert, thence in a direct line to the head waters of the Montreal River, as marked upon the survey made by Capt. Cram, thence down the main channel of the Montreal River to the middle of Lake Superior," etc., etc. The President directs that you will take immediate measures to have surveyed and designated that portion of the boundary specified in the fourth section of the Act of 10th August, 1846, above mentioned, that for this purpose you will employ one of your most experienced and competent deputies and instruct him to mark it in the most distinct and durable manner.

"The latitude and longitude should be ascertained of the various points at which the line strikes and leaves Lake Brule and the Lake of the Desert, and the point fixed as the head waters of Montreal River. These points should also be designated permanently, by raising mounds and fixing large stones in them with proper marks and descriptions of the points they indicate. When the survey is completed and approved you will please forward a plat of it to this office; one to the office of the Surveyor General at Du Buque and retain a copy for the records of your office."

It would appear that on account of the lateness of the season no attempt was made to undertake the field work that autumn. However, the following spring the Surveyor General selected Deputy Surveyor W. A. Burt, of Macomb county, Michigan, and issued to him instructions corresponding to those received from the Commissioner of the General Land Office. This officer, in the selection of Mr. Burt to do the work, made a wise choice. Mr. Burt was a man of unusual vigor and resolution, well acquainted with the work in all its details and inured to the hardship of the life in the woods—the inventor of the Solar compass, without which the work could scarcely have been done at all. And more than all else he had that in him that when he went to do a thing he did it. The Surveyor General's instructions to Mr. Burt were as follows, and give to the public a correct idea of how such work is done:

"W. A. Burt, Dept. Surveyor.

Sir—On account of your great experience and ability in surveying you have been chosen to survey, designate and mark so much of the boundary line between Michigan and Wisconsin as lies between the source of the

Brule River and the source of the Montreal River as defined by the act to enable the people of Wisconsin Territory to form a constitution and State government, approved the 6th of August, 1846. In the execution of this work you will be governed strictly by the instructions contained in a letter from the Commissioner of the General Land Office, dated the 15th of September, 1846, a copy of which is herewith enclosed.

In order to establish the boundary line correctly you will probably find it necessary to first run random lines to ascertain precisely the relative position of the different points named in the act above referred to. When this shall have been done the true line may be run, measured, marked and established either northwesterly from the source of the Brule River or southeasterly from the source of the Montreal River, as you may find most convenient, taking care to mark the end of every mile and half mile by setting posts and taking and noting in your field notes at least one bearing tie on each side of the line, to be marked with a notch and blaze facing toward the posts in the same manner as in the surveys of the public lands. They should also be marked with the number of miles and half miles each post is distant from the place of beginning, and the letter "M" to designate miles should likewise be marked to the right hand or below each number.

These posts may be measured to and their distances from the intersection of township and section lines noted by the surveyors, whose surveys may close on either side of this line, and thus an accurate connection of the surveys in Michigan with those of Wisconsin can be obtained; while the boundary between the two States will be accurately defined at so many points that no dispute can ever arise concerning it.

It is important that the boundary be well and very distinctly marked and you will please pay particular attention to this as well as all the other requirements of the Commissioner's letter above mentioned.

That portion of the boundary which you are to survey and establish is described in the first section of the Act of the 6th of August, 1846, before mentioned, as follows, viz.: Beginning at the outlet of Brule River from Lake Brule, thence along the southern shore of Lake Brule in a direct line to the center of the channel between Middle and South Islands in Lake of the Desert, thence in a direct line to the head waters of Montreal River, as marked on the survey made by Capt. Cram.

Signed, Lucius Lyons,
Surveyor General."

Capt. Cram, as we have seen, had failed to establish the boundary line. Perhaps he thought it would be too expensive to go and meet the conditions of his own treaty with the Indians made seven years before. At least it now became imperative that the line should be run so that the lines of the approaching surveys of the Upper Peninsula now in progress could be closed thereon. Aside from the special work of the boundary survey Mr. Burt, in connection with two of his sons, had been awarded an extensive district to survey during that season embracing the entire western portion of the Upper Peninsula. So, selecting a party of some thirty men and a few pack horses and supplies for a whole season's work in the wilderness, the party embarked on the steamer "Sam Ward," leaving Detroit on the 14th day of May, 1847, and arriving at L'Anse, at the head waters of Keweenaw Bay on Lake Superior, on the 23d inst. Here they disembarked and prepared for their journey to the interior. Here was the nucleus of a settlement of whites and two mission stations, one on each side of the bay. There was also here an Indian settlement, and the Indians greatly outnumbered the whites. From the former it was learned that an ancient trail or Indian path led from L'Anse to Lake Desert, a distance of some fifty miles in a direct line, but much more in its meanderings. And on this route the party set out in search of the Lake of the Desert, which they reached after several days of strenuous labor. The supplies had to be transported all this distance on the pack horses or on men's backs. The township line surveyors having left the party several miles back, Mr. Burt, with his party of ten men, proceeded to make their depot of supplies at Lake Desert. Leaving one man to stand guard over the supplies lest they fall into the hands of Indians, they began work on the boundary line. Lake Desert being the most unmistakable point designated in their instructions they took this as the initial point, as they could do so without any probability of error. Then, after determining the point at the center of the channel, midway between Middle and South Islands, they set a post on the east shore of the lake and adjusted their instruments. According to the meager information they had they went out on a trial line to find Lake Brule. The direction in which to run must, of course, be a matter of conjecture rather than skill or judgment for they only knew that somewhere to the southeast or east by south, probably about fifteen miles, they should find the lake, and so reach the extreme eastern terminus of the boundary. In due time the lake was reached, but the close was wide (that is, they came out some distance away from the expected point), and the random in consequence could be made of not

the least use in making the true line, only it gave them a more intelligent idea of the relative position of the two lakes.

They then pitched their tent on the south border of Lake Brule and here they spent some time in determining the accuracy of their position before they would begin to make the line. As night came on they began to hear noises of a drumming sound coming from the opposite side of the lake. It began to be evident that the Indians had discovered them and were preparing to make them a visit, friendly or otherwise, they could not tell which. The drumming sound was kept up all night and was not conducive to sound sleep. Numerous and various were the conjectures as to its meaning. Judge Burt had had considerable experience with Indians in various places and assured his company that these were not sounds of hostility, but that it was their method of greeting strangers and that most likely they would receive a visit from the band in the morning, expecting to receive presents from them.

Now it happened that in Mr. Burt's party were two half-breed French and Indian interpreters, who agreed with Mr. Burt in his view of the matter, which all had a tendency to assure the men of their safety. But there were only nine in the party and entirely unarmed, so it was obvious that in the event of an attack they would be entirely at the mercy of the Indians, and mercy with the Indian was an unknown quantity. At all events, the party passed a sleepless night and were glad when morning came. Early in the morning the drumming was heard no more, but looking across the lake, whose still waters lay glimmering in the first rays of the morning sun, they beheld several canoe loads of Indians coming towards their encampment. They soon reached the shore and silently landed and came direct to the camp, around which they marched without a word three times in succession, acting quite hostile and were much excited. After the march they seated themselves in perfect silence, some forty in number, and lighting their pipes began to smoke. After a few moments the chief of the band arose and with much gravity drew from the folds of his blanket a roll covered with several wrappings of birch bark. These he unwound with great care, one by one, and at length produced a small roll of white paper, which he handed to Judge Burt and sat down again. Mr. Burt first read the contents of the paper to himself and then aloud to his men. This paper, which was signed by Capt. Cram, purported to be a treaty made between himself and the chief of the Indian tribe, in which surveyors and others coming into the country were pledged to make the Indians presents and pay tribute to them. Mr. Burt handed the paper

back to the chief, who at once with much deliberation restored it to its birch bark covering. To the Indian it was a document of great value and must be preserved with jealous care. Calling his interpreter, Mr. Burt then addressed the Indians, first enquiring what they wanted or expected. They replied that they had come for their presents, in accordance with the treaty with Capt. Cram, the promises of which must be kept. Here was a dilemma of a serious nature. They were not prepared to give presents, for they had none to give. To divide with them might mean starvation to themselves and an abandonment of the work. Mr. Burt told them that Capt. Cram had forgotten to tell the great father at Washington that he had pledged others who might come to their country to give them presents that their great father had bought, and now owned the country and had paid them for it; that Capt. Cram might make them presents if he chose to do so, but he had no right to try to compel anyone else to do so. "You can see for yourselves," said he, "that we have no firearms and can kill no game. We are few; you are many; but if you oblige us to leave this work we will inform the great father at Washington and he will immediately send here his soldiers, who will remove you all beyond the Mississippi River. But to show you that we are friends to you and want to be your brothers we will divide with you from what little we have of provisions, some of which have been brought all the way from the great lake, many miles distant, on men's backs." So, making them presents of a portion of their supplies and the men of the party dividing with them their tobacco, they seemed satisfied and after parleying among themselves awhile they shook hands with all Burt's company and went away and gave the party no further trouble. Their departure was a pronounced relief to the surveying party, who at once set about the work in hand with new vigor.

We now give Judge Burt's account of the place settled upon as the starting point and his reasons for such selection, found in a note in his field book: "As the lower end of Lake Brule is narrow and very shoal, with grass standing in the water except in the channel, where there is a perceptible current, it was extremely difficult to decide where the lake ended and the river began. The direct line, therefore, was made to leave Lake Brule at a well-defined point on the southwest side of a small cove, as above stated, and the meanders of the south end of the lake were commenced below. At a perfectly constructed channel the true course of the line was found to be N. 59 deg. 35 min. W. The variations of the magnetic needle ranged from 6 deg. 55 min. E. to 7 deg. 20 min. E., and the total length of that portion of the boundary line reaching

to the center of the channel between the Middle and South Islands was thirteen miles, thirty-seven chains and sixty-six links, of which sixty-one chains and thirty-seven links were embraced in the lake. The surface of the country traversed by the line was usually rolling with a few narrow swamps and but two small lakes. The soil was fairly good for the purposes of agriculture and the whole tract was covered with a fine growth of timber in which the hardwood or deciduous varieties predominated. Beginning again at the same point in the lake a post was set on the west shore of Lake Desert, from which a random or trial line was run the long distance of fifty miles or more to the Montreal River." Setting off his course on the instrument from the best data possible to obtain the party set out and after several days of most strenuous toil they arrived at the point designated by Capt. Cram, having made a very good close. The line had crossed sixteen lakes and numerous streams, a few of which were of considerable size. The entire route was densely wooded with all varieties of timber and undergrowth common to the climate. The surface over which the line ran was mostly level. The variations of the magnetic needle ranged from 5 deg., 10 min., the lowest, to 7 deg., 50 min. E., the highest. We now append briefly the surveyor's statement of the establishing of the line in its most essential features: From data thus obtained the true boundary line was uniform, the starting point being a post of cedar six feet long and eight inches square, set in the ground two and one-half feet and surrounded with stones, situated on the point of land at the intersection of two streams, one called the Balsam River and the other the Pine River, and the head (so called) proper of the Montreal River, as marked on the survey of Capt. Cram. This post is marked by letters cut in the wood on the southwest side, "Wisconsin;" on the northeast, "Michigan;" on the northwest and southeast sides, "State Boundary." Having established this point with suitable witness trees the running and marking very soon began. The true course was found to be S. 74 deg., 27 min. E. to the center of the channel, between the Middle and South Islands in the Lake of the Desert. The variation was so variable that it became necessary to run the entire distance with the light of the sun by use of Burt's Solar compass, which thus became indispensable. The entire length of the line was found to be 50 miles, 67 chains and 6 links. Of this distance 48 chains and 71 links were in the lake, which was found to be 1 mile, 30 chains and 8 links in width along the boundary line. The line had traversed a region of nearly level and marshy land with many swamps. The execution of the work had been slow and laborious, weather unfavorable, much cloud,

little sun; consequently much delay in waiting. As a result the supply of food became scanty and the party were compelled to subsist as best they could for some days on one-third rations. A few fish were caught, which helped a little, and all the while that the sun shone the work was pushed along and was nearly done.

Their morning meal, which consisted of a piece of bread the size of two fingers to each man and was the last of their food, had been eaten. Should the packers fail to reach them that day starvation must be their lot. Mr. Burt had shared with the men and confidently affirmed that supplies would reach them that day. Two of the party lost heart and cried like children at their forlorn condition. Too weak to work the poor fellows followed on as the work progressed. There was no delay for dinner as there was nothing to eat. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon they heard the report of a gun not far away and knew that help and food were at hand. The packers had come and were greeted by a great shout from the party, and surely the repast that soon followed was eaten with a relish never exceeded. They forgot for the time being to execrate Capt. Cram for his Indian treaty, which had so shortened their supplies. The next day, July 5, 1847, the survey was made complete, so far as the field work was concerned, and Mr. Burt's final report was submitted to the proper authority from his home at Mt. Vernon, Macomb county, Mich.

According to his instructions Mr. Burt made the accompanying table of latitude and longitude at several points on the boundary line between Michigan and Wisconsin:

Outlet of Lake Brule, lat., 46 deg., 1 min., 46 sec.; long., 89 deg., 1 min., 37 sec.

East shore Lac Vieux Desert, lat., 46 deg., 7 min., 26 sec.; long., 89 deg., 15 min., 20 sec.

Angle between the islands, lat., 46 deg., 7 min., 47 sec.; long., 89 deg., 16 min., 10 sec.

West shore Lac Vieux Desert, lat., 46 deg., 8 min., 17 sec.; long., 89 deg., 18 min., 37 sec.

Head proper Montreal River, lat., 46 deg., 19 min., 35 sec.; long., 90 deg., 17 min., 38 sec.

The above latitudes are the mean of several observations made with a Solar compass.

As no instruments for the determining of latitude and longitude were furnished by the Government, and they could not be obtained except at great expense and delay, the latitudes have been determined and

longitudes computed in the manner above stated. Mr. Burt further states: "I have much confidence in the accuracy of the latitude and also of the longitude, from the fact that the difference of longitude at various points given in Bayfield's chart on the south shore of Lake Superior coincides very nearly with the actual measure made by myself in the survey of township lines made in that region.

So the boundary line between the State of Michigan and Territory of Wisconsin was "surveyed, designated, established and marked."

The work had been an exceedingly difficult one, attended with many privations and hardships of the most laborious kind and with much physical discomfort. The work had been done in the months of June and July, and for this service William A. Burt received $1,000—a small amount of money for a large amount of work—but the meager compensation was all that Congress had allowed for that purpose. A marked contrast to the sum of several thousand dollars paid to Captain Cram for the exploration of the region, which also included the acceptance of an erroneous starting point for the boundary line on the Montreal River! This little sketch of history is not startling, but may serve to show that merit and compensation do not always accompany each other, and that the lapse of years may occur before the facts in many important questions may be fully known.

"LE PERE JUSTE."

RIGHT REVEREND MONSIGNOR JOOS, V. G.

BY FATHER FRANK A. O'BRIEN.[1]

Often while men live, and we mingle with them day by day, we fail to recognize their virtue, or their greatness, but the moment that they are called away the grandeur of their nature bursts upon us, in its true light, and then for the first time do we realize that we enjoy the society of those that were particularly great and good.

This is especially true of Right Rev. Monsignor Joos, V. G., who died at Monroe, Michigan, on the 18th of May, 1901, in the seventy-seventh year of his age, full of merit.

He had lived to see the greatness of all he had worked for, and more than he had dreamed of. He died serenely after seeing the full fruition of his noble efforts in the splendid harvest round about him.

By nature endowed with the great qualities of a beautiful manhood, enriched by the refining influences of a liberal education, he was greatness in simplicity, ever frank, open, genial, kind, guileless, he was a true dear friend, a warm friend and a persevering friend. It had been my privilege to be intimately connected with him for more than forty years. He ever sought to entertain and please, without compromising his exalted position or detracting from the sacredness of his character. His thoughts were pure, his lips clean, his soul holy, his conversation cheery and dignified. He was a kind ruler, a wise, prudent adviser, ever blending mercy with justice. He was always faithful in fulfilling his duty. It was his watchword. The thread of every instruction that he gave. His own practice accorded perfectly with what he taught. Obedience to duty had become a second nature to him, and he could not understand how anyone properly educated could hesitate in following its dictates, or, could attempt any compromise with that stern law-giver.

[1] Very Rev. Frank A. O'Brien, A. M., LL. D., Dean of Kalamazoo, was born at Monroe, Michigan in 1851. He received the degree of A. M. from the Michigan University and LL. D., from the University of Notre Dame. He has a taste for "old things" and secured quite a valuable collection of papers relating to the early history of Michigan, especially of the Catholic Church in Michigan, which are deposited in the museum at Nazareth Academy, a large flourishing institution situated at Nazareth, a suburb of Kalamazoo. He has published a number of works and has been a member of the Historical Society from almost its inception. He is the Dean of the Kalamazoo district of the Diocese of Detroit, which carries with it the overseeing of that portion of the Diocese under supervision of the Bishop.

THE LATE RIGHT REV. E. JOOS, V. G.
Taken from a photograph of 1880.

In matters not involving principles, he was yielding. The velvet glove hid his iron hand. His very gentleness being due in a great measure to this uncompromising spirit, for to him, duty once made clear, there was no further pros and cons on the subject. This degree of virtue he expected everyone to reach. No child so young to whom the lesson was not given over and over, until it was mastered. Those who are now fighting the battle of life, bless the name of him, who instilled into their hearts an undying love for right. He would not offend a child. He never made an enemy, or lost a friend. He was a master of himself. Thoroughly practical, taking common sense view of things, yet this common sense was unvariable on supernatural lines. It was God's sense of things that governed him in his decision, and so it came that wisdom was found to preside over all his judgments. He never lost his head, as do some geniuses of great talent.

He was a man of splendid courage. Great enough to have been misunderstood, strong enough to become the target of human littleness; virtuous and broad enough to influence jealous hearts. He was successful in everything he undertook, but success did not spoil him.

He was slow of action because he feared to commit a fault. What seemed weakness, was in reality virtue.

As a student he was diligent and conscientious. Honors he never sought, neither did he repine when his services were not appreciated. Even tempered at all times. The troubles of others readily touched his heart and excited his sympathy.

True humility which made him think himself the least, did not lead him to appreciate the praise of others. His living faith stamped him as a man among men. He believed in the principles of authority, divine and human, and by this he gave an example of sterling worth.

He never expected obedience where himself would not obey. He never forgot "to be the servant of servants." Because he was obedient, he was a master of the science of teaching others to obey. He loved all, and was himself beloved by all who knew him.. No greater pleasure had he in life than assisting the distressed and suffering. Such was a man of whom we are to speak.

Trying times indeed were they that marked the advent of an apparently insignificant priest in historical old Monroe. The Catholics of that "Independent State" were divided. Good in their own way, yet cursed with that spirit of nationalism, which has wrought disaster through the length and breadth of our fair land.

The French held the fort for many a year. With advancing prosperity

came the sturdy Irish, and the children of Irish, and later the thrifty Germans. Welcome indeed were they for the city's sake, but looked upon as intruders by that large majority, which composed the Catholic population.

Broils were frequent. The priest who sided with either party was soon made to realize that other fields were better for him. That he was not wanted. The settlement along the river, named by Father Hennepin, who blessed its shores, and planted the cross on its banks, had obtained a reputation for their restlessness.

The aristocratic blue blood of France flowed in the veins of some of its citizens, though abased with the intermingling of that of the meanest of savages. This was the make up of the so-called French population. It seems that they inherited many of the vices of both nations, and few of the virtues of either. They were anything but easy to work with. For many years the Monroe parish had its regular periodical church rows. Father Richard found his work more difficult here than in Congress. His successor, Father Carabin, was practically starved out.

The self-sacrificing missionaries who followed were gladly welcomed, only to become within a short time objects of dislike. The pledges (as a rule of provender) for the payment of the "deem," frequently made for the support of the church and priest, were as frequently and as easily broken.

With the advent of the new comers, greater things were expected, and better times appeared to be assured. Their coming, it was thought by the good, would bring peace to the parish, but such hopes were soon blasted.

The Irish and Irish-Americans, discouraged with the treatment they received while worshipping in the French church, soon erected a church for themselves. This action proved that their aid was necessary for the maintenance of the French church, a truce was established and their church was torn down. From its material a presbytery, or monastery in the rear of the old church, was erected.

In the meantime the Germans grew stronger, purchased an old bank building, which they used for a chapel and school, and were only too glad to withdraw from St. Mary's to have a home of their own.

The coming of the Redemptorist Fathers was the cause of general rejoicing. They were distinguished preachers and able men. It was supposed that they would do away with factions, but they, too, failed in keeping the unity between the Irish and the French, and the foundation of another English speaking or Irish church was soon planned.

Then the Redemptorists furnished a priest for each of the factions, thereby promoting peace, and greater progress was made during the few years of their stay in Monroe, but the time came when they, too, were recalled. Then followed a long interval without a priest.

Father Rivers, attractive, earnest, zealous, a man of the people, succeeded Father VanGennip, who was transferred to the German church, but peace would not remain, and the old war had set in with renewed vigor, and he, too, was obliged to say farewell. There were no services for a long while. The church was practically closed, and the condition of affairs was growing worse each day.

One afternoon the news was whispered around, and spread like wildfire, that the new priest had arrived to take charge of the parish. Who was he? What kind of a man? What did he look like? Could he speak English? Almost all of these questions were asked simultaneously, and for a time being the Rectory became an objective point for the curious who had business that way, who tried to catch sight of the new shepherd. A coterie of small boys gathered after school, on the opposite side of the street, and waited for something to turn up that they might see or hear, but the new priest was not visible. After awhile they made bold enough to cross the street and examine the four trunks, or European traveling boxes, even daring to guess at the contents. There was no question after viewing these coffers, but the news of the arrival was true. The puzzle then was to know the name, and it was a puzzle. No one seemed to know it, not even the good old housekeeper, who continued living at the Rectory to keep it alive, and make ready for the advent of a new pastor whenever the Bishop appointed one.

An attempt was made to decipher the name on the trunks, which was an unusual one. Some called it "Joss," others had different pronunciations, and one of the little fellows went home and told his folks that the name of the new priest was "Goose," for he spelled it on the box.

The bell announced the Mass for the next morning. The congregation was larger than for many days thereafter. All were anxious to see what was in store for them. An old French lady, after the services, described him as "a half little man, with a long head, large red nose, and peaked face, he wore glasses and looked greatly frightened." Others that he was too sickly for the place, and would never suit. One man of the parish went to inform the mayor, "that he thought he looked as if he knew what endurance meant and had come to stay."

He was slender, of medium height, his face furrowed for one so young,

his mouth slant, nervousness denoted by the quivering lips, with snappy eyes under heavy eyebrows, hidden by thick glasses; the head oblongated, often in after years made him the butt of the joke of being "long headed." Looking at him with the features in repose, the first impressions were anything but favorable, but witnessing his smile or listening to his laugh changed everything. His voice was mild and kind, his smile won you instantly. Something like sorrow always seemed to be close behind his eyes and under his speech, yet he was genial, sometimes almost jolly, very prone to join children in the lighter amusements. He at once impressed you as a man of great knowledge and personal force.

Good Bishop Lefevre, discerning the finer qualities of his character, sent this man to accomplish the almost impossible task of uniting a people divided by the demon of nationality, and winning them to the cause of peace and mother church.

The attendance at the services on the first Sunday after his arrival was very large. The aisles were filled with people, many standing. Some came, no doubt, out of curiosity. The statement that he was to preach in English at the early mass was circulated and all the Irish-Americans were there. His manuscript undoubtedly was well prepared but his English was so unintelligible that the only sentence remembered was the closing one: "Do well your best for God."

This first sermon made the English people resolve that they were never going to have any justice done them, and assembling in a meeting shortly after service the same day, they protested against the coming of this foreigner, and sent a petition to the Bishop, asking for some one that could speak English.

The French sermon at the 10:30 services was not favorably commented on. "He no speak good French," was the verdict of one group who discussed his merits after the services. The fact was that he was an excellent French scholar, but that the Monroe people had a *patois* of their own, which they called Canadian French, but which was greatly mixed with English and Indian words.

His appearance, his language, his voice were all against him, and the universal verdict was, during the week that followed, that he would never "fill the bill." Yet there was a stillness about this murmur, unlike that of former protests, for there was a determined look upon the face of the priest, almost defiant, which told the people plainer than words, that he had come to stay and conquer.

The pronunciation of the name was as much of a conundrum to the

grown people as it had been to the children. The Germans insisted that it was "Father Gies." The French always spoke of him as "Pere Juste." The Yankees called the name of the priest "Juice," and others called it "Joss," while the Irish-Americans called him "Gosh." He responded to any of the names quickly, and never was it known that he attempted to correct the pronunciation.

Our hero was Edward Joos; born of well to do parents in Belgium, April 19, 1825. He was noted in his youth for his piety and cleverness. Never overstrong, during his scholastic training, he had to give up his studies temporarily on account of his health. His determination to become a priest grew with years, and with that energy that dominated his life, he kept at his books, sick or well, until success finally crowned his efforts, and he won the honors of his class.

He was ordained to the priesthood June 7, 1848. His inclination was to sacrifice himself, and become a begging friar, but he followed the advice of his instructors, who thought that a greater field awaited him in the ranks of the Diocesian clergy.

His first labors were in his native Diocese, as an Assistant to an aged Dean, he soon gained the esteem and respect of all by his exactness, his kindness to children, his zeal in teaching the Catechism, and his attention to the sick.

He was not at rest, however. The glowing accounts of the conquests for God, the great sacrifices required, and the giving of lives in martyrdom came across the sea, and made him yearn for heroic work.

The stories arriving in Belgium from the Belgian Bishop of Detroit, and published in the Journals and parish magazines were read, and reread, with great interest by the young levite. About this time Father Kindekins went to Belgium for recruits for the American missions, and to excite an interest in the establishment of the American College at Louvain, of which he was the founder.

The needs of the growing diocese of Detroit were placed in bright colors before distinguished churchmen at every gathering which he attended in Belgium. They were listened to attentively by the young zealous priest, who yearned for greater opportunities for doing good.

There was no doubt but what young Father Joos had one of the brightest futures ahead of him in his native country that one could have desired. In his day it was the best who volunteered to come to this country. He sought a separation from the old world, thoroughly convinced of his capabilities of accomplishing greater things in the new. He laid his plans and desires before his superior, the Bishop of Ghent,

and asked his "exeat" from that diocese. It was promptly and curtly refused. The Bishop had need of good men in Belgium, no matter how much they might be needed in America. But the young priest, whom the Bishop greatly admired, pleaded, begged and prayed until the Bishop gave his consent. It was conditionally, however; he might have a leave of absence from the diocese for five years, but that he would be mighty glad to return before the end of that time. Five years would give him enough of America. He gratefully thanked the kind old Bishop for the interest manifested, and went away convinced that the Bishop was wrong in his conclusion.

Going away from the Bishop's house, he met on the street his cousin, and one of his particular friends. He related to him the mission of his visit to the Bishop's house, and told him the news of his departure for America. His cousin, later the Right Rev. Mgr. De Neve, was greatly surprised. He asked him why he had not informed him of this plan before the arrangements were completed. His reply was, that he was afraid that he might discountenance the idea of his going to America. Then, to the astonishment of Father Joos, his cousin informed him that he had come to see the Bishop for the self same purpose.

Two souls closely animated with the same thought, both keeping the great aim of their life a secret from the other, for fear that the one might dissuade the other in accomplishing the cherished desire of serving God and spreading the glad tidings in foreign lands.

He arrived in Detroit in September, 1856. The venerable Bishop then in charge of the diocese kindly welcomed him. The Bishop of Ghent had written a very complimentary letter in his behalf.

Bishop Lefevre, desiring to satisfy himself that all the good things that were said of Father Joos were true, appointed him assistant at dear old St. Anne's near by, where he would be constantly under his supervision. After about a year's trial, the Bishop having closely studied his character, concluded that he was the man to bring the insubordinate parish at Monroe into line, and do the other work required there. His knowledge of English was very imperfect, but this objection was overruled by the Bishop telling him to go ahead to his post, do the best he could, and "God would do the rest."

He accepted the charge without murmur, and began the great task of building on the broad foundations laid by his predecessors during the previous hundred years. On his coming he found a large, sadly demoralized and disunited parish, a brick church with scarcely any sanctuary furniture, a great ramshackle building for a residence, an

addition to the church, built for a monastery but abandoned before completion, without, it may be said, any furniture. A boy's school of fair proportions was in existence, then in charge of John Davis, an orphan asylum with four inmates, a female academy with a few boarders, and in the neighborhood of sixty children in the girls' school. He was ready for hard work and he found plenty of it to do.

The Belgian missionaries were great builders, living on next to nothing; learned, kind, self-sacrificing, charitable, having a faculty in a wonderful degree of accommodating themselves to all sorts of surroundings. Truthful to every trust. Great leaders. Men of superb executive ability. The profundity of their learning establishing a reputation for the priesthood to which the most bitter and prejudiced enemy had to bow in acknowledgment.

The jokes and quaint sayings that were uttered on the first appearance of the new pastor, were soon to be reversed. They who ridiculed changed their tactics, for his force of character soon began to tell. He was always in a hurry going through the streets. The same rapid gate was his, whether he went to visit a sick person or to post a letter. He had no time to waste.

He brought with him from Europe a lot of good clothes, in fact better than he ever had afterward. The latest styles of Paris were curiosities in Monroe. A narrow rimmed silk hat beveled, and a handsome broadcloth coat cut very full in the skirt, such as could be seen in the extremes of style last winter, resembling very much a Chinese overgarment, which he wore on the streets, with his gloves and cane, made him very gentlemanly in appearance, but excited the guying jeers of the loungers of that staid old town. He soon realized that he was the cause of their laughter, but this laughter was changed to admiration on seeing the self-same clothes worn by one of the professional beggars of the town a short time afterward, Father Joos appearing in a common homespun, as cheap looking as the humblest parishioner could wish. Gloves were discarded and never after this first month did we see him wear a glove except in winter. The silk hat was still worn, not the narrow, tapering stove-pipe form, but the broad brim American hat. Usually were they well worn before they came into possession of one of his more dignified pensioners.

The change was slow but sure. The pastor went from house to house, and from person to person. Every man, woman and child was seen. Children were won with candy, pictures and medals, and grown people with kindness, and the interest manifested. A year had scarcely gone

by when the change was noticeable, and both Irish and French began to feel satisfied with their new pastor. One party thought that "he might do," and the other settled to "endure what they could not cure."

The priest was jubilant. The Bishop came to see how things were getting along, and was more than delighted. The Irish-Americans were the largest contributors towards the support of the priest. The receipts the first year amounted to very little, something about $80 in cash, and such provender as was furnished by the parishoners.

The well-to-do French people were nearly all farmers, and they usually paid their "deem" in provisions. If the good priest had not resources of his own—an annual income from his old home—living would have been a hard task indeed. He made a bargain with the lady who had been the care-taker of the presbytery, to board him, as he had not the wherewith to keep house. The amount that was stipulatd was $1.50 per week, with extras for each meal for visitors. In addition she had the benefit of the garden, the fruit from the old orchard, the chicken-coop and hog-pen.

An investment which came very near bankrupting the parish was a black Canadian pony, a second-hand harness, and an indescribable vehicle, half chaise, half dog cart, which evidently had seen better days a "long time ago." Carbo, (the name of the pony), and the old rig were tell-tales of the whereabouts of the priest, for the outfit was known by every man, woman and child in the county. They who contributed more in cash to the support, were the Irish-American settlements of Muddy Creek and Stony Creek, about twenty miles apart. In both of these settlements, Carbo was especially dear, and received such royal treatment when he brought his master for services, that he seemed to realize it by his gait whenever he was headed their way, which evidently made him forget the toil of getting to them. At length the time arrived that the good priest imagined that he had everything in shape for a closer union between the warring elements.

Father Boff, a distinguished priest of the Diocese of Cleveland, an eloquent preacher, pastor of the prominent English speaking church at Toledo, promised his services to Father Joos, for a short Mission or Revival for the Irish. He was thoroughly advertised. The English speaking people thought brighter things were now in store for them. It was the first time they had ever been honored in this way. The appointed time came, and those who had not been seen at church for years were on hand, for the first service. It looked as if they were all "gathered in," as if peace had once more come to dwell among them. The hand-

some, dignified preacher was on hand. The preliminary prayers were in English. When he turned to face the crowd he thought it must be a mixed congregation, as he was hardly conscious that there were so many English speaking people in the settlement. He acted for the better as he thought, knowing of the antipathy existing, he felt it would be wise to placate the French by making a few announcements in their language before he began the English sermon, asking them to kindly forego their rights for a few days. As he uttered the first words, necks were stretched and hands were put to the ears. The audience was thunderstruck. It was really French. Acting under an unaccountable impulse the congregation arose and turned to leave the church. No words from the priest, no explanation, could turn them back, or change their minds. They thought they had been imposed on, and were called to listen to a French sermon, as had been their fortune so many times before. The hard work of the young priest of the previous months was in vain.

Many months passed, before they were again at the point, that they were at on that memorable night. The world feels if you fail, you wrong everyone. The work had all to be begun over again, but the courage of the young priest was not daunted by the failure. "Perseverence is always crowned with success."

A second time a truce of peace was about to be effected when Father Joos' love for the Negro, turned both Irish and French against him. A very respectable colored man had come to the city. He desired a pew in the church; the priest without questioning his color, rented it to him. The following Sunday at Mass he and his family were present. The effect was like that of an explosion. Never had there been more of a row promised. A prominent Frenchman gathered a gang around him after Mass, and boldly denounced the action, claiming the Negro had no soul, etc. Petitions were circulated, and the priest was told he was not wanted. The noise did not seem to effect him. He felt that he was right. The question that now came up was, could they starve him out. Father Joos was a great friend of the Negro, and many a fugitive slave found in him a benefactor. The writer knows of more than one occasion when his parlor became a safe shelter for an escaped colored brother.

Luckily the Civil war proved to be a blessing in disguise for the disturbed elements in this divided parish. The attention of the people was turned to more than local affairs. There were no more loyal people in the world than the members of that parish. The Irish and French,

while they differed among themselves were ready to lay down their lives for the sake of "old glory." During the days of the beginning of the great Civil war, there was no man of the city who proved his loyalty to the flag more than Father Joos. Protestants vied with their neighbors in showing him their appreciation. Internal strife had given way to patriotism. Father Joos was a leader, he had ever been equal to any emergency. A part of the church farm became the camping grounds of the Seventh Regiment. A number of the members of that regiment were Catholics, and they were not neglected by the pastor. Later the Fifteenth Regiment, "The Mulligan's" were quartered for nearly a year on the same grounds. The majority of this regiment were Catholics. They had a Catholic chaplain, who appeared to be away whenever wanted, and the local pastor was unceasing in his attention to the Boys in Blue. There was much sickness during the winter. For a while his visits were daily to the hospital. The winter was long and severe. An epidemic of smallpox followed the usual winter complaints. The pest-house had no terrors for the young priest, and many were his visits to that dreadful place. The comforts afforded the soldiers were never forgotten.

A large proportion of the French people of the district were unable to write, or at least to do more than sign their names. They had confidence in their priest, and a great deal of his time was devoted to writing letters for wives and children. He was the repository of their savings, and large sums of money passed through his hands in this way, both from the front, and from the two regiments quartered in Monroe. The priest was a very busy man. He had the confidence of all, which he never violated. He was stainless to the core. His people were proud of him, and manifested it by their love and confidence, and he was more than satisfied. His name was on the lips of all classes and creeds. None knew him but to love him, as the typical American Christian gentleman.

The Civil war not only united the factions of the country, but healed the breaches that occurred between brothers who worshipped at the same altar.

His actions awakened loyalty. The starry banner was hoisted on the tower of the old church, which now began to be known as "Father Joos' Church." Its bell was first to announce the victory, the first to knell a disaster; the first to announce Lincoln's death, and he and his congregation were first in all things to promote the good of the people, and the welfare of the country.

While doing it all, his name seldom came to the front. Some of his parishoners usually got the credit for the work he had accomplished.

The close of the war left this congregation united, the larger proportion better situated, financially, than ever before; proud of him, whom all the people without distinction of race, color or creed, loved to honor.

The parish of which he was head at that time composed all of Monroe County, with the exceptions of the Germans; a portion of Lenawee and Wayne counties. Priests were scarce. Now and then a curate was sent who rather increased than decreased his trials and labors. It is said that a curate "can break a pastor's heart in six months."

While this did not prove true in his case, there is no question but what some of his curates were a source of annoyance to him. The good curate endeavors to be a helper, accommodates himself in every way to his superiors. Many of those who came to him had ways of their own, and thought he was an old fogy. Some who were sent did reform under his management. While the mechanical part of the work was performed, very few, if any, caught anything of the spirit which prompted his sacrifices. Many of the priests, who came from the American College at Louvain, were sent to him for a few weeks' instruction before receiving appointments. A number of students, who had finished their course, and were preparing for ordination, were placed under his care at different periods, the Right Reverend Bishop placing every confidence in him, always finding him true and ready for any sacrifice.

Catholics were plentiful, and so were sick calls. A sick call meant two days' labor. Roads were bad, distances great. The farmers were frequently "too busy" to come for the priest during the day. They often made it a night work. Darkness, an ox team, a lumber wagon and corduroy roads, privileges not enjoyed in our day, were realities in those days.

Not infrequently did the elements contribute to give chance for heroic deeds. It was a proverb in Monroe that "It always rained when Father Joos had a sick call to Milan or Dundee." An instance of such a call on a stormy night may be told. His friend, John Davis, accompanying him. The moving of a light on the road and the loud cries for help, soon informed them that there was a disaster in the wilderness. A heavily laden wagon was mired, and there was no neighbor in the vicinity to help. The owner was doing his utmost to get out of the difficulty, but it seemed to be a hopeless task. Father Joos and his companion abandoned their "Carbo" for a time to lend a helping hand. The

priest's college acquirements in civil engineering came in handy. A derrick was soon built from the rail fence, and it was not long until the victim of the disaster was relieved. The rain poured in torrents. The owner of the load had heard Mr. Davis call the priest "Father" all the while. He held up his lantern once or twice to look into the faces of both; he realized that Mr. Davis was older than the priest. He shook his head and apparently gave up the problem. He was none the less mystified. Before mounting the wagon he turned to Mr. Davis and told him that he did not know how in the world he could ever thank him enough, but, said he, "if it was not for the cuteness of the *old man* we would be there still."

In his travels the priest always endeavored to have a companion with him. In the day time, one of the boys of the parish, who never lost time on account of the services rendered, for as soon as the limits of the city had been reached the inquiry came, "What lesson is going on in school now?" and then came a rigid quiz on the topic. If it was a free day, the Rosary was to be recited, and immediately after the "Bien Public" was taken out of the priest's pocket and he devoured the news from Europe. The boy was permitted to hold the reins, while poor old "Carbo" jogged along at the rate of three miles an hour. If the boy made an attempt to urge the faithful beast along, the paper was dropped and an instruction given on cruelty to animals. It was not a desirable task and none of the boys cared for it. As a rule two experiences were sufficient to keep them at a distance whenever there was a possibility of the priest taking a trip with the old horse. Why Father Joos always wanted a companion with him may be accounted for in the following story: Shortly after the purchase of the horse, on a trip south of the city, he was accosted by a very large woman who asked to ride.

Granting such a favor was common in those days. The roads were very bad, and her weight was almost too much for the pony, who moved along at a very slow pace. They had not gone a half mile when she asked:

"What may be your name?"

He told her, but it was unintelligible.

"Queer name that. Are you Dutch?"

"No, I am the Catholic priest."

"Gracious, goodness me," she cried, "you imp of hell. I have a mind to put you right out here in the mud and drive along myself. The idea of your daring to give me a ride. Stop right here! Stop I say! Stop! I would rather get out in this mud-hole than ride another foot with the

devil. You are the prince of Beelzebub, you are a beast of the Revelations. You cloven-footed wretch! No wonder that I could smell sulphur since I've got in the rig."

She got out, but continued to scold, using all sorts of infamous titles as long as he was within hearing. This good woman evidently thought she had been riding with the devil. The good Cure had evidently never met such a tartar before, and from thenceforward he always endeavored to have his rig full, even if he had to bribe a boy to go with him.

Whiskey before the war was cheap; farmers took it home by the barrel. On a trip in the country one day, a woman came running from her house, with her husband, axe in hand, after her. The priest came to the rescue. Both were non-Catholics. The woman had a hard tale to tell.

Her husband was one of the best men in the world, except when he went to town on stormy days and came home with a barrel of whiskey. Now she would have to suffer for several days. The man was abashed in the presence of the stranger and civil in his half-drunken condition. The quality of the whiskey was questioned. He had succeeded in getting what was in the barrel for $4.50. He thought he had made a good bargain, and the priest thought so too, and wanted to buy it for $5, which he finally did. The priest had it rolled over, apparently to place it in the rear of the old rig. He then asked the good house wife for an axe. The action of the half-drunken man, when he saw the head of the barrel staven in, and the whiskey running down the clay crevices made by the last rain, was indescribable. He jumped, danced and whooped, and was in a condition to do almost anything. He attempted to come near the barrel, but was warded off by the priest, who had the axe in his hand. Running down a few yards he got on his knees and stooped over to drink it out of the little ditch. The priest was after him, pushed his head down into the clay, telling him that it was his whiskey. He ran down the line further, the priest after him, repeating the selfsame words at each of the genuflections, while the wife's joy at the sight was manifested by loud laughter. It was one of the funniest scenes that perhaps ever occurred in a missionary work.

He was exceedingly particular about wasting time. It would appear from his example that any moment not well employed was wasted time. He did not seem to realize what such a thing as recreation or vacation meant. A friend, who coaxed him to take a trip to New York for a vacation, solemnly averred, that on going down the Hudson, which was looked on then with more interest than now, while everyone was admir-

ing the beautiful scenery, Father Joos was not to be found. He went to look for him, and found him in the stateroom reading *Bronson's Review.*

One of the queer things about foreigners who become closely associated with this country, and who are willing to sacrifice their lives and their all for the maintenance of the constitution is, that they think nothing of belittling their adopted country in the eyes of the Americans, by continually talking of the country from whence they came as "my country," "the way they did at home," "my people," "my diocese," "my Bishop." This was one of the faults of Father Joos, much to the disgust of men like Bishop Borgess, who frequently said it was the "greatest of his bad qualities."

Father Joos would have made an excellent diplomat. He could evade a direct answer after the manner of a Chesterfield, never giving offense. The answers that he gave on important topics were more or less sibylline—ever open for a distinction.

Visitors who came to abuse him, feeling positive that he was their enemy, left him in a far different mood than that in which they came. He was strong in act, smooth in manner. When he was obliged in virtue of his office to reprove, he did not mince matters. He let the offenders talk back all they wanted, and when it was all over he would say, "Now, let us have a cigar on the head of it all."

Positive almost to stubbornness, when opinion was once formed, yet always submitting gracefully to the voice of his superiors, no matter how distasteful it was. He really loved to be teased by his friends. Prudence was his preeminent virtue, always, desiring to be on the safe side; never willing to risk an opinion or advance a theory. Quoting plenteously from every sound author, he would leave the conclusion to the questioner. Never sacrificing what he thought principle. His abilities and stalwart qualities would have brought him to the front in any walk of life and won for him a name in a national assembly.

He was charitable to the extent of his means, as economical as he was charitable. I never knew him to cut a string in opening a parcel; the knots were always unraveled and the string rolled up for future use. Wrapping paper was always folded away. Old nails, horse-shoes, pins, bits of wire, anything that could ever be of service was never thrown away. One of the drawers in his bureau was assigned for that purpose. It was his curiosity shop. From it could be had almost anything for any emergency.

He was a very plain liver. When he was alone his table was the most

common. To strangers he was hospitality itself. Clergymen were always welcome at his table, and this welcome meant something more than to be with him. His pipes, cigars and home comforts were ever at the disposal of his friends, and they knew it. Seldom was there a day in the year but what there was some guest at his home.

One of the great secrets of his success, in taking charge of Monroe, was the fact of making everything that could be used productive. Nothing could be idle. The church farm, a long, narrow strip, running back nearly five miles, was a grant to the parish, surrendered to the Bishop, the consideration being that he would assume the debts contracted for the building of the new church. It was practically unproductive and going to waste. Without delay he set about leasing it for a nominal consideration, so as to get it arable. He did not consider so much the amount of returns as getting the land in a respectable shape. The money for the rent was frequently not paid, but poor people had been helped and taught the lesson of thrift and self-support. Many can date the beginning of their prosperity to his kindness in their struggles upward. This was not confined to Catholics alone. He was the friend of all when he could do good. A notable benefit of this leasing the land of the church farm and trusting the lessee for several years, was the beginning of the great nursery business of the Ingelfritz Company, a valuable factor in Monroe's industries. Mr. Israel Inglefritz, having nothing but his executive ability and confidence in himself, laid his plans before Father Joos, who gave him a lease for a large acreage of the farm at a nominal sum, and trusted him until he could pay the rent from the sale of the trees, the seed of which he then planted. This encouragement was the cause of the gentleman's success. The firm to-day is one of the largest and wealthiest tree-growers in the world. There are several other instances of the same kind, perhaps none more successful.

The poorer class of the Canadians were very poor indeed. They were shiftless and apparently careless of how they looked or appeared as long as they could get enough to eat. It was a feast with them as long as there was a thing about, and fast or fish the rest of the time. The river Raisin is, and has always been bountifully supplied with fish, such as they are, which afforded food to a large number when other things failed. For this reason fish were sometimes called by the natives "Manna from Heaven."

Father Joos, from his stay in Detroit, became acquainted with a number of prominent people. He solicited from them, in person, cast-off clothing. These he would bring home and have his sewing society

make over, so that a large proportion, of at least the children, were presentable. His pensioners cared little for style and less for appearance. When a lady's good coat, for instance, came into a poor family it might be worn by some of the men folks, or vice versa. Especially was this the case with men's hats, which were quickly appropriated by the women. Many were the quaint make-ups, and laughable indeed would they be if they appeared in sight today. The writer remembers when a cassock was sent to a poor household to be made over for the children. An exceedingly ridiculous and funny discovery was made a few days afterward by the priest, who found an old lady in the garden weeding onions, wearing the priest's cossack, which she said was "so nice and warm." Quite a number of the French people of the town were poor fishermen, having enough while the season lasted, but begging the rest of the time. They were encouraged in gardening and other such industries, Father Joos continually impressing upon them the necessity of self-support.

Quite a few who are now prosperous owe their establishment in business to the start given them by the priest. Children were impressed with the duty of helping their parents. Some of the methods, perhaps, would not be recommended in our days. For instance, peddling fruit at the depots, yet for many years it was the means of supporting a large number of people. This was suggested and started by Father Joos. Another industry which he, at least, established at Monroe, was peddling. One of the businesses, was peddling stick molasses candy fastened to a long board. Trades were sought out and boys became apprentices. In fact anything that could keep a child busy and off the streets and make it self-supporting and keep its parents from becoming city charges, was encouraged and counseled by the Good Shepherd.

Charitable organizations were not common in these days. His sewing circle did a great deal of good. His gift of organizing bands of workers was greatly in advance of his day.

He detested imposition and had no room for the lazy. He appeared to want everyone around him to be busy at something. He was successful in doing two or three things at the same time. He would smoke, entertain, cut leaves of magazines, count pennies, or have something else to do, while he was entertaining. It would seem as if he kept such work to do while talking to his guests. He was very regular in his habits, never in bed after 5 o'clock in the morning, usually up at 4:30. He was seldom out of bed at 10. His usual hour for retiring was 9. Guests

could keep him an hour later, but they would have to be favored ones. It was only during the latter part of his life that he took a nap during the day.

His sermons were written, learned, clever and delivered in a colloquial style. He thought that a sermon, in order to be good, should be long.

He loved the orphans very much, and did a great deal toward increasing their comforts. He never permitted a Catholic orphan to remain in the county house. The male orphan asylum, called St. Anthony's, so long a factor in Detroit charities, came into existence through his efforts. No Catholic pauper ever went to the pickling vaults who died a public charge. The furnishing of coffins for the poor was not a small item of his expenses each year.

Shortly after his coming from Europe, a consumptive mother dying, asked him to care for her little girl when she was gone. The child had been taken to the county house immediately after the mother's death, and bound out before he knew it. He endeavored to assert his claim on the child, but the parties that had her did not feel like surrendering. He invoked the law. The point was raised by those who had the child, that they should be reimbursed for whatever outlay they had made for her. It was agreed that six dollars would cover the bill, which he cheerfully paid, leaving the entire amount of cash on hand for the support of himself and his institutions, five dollars.

Right Reverend Monsignor Joos' greatest monument was his work in behalf of education. Many schools were established by his efforts, and hundreds of thousands of children educated. The work which he started has and will yield a harvest far beyond human computation.

The history of the Catholic schools of Monroe County may not be out of place. No exact data can be found in regard to the establishment of parochial schools in Monroe before the coming of Father Santile. There must have been such schools before his coming. The writer has been told by some of the old French people that they were taught reading and writing by Father Richard; others told the same tale of Father Carabin, but nothing definite is known of the establishment of such schools. We think that Father Santile found a school in existence at his coming.

At that time there were two Catholic churches in Monroe, one said by Blois to be "a handsome Catholic Cathedral." There was a branch of the University in operation, under the charge of Rev. Mr. Center, to which was attached a department for the education of females. There was also two female seminaries of considerable repute for those days,

one in charge of Mrs. Forester, an English lady, and the other under the direction of Miss McQueen of New York, the latter afterward becoming the Boyd Seminary.

In fact Monroe had a reputation for its educational institutions at that time, and it would not seem probable that the Catholics, who are ever foremost in promoting Christian education, were without a school.

As far as we know, in an old log building Father Santile, who succeeded the saintly Father Carabin, installed Thomas Digue as teacher. A Sunday school was formed, having a number of young ladies assisting the pastor. This developed into a school several times a week for the teachers, and proved to be a Normal school under the direction of Father Santile and Mr. Digue for candidates for the community of Sisters who were to come later. In 1840 there were more than 100 pupils in attendance.

Father Santile was succeeded by a body of Missionary Fathers known as the Redemptorists, Father Gillet being the Superior.

They improved the school, giving it a great deal of attention. They endeavored to procure a Religious Community of women to take charge of the girls' department of the school, but it was only just before the removal of Father Gillet that they were successful.

Two Sisters of Providence, Sister Theresa and Sister Ann volunteered to come to Monroe. They belonged to the Creole community of Baltimore, founded by Father Joubert in 1829. To the then Superior of the Redemptorists belongs the credit of securing Sisters for the Monroe school. He was removed shortly after their coming. To others belong the credit of the magnificent institution now at Monroe. The school, under the direction of lay teachers, was removed to the basement of the monastery and continued for boys.

The Sisters were installed in the old log school house, which was the first convent in Monroe.

Several of the young ladies who had been teaching school, and others, joined them. The little community grew rapidly. They were very cramped for room. The two rooms of the log house and its garret and lean-to, were all they possessed. They were their dormitories, chapel, living rooms, kitchen, dining-room and school. Father Joubert's rules for the Sisters of Providence was not adapted for missionary work. It was modified somewhat by the Redemptorists, principally by Father Smulders, and several rules from the Redemptorist Brothers' Manual, added to suit their circumstances.

This action was approved by the Bishop in 1845, who authorized the existence of the community of the Sisters of Providence.

Father Smulders succeeded Father Gillet in 1846, and a large frame building was erected for the Academy. The Sisters removed from the log building, which was thereafter known as the Orphan Asylum. The Female Academy or Boarding School became very popular, having as many as twenty boarders, one hundred and forty day scholars and ten orphans. We are very glad to be able to enter, as part of these records, a prospectus of the Female Academy, issued in 1846:

YOUNG LADIES' ACADEMY,

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE SISTERS OF PROVIDENCE, MONROE, MICHIGAN.

This institution, lately established in the city of Monroe, is situated in the most beautiful and healthy part of the city, opposite the Catholic Church.

This institute combines every advantage that can be desired in a literary institute for young ladies. Having been engaged for many years past in the instruction of youth, these sisters will endeavor to justify the confidence of parents who will entrust their children to their care.

The plan of education, together with the benefit of Christian instruction, unites every advantage that can be derived from a punctual and conscientious care bestowed on the pupils in every branch of science suitable to their sex, and from the uninterrupted attention which is given to form the manners and principles of the young ladies, and to train them up in the habits of order, neatness, and industry. The diet is good, wholesome and abundant. Spacious grounds afford the pupils the facility of pleasant walks and useful bodily exercise. Their health is the object of constant solicitude; in sickness they are affectionately attended to, and never are they left a moment beyond the reach of inspection.

TUITION.

The branches taught are: Reading, Writing in various styles; Grammar, both French and English; Arithmetic, Chronology, Mythology, Polite Literature, Geography, Elements of Astronomy, Natural Philosophy, Domestic Economy; Book-keeping, by single and double entry; History, sacred and profane, ancient and modern; Plain and Ornamental Needle Work, Bead Work, Tapestry, Lace Work, Marking; Embroidery, with gold and silver; Painting, Worsted Flowers; Music, vocal and instrumental.

The scholastic year commences on the first Monday in October and closes with a public exhibition and a distribution of premiums on the last Tuesday in August. Pupils will be admitted for no less time than half a session.

TERMS FOR BOARDERS.

Board and Tuition, per session	$70 00
Half Boarders	35 00
Washing, if done at the Institute	10 00
Mending	2 00

TERMS FOR DAY SCHOLARS.

Infant class, per quarter	$2 00
Elementary school	3 00
For the more advanced	6 00

No extra charge for French.

EXTRA CHARGES.

Piano, with use of instrument and Vocal Music, per quarter	$12 00
Piano	10 00
Worsted Flowers	6 00

Boarders pay the current charges half session in advance. Day scholars, per quarter. For further information apply to the Superior of the Institute.

S. THERESA, Superior.

The Sisters remained living under this unprinted rule, making various changes to suit surroundings.

Not to have it longer conflict with the community in Baltimore, it was decided in 1850 that the community from that time out, would be known as Sisters Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

Five years after their coming, the Sisters of Providence began to be known under the new name.

Father Smulders was succeeded by Father Poirer, who appears to have done more for the boys' school than the Female Academy. Towards the end of Father Smulder's supervision the old frame building was doubled in order to make room for the increased number of pupils at the Academy.

A notion took possession of the people about this time that the Sisters were getting too much attention from the parish and thereby impoverishing it. Toward the end of the administration of Father Poirer the people began to withdraw their patronage, and even refused to contribute to the annual collection of provisions, which had been made until then for the support of the orphans. This action made the existence of the Sisters, and the payment of their debt for the recently erected building, a very serious question.

Then came the departure of the Redemptorist Fathers in 1856. These were followed by days of trial and hardship for the Female Academy and the Sisterhood.

The coming of Father VanGennip did not improve matters, while his successor, Father Rivers, unintentionally made matters worse. The Sisters were obliged to seek for schools outside of the diocese to maintain themselves. This brings us down to the coming of Father Joos.

He grasped the situation at once. The possibility of having a grand band of nuns as teachers throughout the State and Diocese, loomed up before him. He realized the condition. He found the government of the community very imperfect. There was a lack of proper discipline. He communicated his fears and apprehensions to the Right Reverend Bishop, who fully understood and appreciated the case.

He authorized Father Joos to go ahead and do anything he thought

best, telling him that one of the principal reasons why *he* was sent to Monroe, was to attend to the very matter in question and set things to rights.

Father Joos realized the importance and magnitude of his work, and was not idle in regard to the charge. It was he who wrote the constitution and rearranged the rules of the young community. He changed the color of the habit to blue in honor of the Mother of God. Acting prudently, he necessarily proceeded slowly, so that each section of the rule was given a satisfactory trial before he presented it for approval. The Redemptorists had nothing to do with the organization of the present Community of the Sisters Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary in Monroe, even refusing to advise on a point referred to them. We make this positive statement to remove a false impression that has gone out.

The constitution and rules, in all truthfulness let it be said, were wholly the work of Rt. Rev. Monsignor Joos. They were submitted to the Right Reverend Bishop in 1861, and on November 7th of that year they received his full approbation.

In giving his approbation the venerable Bishop plainly stated that the rules which he heretofore approved for the Community in Monroe on their first coming to the Diocese, were "drawn up hastily and without any regard for the future." He states: "We have approved and adopted the hereunto annexed rules and constitution, rearranged and amended by the aforesaid director (Father Joos), as the rules and constitution of the Sisters Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, of Monroe, Michigan."

We cannot account for the reason why Father Gillet has been given credit for work that he never did, and why the rightful author has been cheated out of his just due.

If the hastily put together rules were followed, there would be no Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary in Monroe today; none of that great work that has been accomplished, done for the people of Michigan.

All who have been benefitted, and the million of children educated by the Sisters must praise and thank Father Joos, *and him alone,* for the grand work accomplished. We feel it a duty to set this matter right in the pages of the history of the State.

Mother Theresa, who had been the Superioress from the beginning, was not re-elected, and her successor was appointed in 1859. A number of Sisters who had gone to the Diocese of Philadelphia, decided to re-

main in that Diocese. A question of the jurisdiction of the respective Bishops arose. Both were right in the position taken, though opposed. It was decided to separate. It was agreed that the Sisters of either diocese might make a decision and go to the community which they thought might suit them best. The result was, that none came back from Philadelphia and all the healthy Sisters at Monroe went there, leaving the number in the Monroe community eleven, several of them invalids, and practically, all unable to teach. These eleven can truly be said to have been the real foundation of the wonderful successful community of today.

Courage and tact were required. Every nerve had to be strung. Every available instrument made use of.

The going of Mother Theresa to the East made the institution all the more unpopular, for she was a very brilliant, clever and popular Nun. It became a question of life and death. That Father Joos made it the effort of his life need not be told. The funds that he could get in Europe were placed at the disposal of the community. Lay teachers were engaged, and with such a man at the head, failure, while near, was impossible.

The parishoners, who had much to say of what they had done for the Sisters, were plainly told that the Sisters received no help from them, but their just dues, and that all the pastor wanted them to do for them now was to have all the children at school. This was all the help they asked.

He was bold in his poverty, for he had faith. Mother Mary Joseph, a distinguished and unusually clever and pious woman, was a cheerful, hopeful, encouraging Superioress, and a great helper in the formation of the community. If there ever had been doubts in the hearts of this brave little band, she dispelled them. The attendance at the Academy continually grew better. Its reputation drew scholars from a wider field. More room was absolutely required. How to get it, with little means in prospect, was the question. Father Joos did not believe in contracting debt. Applications were coming and there was no accommodations. Garret and barn were used by the self-sacrificing nuns, so that none might be turned away, much to the regret of the zealous director. Again was the hero ready for the emergency. The war was over and the lumber of the soldiers' quarters was for sale. The priest succeeded in buying a large portion of the old barracks from the government at very reasonable figures. He tore the buildings down and removed them to the banks of the river and erected large additions to the

convent. The principal building purchased was the mess hall. From this he erected a large building, the basement of which he arranged to accommodate several feeble-minded girls who were inmates of the county house, this being the first church home for feeble-minded in America. The superstructure was the chapel, built and planned by himself, with the aid of a French carpenter, Genereaux, whom he hired by the month, and a couple of laborers. The removal of the chapel from the buildings of the Academy made considerable room for pupils. The joy of Father Joos in having a suitable room for a chapel for the first time in its life, for the growing community of the Sisters and boarders, was simply indescribable. Some one in Detroit had given him an old altar. He had it arranged for the new chapel. The pews were constructed by Father Joos, some boys who volunteered, and Miss Eva Wolf, a lay sister at the convent, who did great work in caring for things outside of the convent and its premises.

The chapel was completed and blessed. We have seen our distinguished churchman on many occasions where he had every reason to be grateful and joyful, but never did he manifest such joy as on the completion of that chapel, made from the scraps of the deserted barracks. To my notion, the day of its dedication was the happiest day of his life. The summit of the wave of adversity had been reached, and now came the high tide of prosperity.

The coming of Bishop Borgess to the Diocese brought a renewed vigor to the community. He desired parish schools established wherever possible. He talked and encouraged parochial education. He encouraged young ladies to become nuns. He proposed amendments to the rules making provisions for still further growth, but these, not receiving the approval of Father Joos, were abandoned for the time. He sacrificed his time and his purse to the advancement of the cause, and each parish school became a feeder for St. Mary's Academy.

A regular Normal School was established in the convent by the Bishop, and none but sisters who were capable teachers were sent out on missions. This added to its prestige and influence, and it soon became one of the greatest powers for good in Michigan.

On the coming of Bishop Foley, its usefulness was still more advanced, the rule of the Sisters approved by Rome, and today St. Mary's Academy, which was first known in Michigan as such in 1850, occupies a sphere of usefulness and influence unequalled and unexcelled in this country.

Monsignor Joos was thoroughly American in his manner of adver-

tising. He believed in the power of the press, and was every ready to avail himself of anything honorable in booming St. Mary's Academy. While remaining in the background himself; he permitted no opportunity to pass by, that would make the Academy and its work known, encouraging writers and correspondents for the press; patronizing, entertaining, and expressing his gratitude for favors received, as well as judiciously expending large sums of money each year in advertising, doing much in spreading the name and fame of St. Mary's Academy and making this institution so well known throughout the entire country. Its graduates and students not only have become useful members of society, but prominent ladies of the land.

A grand new Academy is under process of erection, costing in the neighborhood of a half million dollars. The other permanent buildings which the Sisters occupy and own, proves that the lessons of economy were well taught.

Father Joos always regretted that he could not do more for the boys. It was his desire and wish to start a little seminary in Monroe, and while through his influence such an institution was started by Bishop Borgess in the old Boyd Seminary, yet it was not the realization of his hopes. In early days he had asked several times for assistants, who were ready and willing to aid him to teach, so that he might open such an institution in his house, as he had plenty of room in the old monastery. He founded a classical school under the direction of Prof. Crocker, but the salary was more than he could meet, and after a trial it became a failure. The parish school for boys, conducted in a large room in the old monastery for several years, was transferred to more acceptable quarters, going to the abandoned ward school, now used for a fire station. The school was managed, after Mr. Digue, by Brothers Joseph, Peters and Jacque, Messrs. Sherran, Thos. Digue, Jr., Crocker and Davis. The latter is still living, a venerable and honorable citizen of Monroe, who will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his teaching career this autumn.

A night school was established for the winter months, and special instructions were given scholars, for which the teachers received a small extra fee. This night school was very beneficial to many grown boys and working men. Although the salaries of the teachers were very meager, yet it kept Father Joos busy in making up the deficit. It must be remembered that the Sisters never received one penny from the public funds for all the good that they have accomplished. They were obliged to erect buildings and maintain the schools out of their

own meager earnings, yet through their sacrifices they were able to cope and be in line with the highest educational institutions of the State.

The so-called "Fairibaut system," which created such a stir a few years ago, was given a trial at Monroe by Father Joos in 1868. The boys were removed to the vacant district school, and the school was known as the Davis school instead of St. Mary's school. Arrangements were made so that the teachers were paid from the public fund and religious instruction was given only after school hours. Hon. Ed. Willits, afterward a distinguished member of Congress, was the school visitor during that period. This plan, after a fair trial, did not satisfy Father Joos, who desired to be with the boys whenever he had a minute, and it was abandoned. He did all he could for the boys, and gave them a large share of his time, but not such a share as was given to the Academy and Sisterhood, and the results are in no way to be compared.

The foundation of the eleven consecrated women in Monroe in the '60's, a dozen boarders and one hundred children, has grown to the education of about ten thousand children each year, under the direction of the Sisterhood in this State, without any expense to the taxpayers. If we add to this, the number who are educated by the Sisters in Pennsylvania, we can begin to realize the grand result of Monsignor Joos' work, which will keep growing in proportion as the years go by. When we reckon the vast army of about one thousand Sisters educating each year more than twenty thousand children; the numerous buildings and their surroundings; the homes of these Sisters, all of which is the results of the work of the one apparently insignificant priest, who forsook his country and home and planted the seed which has yielded, and will continue to yield, such an abundant harvest, we have reason to be grateful for his efforts from which, and the blessing of God, came such results.

What the future will bring is hard to estimate; each young lady consecrating herself to this work, and each child educated by the Sisterhood, must be an additional gem to the crown that has been received by this just man, giving lustre to the memory of the truly great and good.

No one in this State is entitled to have his name written higher on the pinnacle of fame; no son of Michigan has been greater, and none more deserving.

Father Joos resigned his parish work in 1872. From that time he

devoted his life's work to the cause of Christian education. Nearly every day for forty years he delivered two lectures to the training class at the convent. To the Sisters of the community of the Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary he imparted his spirit of activity, humility, charity, patience and kindness. He was a very popular confessor and spiritual advisor. It is estimated that he heard during his life nearly a million of confessions. He received five hundred converts in the church, baptised about four thousand and delivered about twenty-five thousand sermons, instructions, lectures, etc. Twenty buildings were erected under his supervision.

In diocesan affairs he filled many important offices creditably. Three times was he appointed administrator of the Diocese of Detroit. He was appointed Vicar General for the Sisters by Bishop Lefevre, and Vicar General of the entire Diocese by Bishops Borgess and Foley.

On the recommendations of Right Reverend Bishop Foley, who desired to have papal honors conferred on him, he was made Domestic Prelate of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII, the highest Roman honor next to the Bishop, ever held in this Diocese. He was a friend of the Cardinal, Archbishops, Bishops and distinguished churchmen all over the country. It has been said that his name was proposed several times for the Episcopacy, but he would it not, happy and contented to keep at his chosen work. He died in the harness, entering his eternal rest full of grace and strength before God and man, beloved by all, lamented by those who knew him best, great in life, greater in death, greatest in the hearts of the millions whom he benefitted.

Now his labors are o'er, but the lesson of his life will never die, and his spirit still hovers near his children in God. No man can be measured by a single year or act. His whole life must be considered in the make up of years. Measuring Right Reverend Monsignor Joos in this way, we must stand in awe, as we review his long life of sacrifice and say, this was a great man who has exercised a benign and blessed influence upon the world.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF PIONEER LIFE IN MICHIGAN AND THE FOUNDING OF YANKEE SPRINGS.[1]

BY MRS. MARY M. HOYT.[2]

On the afternoon of a summer's day, August 26, 1836, nearly sixty-eight years ago, there might have been seen a covered wagon containing a stalwart man of thirty-five years and five children, between the ages of eleven and two years, driving through the then unbroken wilderness of Barry county, in the Territory of Michigan.

Accompanying this wagon was a woman on horseback, carefully guiding her gray saddle-horse over the rough roads of the new country. She had in this way performed nearly the whole of the journey, we having started from Weathersfield, Wyoming county, New York, three weeks before, taking in Canada on our route, and expecting to settle in South Bend, Indiana, where my father had bought a tract of land of 160 acres.

The party consisted of my father, William Lewis,[3] and Mary Goodwin, his wife, three daughters and a son, also an adopted daughter, Flavia Stone. We were at this time about to spend the night with an older brother, Calvin Lewis, who came to Michigan a few weeks in advance of us, and settled at Yankee Springs, but the result was that we settled there also. I was a child of four years at the time, so the words of my mother will best describe our coming into Michigan:

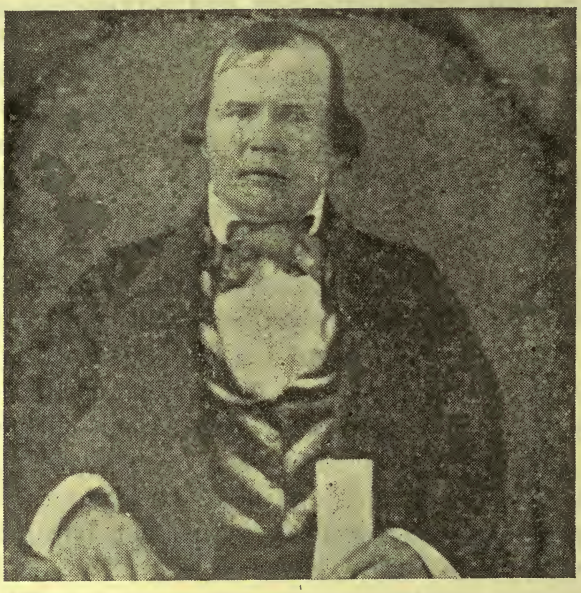
[1] See Yankee Lewis' Famous Hostelry in the Wilderness, by George H. White, Vol. 26, p. 302.

[2] Mary M. Lewis Hoyt, the second daughter of William Lewis and Mary Goodwin, was born in Weathersfield, Wyoming Co., N. Y., October 1, 1832. The family moved to Michigan August 28, 1836, while it was still a Territory and settled at Yankee Springs, Barry county, where her father was the first hotel-keeper in the new country between Kalamazoo, Battle Creek and Grand Rapids. Educational advantages in those early days were limited to a certain extent, but good sound reading was always available, and later that noble woman who did more for the cause of education in Michigan than any other directed Miss Lewis' course in study, encouraging her greatly in a literary way. Miss Lewis was married Jan. 21, 1851, to Mr Henry E. Hoyt of Kalamazoo, Mich., and three sons were born to them, all still living. Mr. Hoyt died in Kalamazoo, Feb. 10, 1900.

Mrs. Hoyt has been a constant member of the Ladies Library Club of Kalamazoo since 1858, and a charter member of the Twentieth Century Club of that place founded by Lucinda H. Stone in 1893, and has contributed articles to both clubs. Is one of the charter members of the Lucinda Hinsdale Stone chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Is a member of the Woman's Civic League and active in the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals and for fifty years has belonged to the Presbyterian Church. She is an esteemed member of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society, contributing to it both valuable papers and relics.

[3] This Society wish to acknowledge the courtesy of Cook Bros., Editors of *The Hastings Banner*, who generously furnished the illustrations used in this article.—Secretary.

"After leaving Detroit the road was mostly through dense woods, Marshall, Battle Creek and Kalamazoo being marked by little clusters of houses surrounded by forests. After leaving Battle Creek we passed through Gull Prairie, now Richland, and there met Leonard Slater, located on the Indian Reservation as missionary to the Potawatomie tribe of Indians. Leaving this place we plunged into the wilderness



"YANKEE" LEWIS.

This picture is copied from a daguerreotype of Mr. Lewis taken in Detroit in 1846, when he represented Berrien and Allegan counties in the State legislature, when Detroit was the Capital. This is the only picture known of him and one of the first ever taken in Detroit.

and, the road having disappeared, we followed an Indian trail marked by blazed trees and journeyed eighteen miles farther through the woods without seeing a single habitation. Tired and travel-worn, weary and hungry, we halted at nightfall in a lovely valley in the wilderness, where a log house was in process of erection. Living springs of clear cold water were gushing from a bank, and on a near-by poplar tree someone had fastened a shingle marked Yankee Springs.

"In 1835 a young man by the name of Charles Paul, in company with the family of Henry Leonard, were eating their luncheon under the trees beside one of the springs. A stranger joined them and it came

out in conversation that they were all from New England States, and one of the party said, 'We are all Yankees.' At this suggestion Charles Paul hewed the bark off the side of an oak tree and cut the words 'Yankee Springs' on it. The name clung to the place and was finally adopted by the township."

A welcome was given us by our relatives, and the log cabin of two rooms was shared together. A quilt was hung over the door space and

MRS. MARY LEWIS, WIFE OF YANKEE LEWIS.

the windows were boarded. A supper was served and we settled down for the night. Dismal tales have come to me of those first nights in the forest; that the barking of wolves broke the stillness of the hours and that the glittering eye-balls of the panther looked down upon us with no friendly gaze.

My father located 1,000 acres of land there and it soon grew to be an attractive place. We endured in common with all the early settlers the trials and privations of pioneer and frontier life, and lived to see the wilderness subdued, and surrounded by all that pertains to a later civilization. Here in this thick forest, the land entirely unclaimed, we settled. The woods were filled with Indians, and our nearest white neighbor, Calvin G. Hill, was eight miles distant from us. From Middleville to Ada, the direct route to Grand Rapids, was a dense forest,

an unbroken wilderness without an inhabitant. We were on the direct line of the great Indian trail running from Detroit to Grand Rapids, which passed directly through Barry county. But we were not long alone. The fur trader and the speculator were abroad in the land, and to fill the increasing demands of the weary traveler, our little cottage of two rooms was extended, building after building, until we occupied "nine stories on the ground," seven distinct buildings in a row in the

ALL THAT REMAINS OF YANKEE LEWIS' TAVERN AT YANKEE SPRINGS, BARRY CO., MICH.

front and two additional in the back. They presented neither an imposing nor a graceful appearance, but were the hurried creation of backwoods life, when there was no time to waste on architecture, symmetry or beauty.

The fame of the place spread throughout the country and so brisk was business at the old "Mansion House," as it was called, that it was no uncommon thing for one hundred people to tarry there for a night, while sixty teams were often stabled there between sunset and sunrise.

The extreme ends of the old house were named. The one farthest north was "Grand Rapids," and the extreme south was "Kalamazoo."

The Kalamazoo was considered the "best room" and was furnished rather better than the others and the better class of people occupied it generally, bridal parties, etc. All the other buildings have tumbled to ruin. This building alone stands out all by itself. It is close to the road down in the hollow, seemingly proud of the fact that it has survived all of the changes of the last century and inviting admiration and respect because of it. If the old building could speak what stories

ONE OF THE SPRINGS THAT GAVE YANKEE SPRINGS ITS NAME. TWO GREAT GRANDSONS OF YANKEE LEWIS IN THE FOREGROUND.

it could tell, what historical information it could impart that would be of interest and benefit to future generations.

Together this husband and wife labored and toiled, their chief desire seeming to be to give happiness to those about them. With a hospitality that was proverbial and a generosity that can not be measured by ordinary methods they greeted all who came. The man without money was treated as well as the man whose pocket bulged with the currency of that day. Ministers of all denominations, irrespective of creed, were entertained free of charge, but were expected to hold an evening service in our large dining-room, and men were sent out to notify the neighbors to that effect. The first Episcopal service I ever heard was rendered there by Dr. Francis Cuming, who was journeying to Grand Rapids to settle over St. Mark's church in that city.

We were in very close touch with the people at Grand Rapids in the early days and visited often in their families. Much of our trading was done there and, although thirty-eight miles distant from us, we made frequent journeys there. I remember seeing Louis Campau and Rix Robinson—those grand pioneers—the earliest. Their names should never be forgotten by us. They were here in the early 20's and none who came after exceeded them in powers of endurance, or the cheerfulness with which they bore the hardships and toil of that period. The name of Louis Campau is reverenced by older Grand Rapids people, for he came there first. He once owned the whole village of Grand Rapids. In the old days all knew of his tender heart—all who met him received some kindness at his hand. We used to hear how, when his bank failed, he brought home armfuls of wildcat money and papered his cupola with it, saying, "If you won't circulate, you shall stay still." I recall the Withey family, the Moreaus, the Godfreys, Morrisons, Richmonds, Whites, Henry R. Williams, the Almys, P. R. L. Peirce, Canton Smith, an early hotel keeper of that city, the Rathbones, early settlers there, who built a large hotel and opened it with a big dance. I was there and danced all night. Mrs. T. B. Church, that noble pioneer woman, who played the organ of St. Mark's church for fifty years and is still living in that city, her gifted son, Frederick Church, then a babe whom I often carried in my arms, now celebrated world-wide as an artist—all these and many more were household names with us and went to make up a part of our family life in a time when there were few social barriers and man felt and needed the sympathy and encouragement of his brother man.

Lewis Cass was twice our guest, Ex-Governor Felch, ex-Governor Ransom, U. S. Senator Zach. Chandler, Senator Charles E. Stuart, Judge Pratt—and, indeed, all men of note who traveled in those days were at some time or other entertained there in the primitive style of the day. Royalty was once entertained at the Mansion House, and this occasion was memorable as being the first time that the table was set with napkins for each guest, word having been sent in advance of his coming. Almost the first guest I can remember was Douglas Houghton, then a young man. He was first appointed State Surveyor and later, as we all know, filled the office of State Geologist for many years.

Thefts and robberies were unknown, although large quantities of money were carried by travelers and it would have been an easy matter for it to change hands had there been the desire for it by designing persons. For example, every year large quantities of money were carried

through from Detroit to Grand Rapids to pay the Indians at their annual payments. This money, $15,000, was conveyed through in an extra stage by a man named Lee, accompanied by an Indian interpreter named Provonsol. The money was all in specie and was carried in boxes about a foot square, very heavy, as I remember hearing. These boxes were all set in the room at the south end of the old house. There was an outside door with an old lock and key to it. Two old guns they had were set up in one corner of the room and those men probably slept without a care or thought of being robbed and went safely through from Detroit to Grand Rapids in this simple and easy way.

My father was a man of indomitable courage and perseverance—never discouraged—always happy and with a fund of humor, wit and story-telling rarely excelled. He was just the one to lead in settling and establishing a new country. He planned largely and liberally, and was able with his perseverance and strong health to carry out his plans, and by his personal magnetism encouraged others to work and persevere also. He was the first to contract for carrying the United States mail through that portion of the country. In the first contract he was assisted by General Withey, of Grand Rapids. This route was from Battle Creek to Grand Rapids. Later a contract was taken to carry the mail from Kalamazoo to Grand Rapids. Lines of stages were put on and several coaches a day were started from these points, all meeting at Yankee Springs—the "half way house"—for refreshment of passengers and change of horses. For many years this was the only route through the woods from Battle Creek and Kalamazoo to Grand Rapids, and until other roads were opened up it made very lively times at the old house. The Yankee Springs postoffice for a long time supplied the adjacent country. Letters were luxuries in those days, rare and costly. Envelopes and postage stamps were unknown. We wrote on three pages of the paper, folding it so the name could be written in the middle of the fourth, and sealing with a wafer, directed it and then paid our twenty-five cents postage on it or left it to be collected by the person to whom it was addressed, just as we chose. Sometimes it was difficult for the old settler to produce the twenty-five cents to pay postage and he had to earn it before he could claim his letter.

My father and Rix Robinson built the first bridge across the Thornapple River in 1838. The road then ran on the old Indian trail, across Scales Prairie. In 1838 my father also built the first bridge across the Coldwater Stream on Section 35, in Caledonia. Split logs were used for flooring, pinned down by wooden pins. He, in company with some

others, started in 1849 to build a plank road that was to run from Galesburg to Grand Rapids. A good deal of time, energy and capital was expended on this scheme, but it was finally abandoned.

There was a period when the Yankee Springs property was considered very valuable, and the Rathbones, in Grand Rapids, wished to exchange their hotel property for our own, we to retain the farm lands. This Grand Rapids property is now worth several hundred thousand dollars, and is the present location of the Widdicomb building, corner of

PINE TREE IN CENTER OF WALK OF OLD YANKEE SPRINGS GARDEN, WITH PART OF BIG ORCHARD IN BACK GROUND, AND EDWARD CAMPAU, NEPHEW OF YANKEE LEWIS IN THE FOREGROUND.

Monroe and Market streets. The other, deserted and forsaken, requires a stretch of the imagination to believe that it was ever of great importance.

Wheat and potatoes at this early date brought fabulous prices, but the table was always well supplied with the essentials and with many delicacies. Great care and attention were given to the large garden of several acres that lay across the road from the old house. No vegetable or flower then heard of but was grown there. The light soil, highly enriched by muck taken from the marsh, was calculated to bring them forward to speedy perfection. The most luscious fruits, melons and vegetables were grown in abundance, all luxuriating in the new, warm soil of the valley. Arbors were filled with choice grapes, peaches rip-

ened in the sun, and flowers, the good old-fashioned flowers of that day, grew in abundance. Celery—the first grown in Barry county and perhaps in the State—was raised there, and tomatoes also. They were first called "love apples," and we grew them for their beauty, but soon learned to eat them. Men were constantly employed in caring for the ground. Water was supplied for use by wells dug on the grounds. My father was a skillful caterer. Each guest who came was made to feel at home under that hospitable roof. The first Thanksgiving celebrated at Yankee Springs tavern was in the fall of 1838. My father sent out invitations to all the new settlers for miles around and later sent men and teams to gather them in. My mother meanwhile was superintending the first Thanksgiving dinner in the new country, which consisted of wild turkeys brought by the Indians from Gun Lake woods, two immense spare ribs cooked to a turn before the great open fireplace, as were also the turkeys. Mince pies such as only my mother could make, also pumpkin pies and puddings, were baked in the large brick oven by the side of the kitchen fireplace. Cook stoves there were none. The turkeys and ribs were suspended by stout tow strings and slowly turned before the open fire and some one had to burn their faces while continually basting the meats with their rich gravies, brought out by the heat of the fire. Cranberries were brought by the Indians and were about the only fall berry. Not a fruit tree or berry bush had yet been planted.

The tables were spread and the guests came from their homes in the woods to enjoy this banquet prepared for them in so hospitable a manner and, while all must have remembered the parents and homes so recently left by them, it was not their way to mourn for what they had not, but to enjoy fully what they had, which they did in a way that would astonish the dyspeptic of today.

It began to snow, the first of the season, but the harder it snowed the livelier grew the party. An old violin was pulled out of some corner and all began dancing and kept it up until morning, when breakfast was prepared for them, after which they were conveyed back to their homes, and so passed our first Thanksgiving in the old Mansion House at Yankee Springs.

The political campaign of 1840 made a hot time in the old house, as I well remember. Pole and flag raising and stump speaking were the order of the day, but the doings on the Fourth of July, 1846, beat everything on record before or since, so far as I can remember. A tamarack pole was spliced until it was of the desired length and a flag was flung

from it to the breeze with much hurrahing from the crowd that had collected from everywhere and filled the road-front before the old house from hill to hill. Twenty-six girls, all in white, representing the states —then twenty-six in number—and a Goddess of Liberty in red, white and blue, were loaded into a monster wagon drawn by twenty-six yoke of oxen. A girl for each state and a yoke of oxen for each girl! We went above the hill to form the procession and came down into the crowd in fine style.

We were ten years in advance of the Michigan Central Railway. We heard rumors of its approach, but so slow was it in coming that the old stage coach kept right along its undisputed way for many years. The road started from Detroit in 1836, when Michigan was a territory. It reached Kalamazoo February 21, 1846, and six years later, May, 1852, the road reached Chicago.

It has been said "there is no good Indian but a dead Indian," but in our experience we did not find in them the treachery and deceit they are usually credited with. They had great respect for my father and we lived in peace and harmony. The woods were full of them, but we did not fear them and I believe they were our friends. They were strict in their deals and if they made a promise they kept it. They brought us berries of all kinds from the woods and constantly supplied us with fresh venison, never bringing any part of the carcass but the hams, which were always twenty-five cents, no more nor less. They brought us fresh fish from the lakes, and the muskallonge from Gun Lake were enormous. They made a great deal of maple sugar. In 1840 these Potawatomies were removed by the United States Government beyond the Mississippi, and very reluctantly they left their homes among the lakes and oak openings and the silver streams of Michigan. Noonday, the chief of the Potawatomies, greatly impressed me by his dignified bearing. Six feet tall and well proportioned, he was at that time nearly 100 years old. His face was painted and a great circlet of eagle feathers was around his head. He looked kind and he laid his hand on my head. He died soon after and was buried in Richland cemetery by the side of his wife. He, Noonday, assisted in the war of 1812 and witnessed the burning of the city of Buffalo.

Ye say that all have passed away,
  That noble race and brave;
That their light canoes have vanished
  From off the crystal wave;

That in the grand old forests
There rings no hunter's shout,
But their name is on your waters
And ye may not wash them out.

There were poets in those days and frequently the old place was sounded in story and song, and occasionally one was found whose "feelings" overflowed to the extent that he published his production. Such an one was George Torrey, Sr., who, coming from Boston at an early day, settled in Kalamazoo county and was associated with the Kalamazoo Telegraph at its birth in 1844. He traveled through Barry county at that date and a poem published in the Telegraph soon after reached us in this form. He had not the world-wide fame of a Kipling, but this poem has survived perhaps longer than some of Kipling's will, which, having been carefully preserved for sixty years, I have the pleasure of presenting to you:

Did you ever go out to Grand River
From Detroit to Kalamazoo,
In a wagon without any kiver,
Through a country that looks very new?
If you are hungry and wish for a dinner,
Breakfast, supper and lodging to boot,
If you're a Turk, a Christian or sinner
Yankee Springs is the place that will suit.
The landlord's a prince of his order—
Yankee Lewis—whose fame and renown
Far and near throughout Michigan's border
Are noised about country and town.

It finished by enumerating the bill of fare, which seemed to afford him great satisfaction.

Personally, I knew little of the hardships of pioneer life, for I was protected and sheltered by my parents. There was so much of life and activity about us that it was akin to life in a city, and we had no time for loneliness. Being the almost constant companion of my father and visiting with him all the towns within a large radius, I saw life in all its forms in the new country, traveling in stage coach, wagon or on horseback. There was no underbrush in those days, the annual fires consumed it, leaving the forests free from obstruction, and one could walk,

ride or drive anywhere as freely as in a beautiful park. Nature was liberal in the diffusion of fruits, nuts and flowers, and from the little violet in the early spring there was a successive gradation of flowers of all kinds and colors until the frost came in the fall. We lived only two and one-half miles from Gun Lake—that inland gem of Barry county. My first view of it will never be forgotten. Scouring through the woods one day on my little pony—born of the gray mare ridden by my mother when we came into the country—we came suddenly out on the shore of this lake and I gazed in silent wonder on that broad sheet of water, flashing and dimpling in the sunlight where no white man's boat had ever been, and only the Indian's canoe had disturbed the calm serenity of its waters. Not a tree had been disturbed and the dark forest clear around was reflected on the glistening surface of the water. As I silently gazed a feeling of awe stole over me. The solemn stillness of lake and forest frightened me. I turned my pony and fled and never drew rein until my home was reached.

In the new country you sometimes looked around for your neighbors and they were not there, and so it was that some of the birds we had known—the robin, the wren and the swallow—were not there, but blue-jays and whip-poor-wills were not lacking. The crows had not come, neither the flies, but fleas and mosquitoes were plenty. We heard of a neighbor who opened her Bible one day and found a fly pressed between its leaves. "Now, children," she said, "don't you touch that fly, let it remain right here in this book, just as it is, because that fly once lived in our old home in York State." There were no rats or mice, neither were there any house cats. The country had no need for the latter, but I had, and so pleaded that one day a box came from Grand Rapids, upon opening which out jumped two lovely maltese kittens. The prettiest irrespective of sex, was immediately christened Tommy and nursed and petted to a great extent. One day Tommy was missing, and there was a great outcry. Finally, when found, he was nursing a lot of little kittens of his own. From this small beginning many came and, no doubt, the descendants of this same cat are racing around on the sand hills of Barry county today.

My father represented the counties of Allegan and Barry in the State Legislature in Detroit in 1846. He came home for a short time during the winter and when he returned was accompanied by his two youngest daughters, who took their first ride on the new railroad and indulged in the gayeties of the Capital City for two weeks.

I have been asked to give my girlhood recollections of this trip to the then Capital City.

The ride to Battle Creek was duly performed by stage coach and four horses and from there we took our first and never-to-be-forgotten ride on that new railroad we had heard so much about. We were nearly frightened to death with the almost constant scream of the engine whistle and the clanking of the cars over the rough road, which was about equal to that of cattle cars at the present time. We wished ourselves back in the old stage coach many times before the journey ended.

The Wales Hotel, on Jefferson avenue, East, just thrown open to the public January 1, 1846, we thought very fine. It was kept by Austin Wales and his two sons. It was very crowded, as many members of the Legislature and their wives were staying there. The dining-room was large and nearly square and was frequently used for entertainments in the evening, balls, fancy-dress parties and concerts, all of which we attended. About January 24 a Scottish ball was given. Perhaps it was a Burns' reunion and seemed to us a grand affair. There was fine music, with bag-pipes included (the first I ever heard), the gay costumes with kilted skirts, plaid hose and scarfs and jaunty caps quite charmed us, and the Scottish dances and hornpipes altogether made it a veritable fairyland entertainment, the impression of which I have never forgotten.

We visited a daguerrean gallery and had our pictures taken. This room had just been opened in Detroit and the art was considered something wonderful and had but recently come into practice on this side of the water. We thought it very tiresome, as we had to sit still five minutes to get a picture. My father had a number taken and presented one to each of his seven brothers, then all living. Four of the eight Lewis brothers were represented in Lansing at the pioneer convention held there on the first and second of June, 1904. Stanton Lewis, the oldest, was represented by a granddaughter, Mrs. Florence Babbitt of Ypsilanti, Mich.; William Lewis by a daughter, Mrs. Mary M. Hoyt of Kalamazoo, Hiram Lewis by a daughter, Mrs. Geo. B. Davis, of Kalamazoo, Mich., and George Lewis by his daughter, Mrs. Marion Gear of Detroit, Mich.

That was the last winter the Legislature convened in Detroit. Some feared that the frivolities of the gay city might affect the manners and morals of the members of that day, and so voted that Lansing, forty miles from any railroad, in the heart of the forest of Ingham county, should henceforth witness the assembling together of that august body.

My father lived for six years after this event, dying in September, 1853, at the age of fifty-one. His last request was that he might be buried on the hill overlooking the old place. I have twice removed his remains —once, after the old place passed from our hands, to the near-by cemetery, and again to lay them by the side of my mother in Kent county. She outlived him by thirty-five years, dying March 1, 1888, at Alaska, Kent county, at the age of eighty-three years. My mother descended from old Revolutionary stock, on the Norton-Goodwin side, and will ever be remembered as a faithful friend and worthy type of womanhood. In the afflictions of life, from which she was far from being exempt, she displayed that true Christian fortitude which commends her example to us.

The solid forests have vanished and we sometimes feel that the solid man has vanished, too. The type of character they represented may not be needed now, but they are worth remembering for their courage in opening up this country and reclaiming it from brush and bramble trees and stone, and placing Michigan in the front rank she holds today among the states of the Union.

The men have done much to make this a grand and noble State, but the women have not been idle. If "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world" ours have certainly been kept busy. In all ways pioneer women gladly did their share in bearing the heavy burdens of that period, and today can pride themselves upon being "the first ladies of the land," and by right, because we got here first!

SKETCH OF WILLIAM WOODRUFF GIBBS.

BY DWIGHT N. LOWELL.[1]

William Woodruff Gibbs was born in Livonia, Livingstone county, N. Y., December 31, 1820, and died at Romeo, Macomb county, Mich., December 29, 1902.

The family was of New England origin and the mother, a Woodruff, was from a family noted for its musical talents. The deceased was one of twelve children and at the age of fifteen years commenced learning the trade of a gunsmith, at which business he continued for eight years. The rare natural gifts began to assert themselves in the life of Mr. Gibbs, and at the end of the period of work at his trade he started the study of his chosen life work as an artist. Commencing entirely without instruction, he prosecuted his study of art and for several years was engaged in its work in his native town.

In 1848 he removed to Kalamazoo, Mich., and engaged in the work of his profession, at the same time connecting himself with an orchestra band which obtained a wide local reputation, and with which he traveled over a large portion of the western part of Michigan. In 1849 he visited at Armada, Mich., and in 1853 came to Romeo, Macomb county, which continued to be his home till the time of his death. During the years of his life at Romeo he was a devoted student of his profes-

[1] Dwight Nelson Lowell, the son of Nelson and Laura Ewell Lowell was born in Washington, 1½ miles south of Romeo, January 15, 1843. His descent on the Lowell side is traced through Percival Lowell. the first American Lowell, to William Lowell of Yardley, Somerset Co., England, A. D. 1250; and on the Ewell side, John Ewell the first American Ewell who came from Scotland in 1734.

The Lowell's were originally Normans, two of whom were in the battle of Hastings. Three of his ancestors were in the Revolutionary War, David Lowell, James Ewell and Robert Hoyt.

He was educated in the district schools, the Dickinson Institute and Jackson High School and entered the University of Michigan in 1863, from which institution he was graduated A. B. June 26, 1867. He studied law with Hon. E. F. Mead and was admitted to practice at Mt. Clemens upon examination in open court before Hon. James S. Dewey Circuit Judge, June 14, 1869. He was elected Circuit Court Commissioner 1872. Since 1882 he has been continuously director of School District No. 1 of Washington & Bruce, a Statistical History of which was prepared by him in 1903 and embodied in his Annual Report of that year, for the publication of which the district voted $200.00. He has recently completed a history of the Academic and Private Schools of Romeo covering the period of the Romeo Academy, Romeo Branch of the U. of M. and Dickinson Institute, 1835-1867 which has not yet been published.

He has been elected seven consecutive times president of Romeo. He was prosecuting attorney of Macomb county by appointment in 1882. He has given close attention to his profession and has never engaged in any other pursuit. His politics are Republican. He has been all his life a resident of Romeo or vicinity with the exception of six months in 1881 when he was Chief-Clerk in the Surveyor-General's Office at Yankton, Dakota.

sion, gradually drifting from portrait into that of landscape painting which was more suited to his taste and genius. His labor was prolific and very many of the houses of his adopted town still show the work of his genius. An enthusiastic lover of nature, very many of his paintings are of the beautiful field and forest of the surrounding country. His paintings of the country along and about the Au Sable river which he many times visited in his hunting vacations were numerous and show with great skill very many of the beauties of that region of our State.

Mr. Gibbs inherited his love of music and developed into a fine musician, but in this, as in his artist work, he showed an individuality all his own. He loved to roam in the woods and fields and always, while on his excursions, his pencil and sketch-book were alone his companions. His disposition was naturally retiring and beyond the presence of all save his most intimate chosen friends, and whether in the walks about his home or in the woods on his hunting trips, it was rarely that any one could get the privilege of his companionship. He preferred to be alone with nature which all his years he so loved. His character was simple and guileless as that of a child, and he carried with him through life the child's love of the true and beautiful. Warm and true in his affections, honest and upright in his dealings, kind and obliging to all he went through life like one led by high and lofty ideals.

In 1892 he conceived and executed one of his finest works "Father Marquette at St. Ignace in 1670." The idea of the design came to him from a request of Mr. William Spice for a painting which would portray that thought. The suggestion came from an old cut, but the treatment and design were original with Mr. Gibbs. He spent much time in consulting historical accounts of Father Marquette, and obtained his inspiration of the portrait of Marquette in the picture from a cut of a statue of the Father executed by an artist in Montreal. The draperies—the surroundings—the scene—the picture as a whole—were the thought and design of Mr. Gibbs and original with him save from the suggestions indicated. After the painting was completed Mr. Spice removed it to St. Ignace where it still remains. A Mr. Agrell, a photographer of St. Ignace, asked for and obtained permission to photograph it and thousands of such photographs were sold to tourists. This design was adopted and used for one of the designs of postage stamps by the Government, and later adopted by the State Pioneer Society as a frontispiece to its 32d volume of records and transactions, and in each case without credit to the artist.

The volume which contained the design of Mr. Gibbs barely men-

tioned his birth and death and it is to undo the wrong, and to give him honor for that which was so adopted without credit, that this short sketch has been prepared by one, who, for more than thirty years, had his confidence and esteem.

OLD SEALS AND THE STATE SEALS OF MICHIGAN.

BY MRS. MARIE B. FERREY.[1]

THEIR ANTIQUITY.

Probably no other article of antiquity retains its original form so closely or has been less changed by time, progress and events than the seal. Its antiquity is certain, its origin unknown. The word comes from the Latin *sigillum,* or its diminutive *signum,* and means a mark, sign, figure or image, placed at the end of documents, accompanying or, in the early days, in lieu of signature, as a symbol of authenticity or confirmation, or for the purpose of fastening letters or other papers to conceal the contents. An S meaning *scilicit,* is considered a sufficient sign, but in most legal documents it is indicated by *locus sigilli,* or the initials *L. S.* meaning the place of the seal. In the United States no wax or wafers are required to make an instrument legal, a scroll or ring denoting its position. Seals are made of metal, wax or stones, and upon them are engraved some image or device: generally a motto is added, the whole symbolizing some event, power or characteristic of the person, corporation, society or state using them. Seals were undoubtedly used as a mark of attestation when parties were unable to write their names. So marked are these emblems that the seal alone will tell the scientific student both the race by whom, and the time in which, they were used. In Wales it is said families are better known by their arms or seals than by their names.

It is more or less impossible to consider this subject without reference to Heraldry with which it is so closely connected or identified. Indeed it is claimed that arms were originally designed to be engraved on seals.[2]

[1] Several inquiries addressed to this Society were received regarding Seals. Nothing in a condensed form could be found and nothing to show where the designs for the Michigan Seal was obtained. So much information was the result of these researches that it was deemed advisable to embody it in a paper. Acknowledgements are due particularly to Dallaway's Origin of Heraldry, Green's Illustrated History of England, The Green Bag, Farmer's History of Detroit, Gaillard Hunt's The Seal of the U. S.; the State Librarian for access to old books, and the Burton Library, Detroit.—Marie B. Ferrey.

[2] Dallaway's Origin of Heraldry in England, page 14.

Usually two seals were used, the one called *sigillum imaginis,* containing a portrait or likeness, and considered personal; the other known as *sigillum armorum,* or seal of the arms and displaying the emblems selected or assigned to the family. This accounts for the varied descriptions, as the sides were often mistaken for each other. Heraldry played such an important part in the affairs of nations or individuals, that it is not possible under present conditions to properly estimate its power and influence in former years. Victor Hugo says "Heraldry is an algebra—a language to him who can decipher it." Some enthusiasts on this subject, particularly Sylvanus Morgan,[1] an armorist, places the origin of seals with Adam, giving him a spade, and Eve a sprindle.[2] The old rhyme illustrates this—

"When Adam digged and Eve span,
Who was then the Gentleman?"

The color of Adam's shield before the fall was said to have been red, but afterwards it became white, ornamented with fig leaves, and over it hung the silver shield of Eve. There is a diversity of opinion regarding the coat of arms of Abel. Morgan[3] assigned him a crozier like a bishop, to show he was a "shepheard," while others claim the design was an apple. Jabal, the inventor of tents, was given a white tent in a green field. Tubal Cain's was inscribed with a silver hammer. Naamah, his sister, inventress of weaving, employed a carding comb. Jubal's is the only one pictured, and was decorated with a harp having pipes like an organ. Moses displayed a cross, Samson a lion and David a harp.

[1] Sylvanus Morgan was arms-painter in London and died in 1673.
[2] Green's History of England, vol. 2, p. 485.
[3] Curiosities of Heraldry, p. 2.

While most of this is legendary, there is sufficient evidence of the authenticity and use of seals in scripture to remove the subject from the realm of conjecture. They are mentioned in Esther, Kings, Daniel and Jeremiah, and are identical with the form of those of the present day. Thirty-seven centuries ago Judah carried them with him on his journeys. Jezebel signed letters with King Ahab's name and seal. The passages in Genesis XLIX are supposed to refer to the arms or shields of the twelve tribes of Judah, and have been made into the following quaint verse:

JUBAL'S ARMS.

"Judah bare Gules, a lion couchant or;
Zebulon's black ships like to a man of war;
Issacher's asse between two burthens girt;
As Dan's sly snake lies in the field of vert;
Asher with Azure a cup of gold sustains,
And Naphtali's hind trips o'er the flowering plains.
Ephraim's strong Ox lyes with the couchant Hart;
Manasseh's Tree its branches doth impart;
Benjamin's Wolfe in the fiels gules resides;
Reuben's field argent and blew bars, wav'd glides;
Simeon doth beare his sword; and in that manner,
Gad, having pitched his Tent, sets up his Banner.[1]

Numbers II, 2, calls them ensigns. In Job the reference is still more explicit, as it reads, "It is turned as clay to the seal." In Daniel it is recorded that the Lion's den was fastened with the King's own signet, and with the signet of his lords. In those Bible times the gift of a ring from the King conferred upon the recipient royal favor and power.

These were but seals in a more convenient form and were identical with those used at the present time. We shall attempt to show how important and universal was the use of seals and to give a chronological

[1] Curiosities of Heraldry, p. 6.

history of those of France and England from which our present one is derived.

Agreements were drawn up between the Assyrians and Egyptians and sealed, and while the papers are entirely obliterated and even the names of the parties forgotten the two royal signets are yet preserved among the documents of the Assyrian empire. The Egyptians employed clay for seal, the Byzantines lead, silver and gold, silver being the rarest. Anubis and Macedo, sons of Osiris, used the wolf and dog as emblems for seals. Seals charged with regular shields of arms were used by Pepin, Clothaire and Dogobert the 2nd. Alexander the Great displayed humor in seating a golden lion in a chair, and representing him as holding a battle-axe of silver.

At the siege of Troy, Hector bore a shield of Sable ornamented with a golden lion. Homer describes the shield of Agememnon. The *Cote Amure* so often referred to means only the coat of arms. These were symbolical with designs of seals.

To Arnulphus the Great, Earl of Flanders, in 941 is attributed the first heraldic designs for seals, as he wore upon his breast suspended by a ribbon around his neck a shield upon which was engraved his image and a lion rampant.

There is also shown a seal of Baldwin, Earl of Flanders, representing a man on horseback, on his left arm a shield held in such a manner as to obscure the coat of arms, but this undoubtedly was also a lion.

Robert le Frison, 1072, carried his shield in front so the design of the lion could be plainly seen.

The crusades from the tenth to the twelfth centuries emphasized the use of heraldry and by these emblems alone many of the knights were identified. A coat of mail was generally worn by these heroes and over this a sur-coat, or mantle with the arms pictured on it, covering the arms, and from this originated the term, "Coat of arms." The French lilies and British lion originated in the third crusade. In the twelfth century warriors carried miniature escutcheons suspended from the belt.

Greece adapted seals from the East and from there they spread to Rome and all parts of the civilized world. A seal of the third century shows a portrait of Seleucus. Romans called them Bulla and Bull, meaning a seal or stamp and defined them as a special impression. Any counterfeiting was considered and treated as the highest crime. In Rome the Corvini seal had the design of a raven.

There were three classes in Rome called *nobilis, novi,* and *ignobilis;* on the seal of the first or the aristocrats were carved the portraits of

their ancestors; on the second or middle class one's own likeness, but the third or plebeian's shield must remain bare. Virgil says, Helenus' arms were bare of marks of honor, his mother having been a slave. In 1237 Cardinal Otto decreed Archbishops and bishops place title, office and proper name on their seals and the laity followed this practice. The Pope always employed two seals, one for the office with cross and initials and the letter P, standing for *Pontifex,* the other bearing the personal or family coat of arms. The ecclesiastical seal was in oval form, and this shape was used by women. Since the thirteenth century, each Pope has a fish and a cipher for a design and at his death this seal is destroyed.

The cross was one of the first symbols used in seals, but in the fourteenth century Rome substituted the Eagle. Cæsar's eagles[1] are spoken of even yet.

The general rise of the cross is undoubtedly the origin for its use in place of the signature of an illiterate person even to this day. The Romans were partial to portraits of friends for designs for seals. They had no public or governmental ones. The Virgin Mary was a favorite symbol, and was often combined with pictures of the reigning sovereigns. Women used seals in the thirteenth century, but no coat of arms could be transmitted by them to their descendants. Distinction was made between shields of married and single women—the first giving the arms of the husband one-half, while in that of an unmarried women this part remained bare. Sometimes shields were quartered or divided with designs for the children—making an infinite variety of figures, but tending also to confusion.

THE SEALS OF FRANCE.

King Clovis of France was one of the first to employ the fleur-de-lys or classical lilies. Clotilde dreamed of these lilies and they were substituted for the frogs or toads before diplayed on arms. This was not a new design, as Montfaucon says Theodosius the Great in the fifth century ornamented the sphinxes of the Egyptians with this emblem, and Plauche says they had also been used on Roman monuments although referred to as the Iris. The learned Selden said French Kings in six and seven hundred used seals of gold, but the peasantry were only allowed wax.

Charlemagne's seal in 774 was of fine gold set with gems, the center

[1] His arms also displayed the monstrosity of a two-headed eagle.

showing two rough sapphires. On it were engraved the holy cross and relics from the Holy Land, he claiming this territory as part of his conquests. One of the oldest seals is that of Lothaire dated 817, now preserved in Aix la Chapelle attached to an altar cross. It is an oval intagli of rock crystal, and contains a portrait with a cross and the letters XPEADIVAH LOTHARIVM REG. It is not antique but of Byzantino Rhenish.

In the British museum are displayed seals belonging to Odo or Endes King of France from 888 to 898. The impression is from a fine Greek gem.

Round seals began with Henry I, 1031-1060. The King's picture was displayed with flowers in one hand and scepter in the other. The Queens were allowed the flowers only. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries seals were very elaborately made and became genuine works of art. Seal engraving is one of the most difficult undertakings and requires a great deal of skill and accuracy, a mistake being almost fatal.

We found an account of seals belonging to Louis VI from 1108 to 1137. At first they were in form of plaques, then arranged as pendants. Counter seals or those with two sides were first used by Louis VII, from 1137-1180.

After the Norman conquest, seals being deposited at certain places or offices for this purpose, could be used instead of signatures without even the presence of the person. Such abuses crept in by this practice that it was decreed all documents must be both signed and sealed by the writer.

THE SEALS OF ENGLAND.

In the Ashmolean museum at Oxford, England, there is displayed the seal of Alfred the Great, whose reign extended from 871 to 901. This seal was in the form of a jewel of ovel shape of blue enamel set in gold with the words "Alfred had me wrought" around the rim, and a picture of the crude art of that day embellishing the center.[1]

The picture of the seal of William I, or of the Conquerer, is the most mutilated of any shown. It is supposed to represent a crowned king seated on a throne and holding a sceptre in one hand while the other upholds a ball surmounted by an upright cross with his name and title inscribed on rim.

[1] See Green's History, England vol. 1, p. 90.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

He had these words accompany his seal:

I, William King
Give to Plowden Royden
My hop and hoplands,
With all the bounds up and down
From Heaven to earth,
From earth to Hell,
For thee and thine to dwell,
From me and mine,
To thee and thine,
For a bow and a broad arrow,
When I come to hunt upon Yarrow.
In witness that this is sooth,
I bite this wax with my tooth,
In the presence of Magge, Maude and Margery,
And my third son Harry.

William Rufus, son of William I, was the first to place *Dei Gratia* on arms, receiving it from King Pepin. The seal of Saint Anselm in 1093 is oval in shape and exhibits a monk with emblems of office. Archbishop's seal, *Dei Gratia,* are inscribed on the rim. The seal of Henry I shows an armored knight on horseback. The empress Matilda's seal has a very crude picture of a queen seated on a throne. It bears a Latin inscription and was made for her in Germany before her husband Stephen's coronation.

In 1187[1] occurs the first representation of arms on seals in England although they had been extensively used on the Continent before this. Authorities vary as to their first public use. On the marriage of Henry II with Eleanor another lion was added to the English arms, and it was thought that the three stood for the Territories of Normand, Poicton or Maine, and Aquatine. Edward III added to the English seal the lilies of France from his relations to that country.

Richard I had arms displayed on bodice—before this they were placed on shields or horses. He obtained this idea of seals in France. He adopted the parole used at battle of Gesors for motto, *Dieu et mon Droit,* which still appears on England's Great Seal. On the seal of Exeter City was shown the guild hall of the Merchants. On Richard Coeur de lion's seal was placed two sprigs of broom plant, from whose name *planta genesta* is said to have originated the famous name of Plantagenet.

In the time of Edward I the rules were very strict regarding the necessity of seals, all documents being decreed void without them. In 1206 England sold her seal at auction when it brought £61,245, or about $400,000. It was bought by Walter de Gray who retained it for six years.

A keeper of seals was appointed by the King; the early ones being priests showed the sacredness with which they were regarded. This officer was always placed at the side table at the right hand of the King.

A Chancellor's seal in its case or bag is sculptured on the tomb in Rochester Cathedral of Walter de Merton, who died in 1277; these bags were made of silk and enclosed in one of leather and were guarded with the utmost care, one keeper taking his to bed with him for safety.

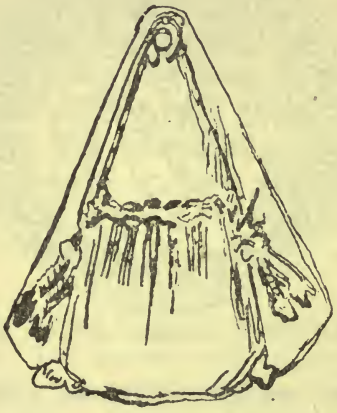
Seals are shown of Oxford city and University; the former is more like our modern seals. The shield is supported on either side by an

[1] See Dallaway on Heraldry.

elephant and horse surmounted by British lion and a bull is pictured on the shield, while the motto is *Fortis est veritas.*

One of the first illustrations of a private seal on conveyance of land was on a deed for an acre of land June, 1272, from William Mordaunt to Peter Picard showing a house, the name being placed around the rim.

The evolution of these implements is also seen where an attempt to transform the seal of Canterbury representing the martyrdom of St. Thomas after a proclamation had been issued against this Saint and



CHANCELLOR'S SEAL BAG.

the old design was hammered out, but some letters and figures obstinately remain.

Henry V established a sort of aristocracy of coat of arms allowing none to use these except soldiers who had served at Agincourt. To meet this royal decree people of the middle class invented arbitrary signs called Merchants Marks, corresponding to our trade-marks of today, but these were forbidden to be placed on seals or shields. Persons in 1419 had to prove their right to use arms. One of these controversies between the Scope and Grosvenor families regarding designs of arms lasted five years and employs two volumes in records. Henry V also created, in 1420, the first King of arms. This monarch's seal contained a great deal of tabernacle or gothic work. The climax of perfection was reached from 1430 to 1440, after which they declined in value and splendor.

A seal of Louth Grammar School, 1552, shows an open book with seven pupils, the master flogging one, the motto *Qui Parcit uirge'o dit*

filiu. The seal of the Wimborne school is diamond-shape in 1563. The coal-traders of New Castle, organized in 1600, display on theirs, one man welcoming another. Under Richard III, there was established a college of arms. These were composed of nobles and lords having jurisdiction over heraldry, making visitations to decide matters pertaining to these topics and to have charge of genealogy, processions and royal events. There is no doubt of the luxury of this body since we learn

SEAL LOUTH GRAMMAR SCHOOL, 1552.

that the entire funeral services of Oliver, Lord Protector, in 1658, amounted to nearly $140,000.

Under Henry VIII, 1509, the first supporters on seals in England were used. On the execution warrant of Charles I were displayed fifty-nine seals.[1]

The first Great Seal of England, in 1648, has on one side a map of the British Isles with small designs occupying the remaining space. The reverse side presents a view of the House of Commons. The first date was 1648, while the seal three years later is unchanged except by the added years. The words by God's blessing restored 1651 in the *third* year of freedom. This seal was made for Cromwell and under his authority. For these two seals Simons received £300, and was made the sole seal engraver for royalty. When a new seal was made the old one was taken to the Hall of Parliament and publicly destroyed. The second seal of Cromwell is more nearly like the present seal of Great Britain than any heretofore exhibited. The shield is filled with heraldic designs including a lion supported by a rampant lion on the left and griffin on the right, topped by a crown on which stands a lion, the scroll

[1] Zeiber's American Heraldry, p. 92.

attached to the two supports bears Cromwell's own motto *Pax Ovaeritur Bello*—Peace is sought through war. The crosses of St. George, St. Andrew and the harp denote respectively England, Scotland and Ireland. A griffin replaces the unicorn for dexter support. In Latin around the rim is Great Seal of England, Scotland and Ireland. The reverse side differs from the seal of Charles I in the engraving of a puritan warrior instead of knight, and bears the motto, *Dei Gratia* and name of Protector Oliver.

James II, December 10, 1668, stole the Great Seal of England and fled from Westminster to France, thinking the government would be destroyed if the seal was gone, as no transactions would be legal or binding without such official recognition. It was found by some fishermen in their nets, and its return foretold to the superstitious people of those days the success of William of Orange. It was again stolen in 1774 from Lord Thurlow, and although great rewards were offered the thieves escaped with their booty, and a new one had to be procured.

Queen Anne united in the seal the rose of England a thistle of Scotland in one stem as the union of the two countries was perfected in her reign.

Mottoes on seals are said to have originated from war-cries or religious exclamations. On ancient seals mottoes were extremely rare and only about a dozen are to be found out of the 25,000 exhibited in the British Museum. They are in Latin, French and even Greek. Mottoes may be divided into three classes, enigmatical, sentimental and emblematical. Under the first comes mystery or such words as, "What will be will be," found on the Duke of Bradford's. Anchor fast anchor, *che sara sara of Lord Gray's.* The religious class included among others *Spes Mea in Deo,* My hope is in God. *Sub Cruce,* Under the cross. The last class is illustrated in our motto "one of many" and in the Garter sign of Great Britain as used at present. Irony seems to have crept in as we learn Adderly of Staffordshire motto was *Adders Lige Justitiam Decess.* ('Tis a support to the law to add justice to it.). Puns were employed as in Lord Fairfax—*Fare-fac, speak*—do, or a work and a blow. Lord Courtope simply divided his name—Court-Hope.

Medieval seals were used in two ways—with a stamp on wax or paper or suspended by a cord with silk-floss attached to paper. In the twelfth century white wax only was used, but all colors have come down to us. The nobility alone were entitled to red wax. Charles V chose blue. The patriarchs of Jerusalem and knights of Malta used black. Yellow was common. England yet has a special office called

clerk of chafe wax, whose duty it is to soften the wax over a brazier. The Great Seal of England is made of white wax softened by one-quarter weight of venice turpentine. The Scotch used beeswax and resin colored with vermillion. Wafers are made of paste from the white of an egg mixed with isinglass and colored.

The arms of Columbus, granted to him by Ferdinand and Isabella in 1469, are still exhibited; a shield quartered with hemlet on top on which rests a cross and bearing a motto while another motto is placed at the bottom.

AMERICAN SEALS.

There can be no such thing as American Heraldry. It could only have originated across the water and be reckoned among the assets of our inheritance, yet coats of arms and seals are in possession of many families, and nearly all of the officials of provincial or revolutionary times possessed them. Pennsylvania Historical Society still show a number which are yet visible and embrace the seals of Washington, Penn, Franklin and many others. Arms were used in church decoration and were displayed on windows and tombstones.

Many of the old seals are found in the Burton library in Detroit. A paper executed in 1790, with a personal seal of Louis Bond, consisted of a wafer covered by a star of notched paper very irregularly done by hand; this is signed by Peter Audrain, clerk.[1] Judge Campbell in his history of Michigan, speaks of Judge, (but no lawyer,) Commissioner Reaume located at Green Bay, then in the Northwest territory, but now Wisconsin, who, in 1794, lacking a seal or signet for some papers, sent his jack-knife as a test of authenticity, and this article was so familiar that it was considered potent, and made the transaction legal.

Letters patent are found under the great seal of the Northwest Territory, August 18, 1796, signed by Winthrop Sargent, acting governor of the new county of Wayne, which at that time included all Michigan and part of Ohio and Indiana; these assure us that we never forget our birthright, and accounts for Wayne county never getting over the idea that she is the whole of Michigan and Detroit its hub.

From the same library, in 1799, we find on a deed from Alexander Laferte to Redman Couden—his mark—a seal on a wafer covered with a diamond-shaped paper. A letter from Colonel Wadsworth to John Trumbull, Esq., of Woodbury, Conn., in 1780, has a private seal of a bird, perhaps symbolical of the carrier pigeons by whom messages were sent.

[1]Burton Library, vol. 103 p. 18.

June 28, 1800, Dudley Woodbridge, father of Governor Woodbridge, signs a letter to William W. Littlefield with a tasty monogram with the initials D. W. A deed to Edward Harris, in 1801, has a six-sided seal regularly dotted with points. So we conclude that these first seals were very simple, generally consisting of a wafer covered with a small piece of white paper and stamped with a plain design.

Among the manuscript found in the Burton library appears a very complicated design so faded as to be scarcely legible, signed by Stanley Griswold, acting secretary to Governor Hull, dated April 16, 1807.

UNITED STATES SEALS.

In the United States at the close of the Revolutionary war, Congress, July 4, 1776, appointed a committee of three, Dr. Benjamin Franklin as chairman, with John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, the other mem-

FRANKLIN'S DESIGN.

bers, to procure a seal. The committee reported August 10, showing a design from Du Simitiere, a West India Frenchman. This was a shield showing the arms of six different nations, the first quartering gold with the red and white rose of England, second white ground with Scotch thistles; third green with harp of gold for Ireland, fourth blue with gold French lilies; fifth gold with black eagle of Germany; sixth gold with the red lion of Holland. It was supported on the left by the Goddess of Liberty with her cap placed on a staff; the right supporter was a rifleman with tomahawk in one hand with the motto *Belle vel pace* while around the edge were the words "The Great Seal of the United States of America." Franklin proposed for a design the legend

of the Red Sea with his own motto in English, "Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God," which was said to have been a motto of Cromwell's. Adam's was a classical design of Hercules from an engraving of Gribelin in Lord Shaftesbury's works, a hero with Virtue calling him to lofty heights while Sloth tries to inveigle him into the downward flowery paths.

JEFFERSON'S DESIGN.

DEVICE OF THE SECOND COMMITTEE.

Jefferson's design was a shield resembling Du Simitiere's sketch with supports of Liberty on one side, and Justice with scales on the other, above the All-seeing eye, and below a scroll inscribed *E Pluribus Unum*. Thirteen smaller escutcheons with initials of the thirteen

original states[1] inscribed in them formed a ring outside the center. On the edge were the words "Seal of the United States of America," and at the bottom "1776" in Roman notation.

There was so much work for Congress to perform that this report was tabled and the matter was not brought up again until March 25, 1779, when John Jay of New York, who was the presiding officer, appointed a new committee composed of Lovell of Massachusetts, Scott of Virginia, and Houston of Georgia, to complete the task.

They reported May 10, 1780, a seal four inches in diameter with a shield of thirteen diagonal red and white alternate stripes,[2] a Warrior on the left and Peace on the right with thirteen stars above as a crest bounded by clouds, and the old motto *Bello vel paci.* The other side of the seal was to represent Liberty seated; Roman date beneath her, the motto *Semper* above. Congress must have been critical as a third

DEVICE OF THE SECOND COMMITTEE. REVERSE SIDE.

committee consisting of Henry Middleton, Elias Boudinot, and Edward Rutledge were appointed April, 1782. Their report, May 9, was not accepted, and the matter was referred to the Secretary of Congress, Charles Thomson, E. Barton, a scholar and artist, tendered a design which was pronounced too elaborate.

The reverse side, however, met their approval and was adopted with a different motto. John Adams sent a device from England made by Sir John Prestwick—which was adopted June 20, 1782, or six years after the first introduction of the resolution.[3]

[1] M. B. stands for Massachusetts Bay, and D. C. for Delaware Colony, although the latter was no longer a colony.

[1] This was like the U. S. flag adopted Jnne 14, 1777.

[2] It is a noticeable fact that it took longer to decide upon the seal than to agree to the Declaration of Independence, and notwithstanding the first committee was made up of the author and two of its strongest advocates.

WILLIAM BARTON'S SECOND DEVICE.

WILLIAM BARTON'S SECOND DEVICE. REVERSE.

SEAL OF THE UNITED STATES.
Reverse side.

It is the one used today and consists of an eagle with a shield on breast, without supporters, and intended to show self reliance. The shield is adorned with perpendicular stripes of red and white with motto *E Pluribus Unum* on a scroll in the bill of the eagle topped with a crest of thirteen stars surrounded by clouds. The mottoes at the top *Annuit Coeptis,* meaning God has favored the undertaking, while at the bottom is *Novus Ordo Seclorum*—a new series of the ages—with "1776" in Roman notation; these mottoes are taken from passages in Virgil.[1] It is a remarkable incident that the reverse side of the seal has never been used, and it is thought to never have been engraved, and to many it is totally unknown. The blazon of the seal used is said to have been suggested by a painting in St. Paul's chapel, New York City.

SEAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

Many documents signed by Washington with seal affixed are still in existence. A paper authorizing the exchange of prisoners, signed and sealed by Washington September 16, 1782, still exists, the seal having been cut in brass.

In 1841 a new seal was ordered by Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State, with the distinguishing mark of having only six instead of thirteen arrows in the eagle's talon. The first die was used fifty-nine years and was made in Philadelphia. Another cut was made in 1885 under Fred F. Frelinghuysen, secretary of the state. Congress ordered an appropriation of $1,250 for still another in 1902.

The United States seals are cared for in a metal box in order to preserve the wax and cord; the cord is now abolished and white wafers alone are used. September 15, 1789, they were placed in charge of the Secretary of State, who affixes the seals to any document bearing the

[1] Æneid, book 9, verse 625, and Georgies 4 eclogue, 5th verse.

signature of the President. Its general use is very much less since each department has its own particular seal for the business of the respective offices, and the United States seal appears only on diplomatic business, commissions, pardons or appointments made directly by the President. One peculiarity spoken of in Heraldry in America is a commission signed by John Hanson, president, and Charles Thomson, secretary of Congress, with a seal of a white wafer fastened by red wax in upper instead of lower left hand corner. The first seal of the President was oval in shape containing the upper part of the United States seal with its thirteen stars in a circle surrounded by clouds, the motto *E Pluribus Unum,* at the top. The present seal is an eagle with the same motto and the inscription, the seal of the President of the United States, and corresponds very closely with the seal of the United States except as to size.

The one employed by the United States Senate shows the American shield surmounted by liberty cap, a wreath of olive supporting it on the left and one of oak on the right. These are supposed to symbolize peace and strength; the motto *E Pluribus Unum* extends across the shield. The design of the shield and motto have been severely criticised; the Secretary of the Senate directs its use.

The House of Representatives uses a seal with a picture of the Capitol, and at the bottom the legend "House of Representatives United States." There is no figure of liberty on the dome. Twenty-four states are displayed on the rim. It is in charge of the clerk of the House.

All of the departments have separate seals on nearly all of which are shown the eagle with some significant design for each. The seal for the Department of Agriculture contains a sheaf of wheat; the Post-office a post rider, a design used by Franklin; the Department of the Interior an anchor; the Navy a ship; the War Department a spear, musket and serpent; the Treasury represents paper money.

Probably few Americans, young or old, have had sufficient curiosity in examining a bank note to translate the Latin device on the seal of the treasury and to inquire how it happened to read as it does. A writer in the Washington Star believes the inscription throws light on the hopes of our forefathers regarding American dominion.

"Thesaur. Amer. Septent. Sigil." is the legend, an abbreviation of "Thesauri Americæ Septentrionalis Sigillum," "Seal of the Treasury of North America."

"The Continental congress in 1778 authorized a committee, consisting of Messrs. Witherspoon, Robert Morris and R. H. Lee, to design seals

for the navy and the treasury. The treasury seal has come down to us with very little change.

"In those days it was still hoped that Canada would eventually join the Revolution or would at least be wrested from Great Britain before the struggle was over and would become one with this country. That was apparently a project dear to Robert Morris, and he looked upon his country as the whole of North America.

"Later, when authorized to establish a band and a mint 'of North America,' Morris maintained the legend on the seal, showing that he still hoped for a continental nation. Whenever the seal has been recut the original legend has been adhered to."

Massachusetts received a special or peculiar seal from Great Britain. It is said the pine-tree shilling adopted by Massachusetts angered Charles I, but he was appeased by Sir William Temple, who assured him it referred to the Royal Oak, a favorite emblem of his.

All the states[1] have adopted seals, and it would be interesting to continue the investigation along these lines, but time will not permit and we must consider only a few private ones and that of our own State.

SEAL OF NORTHWEST TERRITORY.

MICHIGAN SEALS.

The first seal with which Michigan is identified is under the old Northwest rule. According to the laws of 1792 the United States Secretary of State was instructed to provide a seal making it as symbolic as possible. The design shows a short, thick trunk of a prostrate tree, evidently a buckeye, lying horizontal at the foot of an upright apple tree laden with fruit.

[1] The Confederate Seal adopted by the Confederate Congress, 30 April, 1863 was designed by Thomas J. Semmes of Louisiana. The design represents an Equestrian portrait of Washington surrounded by the principal agricultural products of the Confederacy.

The motto occupies the lower segment of the circle, and reads *Meliorem Lapsa Locavit:* The fallen has made room for a better. Ohio supplied Detroit with fruit, and these trees took the place of the less important buckeye.[1] On the left of the circle a river is represented upon which boats are seen, while small trees line its banks. Surrounding the rim is inscribed THE SEAL OF THE TERRITORY OF THE UNITED STATES NORTHWEST OF THE OHIO RIVER. The design is said to have been adopted from that of Maine.

Michigan was admitted as a separate territory in 1805, and a temporary seal, usually the private one of the territorial secretary was used. The seal adopted July 9th was probably identical with the private seal of Governor Hull. The territorial government of Michigan was duly organized by the Governor and Judges on the 4th of July, 1805.[2]

[3]AN ACT concerning the temporary seal of the territory of Michigan. *Be it enacted by the Governor and Judges of the territory of Michigan,* That the description in writing of the territory of Michigan, deposited and recorded in the offices of the secretary of the territory, shall remain a public record, and shall be and continue the temporary seal of said territory until another permanent seal shall be provided; and the person administering the government of the territory of Michigan shall have the custody of the said seal, and all such matters and things as issue under the said seal shall be entered of record in the office of the secretary of the territory; the same being adopted from the laws of one of the original states, to wit, the state of New York, as far as necessary and suitable to the circumstances of the territory of Michigan.

Adopted and published at Detroit, the ninth day of July, one thousand eight hundred and five.

WILLIAM HULL,
Governor of the territory of Michigan.
AUGUSTUS B. WOODWARD,
Chief Justice of the territory of Michigan.
FREDERICK BATES,
Senior associate judge of the territory of Michigan.

Attest,
S. C. PETER AUDRAIN,
Secretary of the Governor and the Judges in their legislative department.

[1] The buckeye is a native of Ohio, and for this reason is sometimes called the Ohioensis, but the more common and generally accepted term is the buckeye, from the fancied resemblance in color of the nuts to the brown eyes of the native deer.
[2] See Territorial Laws introduction by Alex Frazer, Vol. 1, p. XIII.
[3] See Territorial Laws, Vol. 1, p. 1, Sec. 1.

On page 793, vol. 1, of Territorial Laws, appears:

An Act concerning seals.

Section 1. *Be it enacted by the Governor and Judges of the territory of Michigan,* that the description in writing of the great seal of the Territory of Michigan, deposited and recorded in the office of the secretary of the Territory, shall remain a public record, and shall be and continue the description of the great seal of the said Territory; and the person administering the government of the Territory of Michigan shall have the custody of the said seal; and all such matters and things as issue under the said seal, shall be entered of record in the office of the secretary of the territory.

Section 2. *And be it further enacted,* That the description in writing of the seal of the supreme court, of the seal of the county court, and of the seal of the register, deposited and recorded as aforesaid, shall be and continue the description of the said seals respectively.

The same being adopted from the laws of one of the original states, to wit, the state of New York, as far as necessary and suitable to the circumstances of Michigan.

Section 3. *And be it further enacted,* That an act concerning the temporary seal of the territory of Michigan, passed the ninth day of July, 1805, and the eighteenth section of an act concerning the supreme court of the territory of Michigan, passed the 24th day of July, 1805, be and the same are hereby repealed.

Made, adopted and published at the city of Detroit this 24th day of October, 1815.

LEWIS CASS,
Governor of Michigan.
JOHN GRIFFIN,
One of the Judges of the territory of Michigan.
J. WITHERELL.

GREAT SEAL OF THE TERRITORY OF MICHIGAN.

"December first in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fourteen, a description of the seal of the Territory of Michigan and descriptions of the Seals of the Supreme and other Courts thereof, are devised, reduced to writing and deposited for record by His Excellency, Lewis Cass, Esquire, is and are as follows, to wit:

"Description of the Seal of the Michigan Territory.

"This seal to be two inches in diameter within the ring, which usually forms the outer edge of Seals. In the center of the Seal to be a shield, or as the Heralds style it, an escutcheon, in the form in which they are represented in the plates of heraldry. Within the shield to be a small tree, properly proportioned to the size of the shield. The motto at the bottom of the shield to be *Tandem Fit Surculus Arbor*. The shield to be supported by the Eagle on each side, presenting a side view to the eye. The Eagle on one side, standing upon the right foot and supporting the shield with the other; and *e contra,* on the other side of the shield.

SEAL OF MICHIGAN TERRITORY, 1814.

From the beak of one Eagle to that of the other, to be a scroll passing over the shield in a curve, and within the scroll to be the motto of the United States *E Pluribus Unum.* Round the seal to be these words 'Great Seal of the Territory of Michigan.'"

We find no change in this until October 24, 1815, when the following act appears:

The description in writing of the great seal of the territory of Michigan, of the seal of the supreme court, of the seal of the county court, and of the seal of the register, deposited and recorded in the office of the secretary of the territory, shall be and continue the description of the said seal respectively. And the person administering the government of the territory of Michigan shall have the custody of the great seal and all such matters and things as issue under the great seal, shall be entered of record in the office of the secretary of the territory.

Section 3. The Act entitled "An Act concerning the temporary seal of the territory of Michigan" is repealed.

In 1835 Michigan had recovered from her losses by fire and war, had subdued the wiley Indians, had demonstrated to the immigrants the value of her lands and won them to become settlers and make homes and fortunes out of the so-called sickly swamps, and thus gain happiness within her borders. Before she could secure statehood, however, she must be able to define her borders which had been almost imaginary lines. The southern, in 1787, or Harris line, was said to be found by the line drawn through the extreme southern point of Lake Michigan intersecting one drawn north and south through the center. At this time for the Indians and traders, the south boundary of Lake Michigan was supposed to lie some distance north of Lake Erie. When properly surveyed it was found this boundary would include a strip ten miles wide of the territory claimed by Indiana and Ohio. All troubles were, however, amicably settled except the small section which included Toledo. Mason was acting territorial governor; his youth, his love for his adopted state, his impetuosity and zeal, his pride in her victories, made him seem to the United States government an undesirable leader at this critical time. The tocsin of war had sounded so often that the older and wiser heads thought discretion not only the better part of valor, but better than valor itself.

This portion of history has been told so often that repetition seems unnecessary. We refer to it in order to relate how Wisconsin acquired the territorial seal of Michigan. It was pretty generally conceded, even at Washington, that Michigan was only acting patriotically in defending her boundary lines. Mason writes to General Brown, "We are the weaker party it is true, but we are on the side of justice." Anticipating the value of possessing the disputed territory, Mason with General Brown and about 1,200 soldiers claimed the territory under legislative act forbidding interferences of outside parties. Governor Lucas of Ohio called an extra session, and some historians say $300,000, and others, $600,000 was voted for defense. They organized a new county called Lucas, with Toledo as the county seat, where the Judges by traveling Sunday and called court at 3 A. M. Monday, September 7, 1835, met and adjourned, but by this action obtained legal control, even while General Brown and his troops were almost in reach. Still Mason was not willing to submit, and President Jackson in a message to him, dated August 29, concludes, "That your zeal for

what you deem the rights of Michigan has overcome that spirit of moderation and forbearance which in the present irritated state of feeling prevailing in Ohio and Michigan is necessary for the preservation of public peace," and superseded him by the appointment of Judge Charles Shaler of Pennsylvania. This was the young man who volunteered to carry the news of the declaration of war by England in 1812 to Governor Hull at Detroit, acquitting himself in a manner which received much praise, and resulted in his receiving thirty-five dollars for the service, but by his being detained in Detroit all winter on account of the siege. Had Congress been in session there is no doubt that Shaler's appointment would have been confirmed; as it was he declined, knowing the office must soon be abandoned on account of the desire of the citizens for statehood.

September 8th, 1835, John S. Horner[1] of Virginia was made secretary of the territory. He reported to Hon. John Forsyth, secretary of United States in the following letter:

Detroit, Saturday night, September 19, 1835.

SIR: I arrived at Cleveland, Ohio, late on Thursday night and early on Friday morning took passage in a boat, Michigan, for Detroit. My arrival here was unavoidably delayed until near night by our running aground at the mouth of the river.

Late this evening I called on Mr. Mason to whom I delivered the communication from the Department.

On Monday morning next I contemplate taking charge of the territorial government, and should have insisted on it this evening had the emergency made it necessary.

Assurances have been made from all quarters here (Detroit) that Michigan is now, and is likely to remain, quiet. Such, I believe, to be the prevailing opinion here. The Detroit newspapers, received by the Department, will give an account of the Michigan expedition to Toledo on the 1st inst. Mr. Mason has this moment handed me the enclosed

[1] John Scott Horner, secretary of Michigan territory, was born at Warrentown, Va., December 5, 1802. He was a son of Dr. Gustavus Brown and Frances Horner, and grandson of Robert Horner of Ripon, England, who settled in Maryland and was a prosperous merchant. Dr. G. B. Horner was assistant surgeon in the American army during the Revolutionary war. John Scott Horner was graduated at Washington college, Pennsylvania, in 1819, and practiced law at Warrenton 1825-1835. He was an advocate of the abolition of slavery and emancipated the slaves he inherited. He was secretary and acting governor of the territory west of Michigan, including Wisconsin, by appointment of President Jackson 1835-36; register of the land office Green Bay, Wis., 1836-49, and judge of probate court Green Lake, Wis., 1850-52. He was married October 24, 1833, to Harriet Love, daughter of James Watson of Washington, D. C. He founded the city of Ripon and practiced law there 1852-80. He died at Ripon, Wis., Feb. 2, 1883.

memoranda in his own handwriting of the events of the 13th.

I hear that a large meeting was held anticipating my arrival, and a committee is shortly to call on me to ascertain the principles on which I shall administer the territorial government.

I shall strive to effect the views of the government, and do so with as little excitement and on the best terms I can. I feel some confidence of a favorable issue. I shall discharge my duty under *all circumstances.*

I have the honor to be,

Your obedient, humble servant,

HON. JOHN FORSYTH. JOHN S. HORNER.

Secretary Horner was tall, handsome, a typical southerner, with an attractive wife. President Jackson was a great admirer of this lady, and once asked her why she did not marry? She returned the stereotyped answer, that she could find no one to have her. Old Hickory replied, you get married and I'll make your husband governor. She married Horner, and whether this had anything to do with it or not he was made governor of Michigan territory, and in this capacity served just twenty-five days. The elections were to be held in a fortnight—in six weeks a state government was organized. Mason was the idol of the people, and Horner was simply treated with indifference and scorn, and at last really laughed across the border. Henry Huntington Brown was appointed his secretary, and both of these officers with their wives lived at Mrs. Abigail Snelling's boarding house.[1]

Another boarder was Colonel John M. Berrien, who resigned his commission and became engineer on the Detroit and St. Joseph, now known as the Michigan Central Railroad. Alvah Bradish, the artist, also made his home here. Horner made some disparaging remarks about the country and people, and Brown ordered him to take off his glasses and fight. They were separated, but Horner sent an account of this to Washington which he tried to have Bradish sign as witness, but he refused. On the 12th of July, 1836, Horner addressed a meeting at the Detroit City Hall, giving his views, and one of the resolutions then passed reads as follows:

Resolved, that if our present secretary of the territory should find it beyond his control, either from the nature of his instructions, his feelings of tenderness towards those who had for a long period of time set at defiance as well the laws of the territory as those of the United States,

[1] She was the widow of Colonel Josiah Snelling, and her home was located on Congress St. W., two doors west of Shelby St.

or any feelings of delicacy entertained towards the executive of a neighboring state who has in vain endeavored to take forcible possession of a part of our territory, it is to be hoped he will relinquish the duties of his office and return to the land of his nativity.

This resolution evidently originated with Jacob M. Howard, Lt. Detroit City Guards, who participated in the Toledo war.

A letter, dated Detroit, October 19, 1835, written by Governor Horner, reads:

Sir: Under the most disadvantageous and embarrassing circumstances which anarchy could present, the wishes and instructions of Government has been *constitutionally fulfilled* and complied with.

* * * * * * *

On Saturday at noon, Judge Swayne and myself left Tecumseh for Detroit, and on our arrival that evening at Ypsilanti, were mobbed, the house somewhat injured; no bones, however, were broken, and not a word was said by me on the subject. This mob excited by some lawyers residing at Detroit, and who, from their relations to the present administration, are ever anxious to defeat its measures.

* * * * * * *

My labors, both mental and bodily, have been very arduous, almost insupportable. It was not until this morning that I could procure a clerk or private secretary, such was the state of the public mind, from some cause or other. I mention mobs and details only to exhibit the state of things; personally I care nothing for them. Effigies, burnings, threats and other manifestations of excitement, have constantly surrounded me.

The source of all I am apprized of, and the actors.

* * * * * * *

There never was a government in Christendom with such officers, civil and military, and filled with such doctrines, as Michigan. Turn out is what everybody desires; and one of the judges at Monroe expressed publicly his desire to become a martyr to the cause. Judge Swayne leaves me today perfectly satisfied as the agent of Ohio, although I fear perfectly disgusted with the outrages here. * * * I have used my utmost exertions in executing the duties of my office at the sacrifice of my own health, and have effected the object.

P. S. There are no funds here within my control, and, to discharge my duties, I have exhausted my own pecuniary resources.

Horner was so unpopular that while at Ypsilanti he was obliged to make his bed on the floor directly under the window to avoid the stones

and unsavory eggs hurled at him by the indignant populace. He pittifully says, "Luckily they did no damage to my person."

It is said that the landlord added to his bill the amount of damages committed by the mob. This seems to have been the last straw, and his dignity could only be maintained by escaping from the jibes and ridicule of the people. It appears that the legislative council having the matter in charge had arranged for the next legislature to be held in January at Green Bay, now in the State of Wisconsin, and in this manner he saw a way out of the difficulty by removing all his papers and powers to that point and declaring it to be the seat of territorial government and authority. By this action the Executive seals of Michigan were carried over the border, and notwithstanding there has been much diplomatic correspondence there they remain, and are to be found at the present time. The impression sent us shows its size to be one inch in diameter, with the figure of an Indian standing with a bow in one hand and arrows in the other, while the inscription surrounding the edge reads

MICHIGAN TERRITORIAL SEAL TAKEN TO WISCONSIN.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT OF MICHIGAN TERRITORY. In the olden time the Secretary of the Territory had charge of the State and Executive seals. On the admission of Michigan as a State there was given to the Secretary of State the custody of the State seal, and since that time the Governor has a clerk in that department, who has the control of this instrument, and affixes it to documents. At present, 1903, the Executive office are using a very plain seal an inch in diameter, having on the outer circle STATE OF MICHIGAN, LANSING, and in the center EXECUTIVE OFFICE, in two lines.

The convention to secure statehood convened, and it was unanimously voted to become a State.[1] This was an irregular proceeding and was known as the Frost-bitten Convention[2]. Then came the anomaly of a

[1] This boundary trouble has caused many amusing incidents. One old lady who lived on the disputed line remarked that she hoped they would get the matter settled and that she could live in Ohio, for the climate of Michigan never did agree with her!

[2] See page 24.

territory running under State government, and not recognized by National authority for two years. Mason's victory was in being elected the first Governor.

At the Constitutional Convention presided over by John Biddle, General Cass, June 21, 1835, presented the seal now in use. This had been the matter of much thought on his part as memorandas were found among his papers going back to his school days of designs for a seal. John Norvell, Lucius Lyon, and Townsend E. Gidley were the commit-

THE GREAT SEAL OF THE STATE OF MICHIGAN.

tee, and reported favorably its adoption, which was done the next day by a resolution offered by Hon. Ross Wilkins, and General Cass was publicly thanked for his services.

DESCRIPTION OF THE GREAT SEAL OF THE STATE OF MICHIGAN.

A shield shall be represented on which shall be exhibited a peninsula, extending into a Lake, with the sun rising, and man standing on the peninsula with a gun in his hand. On the top of the shield will be the words *TUEBOR* and underneath in a scroll will be the words, *SI QUAERIS PENINSULAM AMOENNAM CIRCUMSPICE.* There will be a supporter on each side of the shield, one of which will represent a Moose and the other an Elk.

Over the whole, on a crest, will be the EAGLE of the UNITED STATES with the motto *E PLURIBUS UNUM.*

Around will be the words, GREAT SEAL OF THE STATE OF MICHIGAN A. D. MDCCCXXXV.

Detroit, June 24, 1835.

To the Secretary of the Territory of Michigan:

In conformity with the following clause in the constitution adopted by the convention now in session I transmit you the within description and accompanying device for deposit in your office: hereby certifying that they are the papers to which reference is made in the said clause, viz.:

> "A great seal for the State shall be provided by"
> "the Governor which shall contain the device &"
> "inscriptions represented and described in the pa-"
> "pers relating thereto, signed by the President of"
> "the convention & deposited in the office of the"
> "Secretary of the Territory."

SEAL OF THE EAST INDIA COMPANY.

The design for the present seal of Michigan bears the closest resemblance to that used by the Hudson Bay Company which succeeded the Old Company of the Colony or as it was sometimes called Company of the Indies. Its full name was The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading with Hudson's Bay. Its charter was

granted in 1670 and in 1783 it was succeeded by the Old Northwest Company. The seal represented two elks rampant or with forepaws raised, supporting a shield, over which instead of a crown was placed a sledge on which was seated a fur-bearing animal. The shield is divided into quarters in each of which is pictured a beaver; a scroll band below bears the motto, *Pro Belle Cutem*, (skin for skin). An eagle on our seal takes the place of the animal and on the shield is represented a peninsula with hunter and the motto, *Tuebor*. The long motto on Michigan's seal, *Si queris peninsulam amoenam circumspice*, was suggested to General

SEAL OF HUDSON BAY FUR COMPANY.

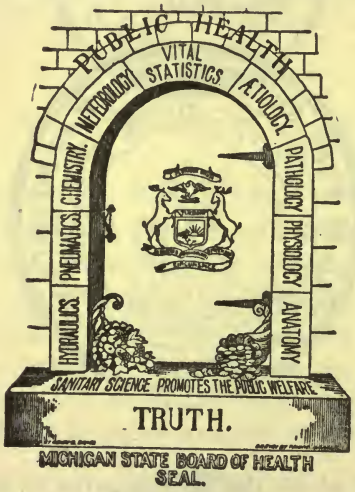
Cass by the inscription on the walls of the beautiful Cathedral of St. Paul's in London, where is inscribed to its renowned architect, Sir Christopher Wren, "if you wish for his monument look among you," referring to this masterpiece of architecture, the most fitting tribute to his memory. Some one has said the number of Latin mottoes on Michigan's seal remind one of Shakespeare's feast of languages where they had gathered up the scraps. But there is meaning in each and every one.

E PLURIBUS UNUM, is the motto of the United States, and means one of many.

TUEBOR, I will defend. This has been thought to refer to the attitude of Michigan during the border controversy and exemplified by Mason.

SI QUERIS PENINSULAM AMOENAM CIRCUMSPICE, if thou seekest a beautiful peninsula look around thee. The first die was cast for the seal in 1836, and this was used until 1883; the eagle's wings in this are not raised but simply outstretched; a man is displayed on the neck of the moose; the peninsula is on the left instead of the right hand of the shield; the sun appearing on the right. Both of the back feet of the animals rest on the bottom and are not placed against the escutcheon. The date, A. D. MDCCCXXXV, is shown at the bottom; the motto of the United States is not connected, as now, with the eagle.

Each department of State[1] employs a seal, with inscription generally



MICHIGAN STATE BOARD OF HEALTH SEAL.

consisting of the seal of the State surrounded by name of the department, without any special design. The exceptions are the railroad office where the figure represents a head-light, although the use of this has given place to the State seal for stationery. The State Board of Health has a very elaborate arch composed of stones bearing names of qualities considered necessary for the protection of the public health. The Auditor-General uses the State seal except in case of the inheritance tax, for which the deputy, Mr. Wilkinson, designed a scroll as appropriate for the center, with the words Auditor-General surrounding it.

The seal of the Supreme Court was first mentioned in 1815 and has changed very little, and is very simple in form, consisting of a female figure sitting, having in one hand the scales of justice and by her side

[1] Ihling Brothers and Everard of Kalamazoo make most of the seals used by the State at present, but this work is included in State contracts.

is a sword. Over her is a scroll bearing the motto, *DISCITE JUSTITIAM MONITI.* This is from Virgil's Aeneid and means: Being admonished, learn justice.

SEAL OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE TERRITORY OF MICHIGAN.

"This seal to be an inch and three-quarters in diameter, within the seal to be common figure of Justice, being a woman, blindfolded, holding in one hand the scales, and in the other the naked sword. In a scroll passing in a curve, above or below the figure, as may suit the taste of the artist, to be these words, *DISCITI JUSTITIAM MONITI.* Around the seal to be these words, "Seal of the Supreme Court of Michigan

SEAL OF THE SUPREME COURT OF MICHIGAN.

Territory." The seals of all the other Courts in the Territory to have the same device with that of the Supreme Court, to be rather smaller, and to have some descriptive words upon them, as may suit the respective courts."

In Georgia there is a court seal with a Latin inscription, which, to any one with much experience with law would seem to need no translation but be taken for good and true English, as it reads *SOC ET TEUM.*

All officials and corporations, may if they so desire, use a seal. Our society is entitled to this privilege, and in fact it has been discussed to some extent, but hardly seems advisable as long as it is at best only a ward of the State without a home or authority to procure one. We have always been allowed to use the well-known one of the State.

The first seal of the city of Detroit was adopted June 3, 1815. Thomas Rowland, Secretary of the Board of Trustees, recommended use of his private seal. The next one was the one possessed by John R. Williams.

This was in use September 23, 1824, and was of red carnelian set in gold, of octagonal shape and one inch in diameter. The third was the private seal of Mayor Hunt, a topaz set in gold bearing the initials H. J. H. The fourth belonged to Jonathan Kearsley, and contained his initials. The fifth was sketched by J. O. Lewis, for which he was paid

SEAL OF THE CITY OF DETROIT.

five dollars, March 26, 1827. This seal was made by William Wagner of York, Penn., the resolution for its manufacture being offered June 15, 1827. It is of molten brass, one and nine-tenths inches in diameter, six-tenths of an inch thick, bearing the inscription on the rim of the circle, CITY OF DETROIT. It represents two women, one weeping, the other pointing to another city in a growing State, with the motto *SPERAMUS MELIORA,* (it has risen from the ashes), and at the bot-

tom another which reads, *RESURGET CINERABUS,* (we hope for better things), commemorating the fire of June 11, 1805.[1]

In the museum belonging to the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society there is the first seal of the Probate Court of Ingham County, made from a copper cent and worked out by hand. The milling is distinctly visible on the rim, while on its face is an anchor and rope, and

[1] From Farmer's History of Detroit, page 138.

around the outer edge is the inscription INGHAM PROBATE COURT MICH., being placed at the lower point. This was presented to the society by Judge Chatterton, deceased, of Lansing, who was formerly Probate Judge and used this seal.

Missouri enacted, June 21, 1893,[1] the following law: "The use of private seals in written contracts, conveyances of real estate, and all other instruments of writing heretofore required by law to be sealed, (except the seals of corporations,) is hereby abolished, but the addition of a private seal to any such instrument shall not in any way change the construction thereof."

The importance of the seal, its sacredness and necessity, have decreased to such an extent that it is now spoken of as a legal relic, and soon we may have occasion in every state to carve that epitaph which may be found in Missouri. "Beneath this lies all that remains of *LOCUS SIGILLI*,—a character of ancient date, whose mission was to give peculiar solemnity to documents. Emigrating to this State in its earliest days, he served his day and generation to a good old age and was gathered to his fathers, generally mourned by the members of the legal profession. He has left surviving only one relative, who is now in the keeping of corporations. His last request was that his epitaph should be under seal."[2]

[1] Laws of Missouri 1893, p. 117, Sec. 2388, Private seals abolished.
[2] Missouri Anno. Code, Ch. 40.

THE GREAT SEAL AND COAT OF ARMS OF MICHIGAN.

BY W. J. BEAL.[1]

(Read before the Academy of Science December 26, 1894.)

I have been interested in looking over various editions of the Legislative Manual and numerous State reports, letter heads, encyclopedias, histories, geographies, etc., which contain various caricatures of the design adopted for the State seal. In the original the eagle looks very well and life-like, with his wings spread and the tips turned downward. At the left, as we look at the design, is the elk, with the neck arched more than it should be to represent nature; at the right stands the moose, with

Fig 1.

arched neck, a very slight crest along the middle of the neck and shoulders, but nothing like the shaggy mane as shown in the recent cuts that are used in various reports. The horns are broad, much like those of a moose, the forehead is too much curved or dished, the nose slants off somewhat abruptly, like a blunt chisel sharpened on one edge, instead of the true round, blunt apex as the animal wears it. There is a small goatee and a very short spike of a tail.

The first design of the coat of arms as used in the public laws of Michigan appears in 1839, and continues to 1872, inclusive. In this (shown in Fig. 1) the moose stands at the left instead of at the right, and under him and beyond may be seen part of a train of short cars, and under the elk a plain steamboat. The eagle is spreading his wings in a graceful position as thought just about to fly. The moose has a narrow nose much

[1] By the kind permission of Dr. Beal of the Michigan Agricultural College, we close this paper with his researches regarding Michigan Seals.

like that of the elk, and a shaggy neck considerably resembling the neck of a long-haired dog which had been closely sheared from the rear to the shoulders.

In 1870, in some State reports, there is a change (as shown in Fig. 2.) The shield is shorter and broader, the eagle has risen above it, but still clings to his arrows; and now it is difficult to distinguish the moose from the elk, and both resemble bucks more nearly than an elk. On the left a

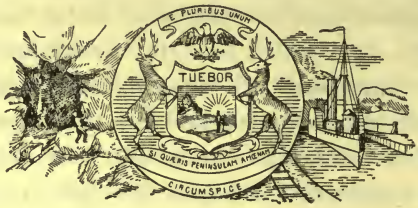


Fig. 2.

man seems to be picking into a mine, on the right the boat has arrived. This boat is modified in style, when compared with the one above figured, having a mast as well as a smoke stack. The design was for a long time used as a part of the heading of the Lansing Republican.

In 1879, while the Hon. C. A. Gower was superintendent of public instruction, another design was used in his report—(Fig. 3). Great changes appear. The elk and the moose with sharp noses and smooth shoulders becoming tired of standing on their hind legs all these years, drop down onto all fours, waltzing around or one chasing the other, till

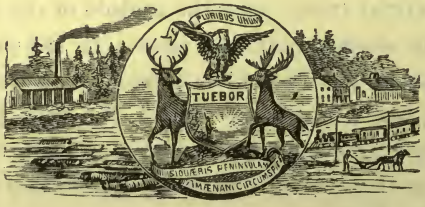


Fig. 3.

they finally stop with the moose to the right of the shield. The eagle was evidently frightened at this and raised, extending his wings considerable, perhaps fearing the shield would tip over for lack of support. The railway train is of a different type and is close onto the heels of the moose. Farther back are a house and a barn, and in front a man plowing, and near the railroad a telegraph line is seen. On the left appears to be a factory of some kind, perhaps a sawmill.

In 1880 (as shown by Fig. 4) there is another change; the eagle has alighted on the shield, but the tips of his wings point up in a strained position against the strip which holds the motto, "E pluribus unum." The cars and telegraph have left all traces of existence, the steam boat

Fig. 4.

has departed; the house and factory have been swept away; the plowman has probably gone to dinner; the sun shines more brightly; the moose has again found his own horns, which looks as though they were stuck on the head of a calf; the shaggy mane has been toned down, and here we have the fourth form of the shield that has appeared. The moose

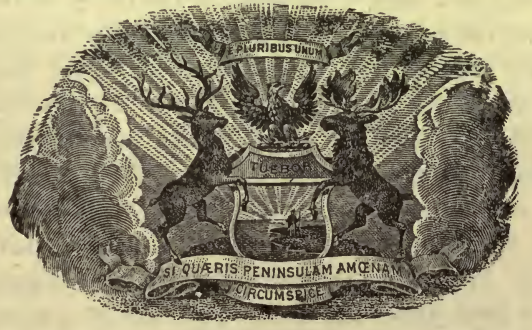


Fig. 5.

and elk having taken a rest for two or three years have again reared on their hind feet and support the shield in a graceful manner.

In 1883-84 there are again signs of great commotion. (See Fig. 5.) Gov. Begole comes into office. The rays of an imaginary sun concealed by the shield, flash far up into the sky beyond the shield, and a great cloud of dust or smoke appears on each side back of the elk and moose. The

rays of the visible sun rising from the distant lake are not parallel with the rays emanating from back of the shield. The moose has changed his head and again has found his shaggy neck. The eagle is the same as on the former design. In all these changes the Latin mottoes are not disturbed.

At the top of some of the paper now and for some years used by the executive department is what is called a fac simile of the great seal of Michigan. The eagle rests on the top of the shield, with wings raised in a frightful and unnatural position, the tips apparently supporting the motto above. The elk looks reasonably well, excepting the conspicuous growth of long, shaggy hair all about the neck, quite in contrast with

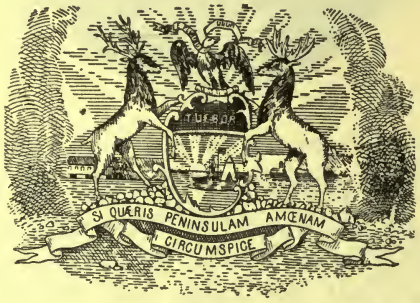


Fig. 6.

the smooth head and body. The head of the moose is too much like the head of the elk, the neck and shoulders are shaggy and unnatural. Back of the last two animals named are clouds of smoke, dust, or mist. On the shield is the man with a gun standing on a peninsula. The gun has a bayonet attached. Neither on the shield nor outside of it are there any other signs of animal or plant life, save those just mentioned, nor of art, save the mottoes and the arrows in the possession of the eagle.

One of the letter heads now in use (Fig. 6) contains another design here exhibited. The eagle has dropped his wings; the strip containing the motto takes a bend under his neck. The rays of a second sun flash up back of the eagle, the other sun just rising above the water on the shield. The shield is of a different design from any of the others. Excepting the slight difference in the horns, the moose is essentially the same as the elk. The train of cars and a steamboat reappear, with some changes. The moose and the elk stand on piles of small stones, clouds appearing on either side. Near the man on the peninsula stands a flag pole bearing the stars and stripes and a tent of modern design. The great seal of Michi-

gan, as used in 1870 or thereabouts was much more like the original design than the one used at present.

In the legislative manual for 1885 and for several years after there is apparently a copy of the State seal as now used. Near the margin are the letters, "Great seal of the State of Michigan, A. D. MDCCCXXXV."

The eagle is slightly changed from the one last described, this one having on the head two slight horns pointing backward. Altogether, when carefully viewed with a lens, it is a very clumsy bird. The man on the peninsula has again changed his clothes, the bayonet has been removed from the gun. The elk is very good, having very little indication of long hair about the neck. The moose has a rather broader nose, the hair on the neck and shoulders is quite long and wavy. Except the shield, the eagle, moose and elks and the strips containing the mottoes, the ground work is all plain, consisting of fine parallel lines.

I have by no means exhausted the deviations from the original drawing at first described, but have shown that no two of them are alike in some rather important particulars. It seems as though the engraver of each new plate for a State coat of arms or State seal had tried to exhibit some originality in his work as others have in making innumerable representations of Uncle Sam.

Perhaps it makes little difference how many styles we have—we live in an age of fashion—but some day, I doubt not, some careful person will revise the figures of our State seal and we shall have an improvement on any yet made. There could certainly be nothing to criticise, were the drawings good and true to life of a perfect eagle, a handsome elk, and a well-proportioned moose. In case no one else undertakes the job, it would not be a bad scheme for this society in its printed transactions to have a design made which should be a credit to its members by exhibiting the eagle, the elk, and the moose as well-developed animals, all in graceful positions.

REMINISCENCES OF THE FIRST SETTLEMENT AT OWOSSO.

BY MARY E. SHOUT.

I am pleased that through the courtesy of this Society I am permitted to present these reminiscences, which commemorate the pioneer days of my mother. They are not of thrilling moment and lose somewhat in interest because I cannot imbue them with that peculiar charm they ever had when narrated by her. I regret that I did not preserve more of that early history as she told it to me, and which grows more precious with the passing of those who participated in it.

Mary A. Overton was born at West Fort Ann, Washington county, N. Y., July 29, 1809, and died at Corunna, Shiawassee county, Mich., after a brief illness, March 19, 1895. Although in her 86th year she retained her faculties in a marked degree, and could relate her pioneer experiences with clearness, giving names and dates. She came from hardy Dutch ancestry who were pioneers in eastern New York, and served in the Revolutionary war. Her paternal grandfather loved the dangers and excitements of the chase, and life in the unbroken forest. From him she probably inherited the courage and love of adventure that adapted her to pioneer life. She was quick and competent to aid in cases of emergency or distress, and all her relations in life reflected the attributes of integrity and charity. She was converted and united with the Methodist Episcopal church when a young woman, and in her pioneer home she availed herself of the first opportunity to become identified with a Christian organization, joining the Maple River Baptist Church at the time, or soon after its establishment in 1839, in which connection she remained until 1854, when she received a church letter signed by Elias Comstock, church clerk.

Her maiden name was Van Wormer. She was married to John D. Overton of Henderson, Jefferson county, N. Y., October 17, 1833, and in the spring of 1834 they left Ellisburgh, Jefferson county, N. Y., and emigrated to the territory of Michigan. They came through Canada with a team of horses and covered wagon. They were fourteen days making the journey to Detroit, to which place they had shipped their household effects by water. Their objective point was the little hamlet of Pontiac, about twenty-six miles from Detroit, where some relatices had preceded them. They remained there nearly a year and were

joined by mother's brother, David Van Wormer, and wife from New York State. Elias Comstock, a resident of the village, had entered lands upon sections 13 and 24 in Shiawassee county, and he contracted with father and uncle David, who were farmers, to make some improvements upon them. It was distant about sixty miles northwest from Pontiac, at a place known as the Big Rapids of the Shiawassee. They arranged to start on their pioneer journey the very last of June. Their outfit consisted of two cows, two yoke of oxen, and such household goods as could be mounted upon two wagons, with their wives, each having a child nearly a year old. They were accompanied by Lewis Findley and Kilburn Bedell, his son-in-law, who had located land at the same place. I do not recall the details of the journey until they arrived at William Black's, a little west of Shiawasseetown, now known as the Wallace place, the terminus of the road. There remained about seven miles to traverse through a heavily timbered section with only blazed trees to guide them on an Indian trail. The women remained at Black's while the men cut a road. They were reinforced by two prospectors who afterwards settled north of the "Big Rapids." They were five days clearing the road and erecting the body of a log cabin.

On the morning of the 5th of July, as they were arranging to leave Black's and proceed on their journey, they were surprised by relatives from the old home in New York State, among them mother's mother and sister. It was soon disclosed that they had arrived in Pontiac after our pioneers had left and pushed on to overtake them. The following is a summary of their journey over the same route our emigrants had taken a few days before as given by mother's sister: The first night after leaving Pontiac they put up at White Lake, having traveled about twenty miles, and the next morning were up and on their way before sunrise. The road lay through oak openings, and they could drive anywhere, but kept the route by following the blazed trees. About dark they arrived at Knagg's crossing without having passed a house or seen but one person. Here was an Indian village, the home of the Indian Chief Wasso. There were some rude huts covered with bark and some Indian cornfields. The corn was planted without regard to rows. They would have rested there for the night, but could not get hay for their horses, and there was no choice but to journey on to Williams' Exchange. This was a log cabin where Alfred and B. O. Williams bartered with the Indians for furs. They had to ford the river, which looked deep and dangerous in the gloaming, but they were soon assured by

seeing Indians and squaws wading across. On reaching Williams' Exchange they were again disappointed in not finding feed for their horses, and were informed that they would probably be able to get marsh hay at John I. Tinkelpaugh's near William Black's. They were weary and nearly discouraged, but kept on. After they got into heavily timbered land it was very dark and they plodded on over the rough road, beset by many doubts and fears, until towards midnight they were all rejoiced at the sight of a log-cabin in a little clearing. Grandmother declared she would not go a step farther, and climbed out of the wagon. It turned out to be Tinkelpaugh's place and they were taken in and kindly cared for. In the morning they were delighted to find they had overtaken their relatives, and arrangements were made, that, for the purpose of a visit, they should all travel in company to the prospective home at the "Big Rapids."

They encountered the usual discomforts of riding over a new road, and one load of goods was upset, but without material damage. The weather was fine and the scenery charming. The woods were enlivened with the songs of many birds, and the air was fragrant with the perfume of many flowers. The interest in recounting much that had taken place since they parted made the time pass rapidly. During the afternoon they reached their destination and camped beside the unfinished log-cabin, which stood on the best bank of the river just above where the bridge now spans the stream to Westtown. It was indeed an ideal site for a pioneer home. North of the cabin and stretching back from the river was an old Indian clearing of many acres. South of it stood the densely wooded forest, as yet unmarred by the woodman's axe save for the logs it may have contributed to the cabin. In the east side of the river were plains or oak-openings, while sparkling and foaming over its rocky bed the beautiful Shiawassee flowed in graceful curves to the northward. Perhaps there was not within the boundaries of the Shiawassee valley, where nature certainly scattered exquisite graces with a lavish hand, a more charming location than the one on which John D. Overton and David Van Wormer built the first habitation where now stands the thriving city of Owosso. There was not another building within a radius of about seven miles. Mrs. John D. Overton, Mrs. David Van Wormer, and Miss Araminta Van Wormer were the first white women to live there. They were the first to pluck its wild fruits and flowers; the first to be terrified by the venomous rattlers and huge blacksnakes that beset them on every hand, frequently crawling into the house.

But we will return to our pioneers. We left them enchanted with the first view of the landscape, but physical nature is making its usual demands for gratification, and the attention is turned to less aesthetic subjects. The horses and cattle were cared for, and Uncle started a fire by striking a flint with his jack-knife until a spark caught on a piece of punk. The women soon had water boiling for tea. The tables were taken from the wagons and spread with food, mostly prepared and brought along for the occasion. Soon all were seated with a keen relish for their first meal in the new home. A camp was improvised of stakes and poles covered with boughs, and blankets hung at the sides. A campfire was kept burning all night. The usual unwelcome, extended to all new settlers, was accorded them by hooting owls and howling wolves. However, they were not molested during the night by anything larger than gnats and mosquitoes.

The early dawn found them all astir, for there was much to do. Breakfast was eaten, and they bid farewell to the relatives who started on their return journey to Pontiac. Mother's sister remained. She was about fifteen years of age, and now at eighty-one has remarkably vivid recollections of many incidents and details of their life in the woods. The cabin which was built of small poplar logs, both body and gables, was now roofed with bark. Openings were made for a door and window, and one was left in the roof for the escape of smoke from a fire on the ground beneath. There was neither floor nor window, and a blanket served for a door. This sheltered both families for a few days until they could join on one end another part for Uncle David's family, making a sort of double house. The whole was but a rude structure intended only as a temporary abode while the men filled their contract with Mr. Comstock, but they must have occupied it over two years. No lumber could be procured short of Fentonville or Pontiac, but they soon had doors, windows and puncheon floors.

The equipments of those pioneer cabins were so primitive and presented such a marked contrast to the home furnishings of today that I can hardly forbear noticing them. I have a realistic mind picture of the one room that served mother for a kitchen, sitting, and bedroom. The fireplace occupied one end and was flanked on one side by shelves or a cupboard, on the other by a bed, on an old-fashioned "corded up" bedstead with valances around it. The opposite end contained a similar bed and a chest of drawers filled with bed and table-linen of mother's own spinning and weaving. On top were a few books, among them the bible and hymn book. Over it hung the looking-glass and the indis-

pensable almanac, the only weather guide of "ye olden time." There was a rocker, some splint-bottom chairs, the spinning wheel, brought on for future use, a fall leaf table, and the dear little wooden cradle in which mother rocked and tended us all until one after another we graduated to the trundle-bed. Among the culinary and other utensils, essential to the time, were the tin baker and iron bake-kettle, the candle-molds, andirons, bellows, dinner horn, neckyoke, home-made splint broom, and the flint-lock gun and powder-horn which hung overhead. Candles were not always to be had and a substitute was improvised by igniting a strip of cloth placed in a saucer of grease. It may truly be said of it that the "mother of inventions" produced one offspring not noted for brilliancy.

There were no matches, and a fire once kindled was carefully kept by covering with ashes when not in use. In place of soda for baking purposes they used a lye made of cob ashes. At that time nearly every hut in the country was a hostelry, and though space and accommodations were limited, hospitality was almost unbounded. Mother said their latchstring was always out and the stranger made welcome. People were beginning to learn of the beauty and fertility of lands in Shiawassee county, and the next spring and summer there were many prospectors traversing the woods, and new settlers coming in who were glad of a place to camp under cover. Sometimes the floors in both rooms were filled with lodgers. If, in the course of events, it became necessary for one to make a change of toilet, he sought the privacy of the forest. It was a keen delight, their first winter in the woods, to see any one from civilization. In August, Kilburn Bedell and wife moved into the house built by Mr. Findley on his land a half-mile down the river. This was quite an exciting event, they being the first neighbors. Later Mr. Findley brought his family and all lived there until Mr. Bedell built a cabin on his own land still further down the river, which he occupied before winter set in. A man named Ousteaugh built a log-house on the opposite bank of the river, which was undermined by water the ensuing spring.

The Indians, who belonged to the Shiawassee band of Chippewas, were not backward in getting acquainted. Their calls were frequent and sometimes obtrusive. They were for the most part indolent, filthy and great beggars. However, when sober they were harmless and the command to "marchee" would send them on their way, but when under the influence of liquor, as frequently happened, they were apt to be troublesome, and it required tact and courage to manage them. Mother

had frequent encounters with them. On one occasion an intoxicated chief armed with knives and trigged out in war-paint and feathers was determined to enter the house, being very importunate in his demand for whisky and tobacco. She soon saw that words were of no avail and watching her opportunity she made a sudden spring giving him a push that sent him sprawling on the ground, where he lay until sober, when he quietly walked away.

One evening mother was alone with my little sister, and a huge bear came snuffing up to the doorway. Before she really had time to realize her danger, or to think what to do he turned away, went back of the house, reconnoitered the calf-pen and walked off. Only a few weeks had elapsed when Uncle David was attacked with chills and fever. He grew worse so rapidly that it was thought advisable to have a physician, and father set out on foot on a forty-mile journey to summon one. In due time he returned with Dr. Goodrich from Goodrichville, Genesee county, who remained three days, making the very moderate charge of five dollars. Before Uncle recovered the rest were more or less ill from some form of malarial disease.

When Uncle was convalescing a deer chased by wolves ran into the river opposite the house. This was indeed a prize worth securing, so mustering all his strength, he took aim and fired, slightly wounding the deer which walked up on the bank and remained in the shelter of a clump of bushes. Then aunt, mother's sister, was dispatched across and down the river for Mr. Bedell who leisurely hitched his oxen to the wagon and with his wife returned with her. That accommodating deer still stood there, and Mr. Bedell killed and dressed it, taking, according to custom, the pelt and half the venison. Aunt was a girl of fifteen then, but time has not effaced the terrible fright she experienced lest the wolves should take after her. Another time when mother was in Pontiac and Uncle David and his wife were away, and father was hunting the cattle on the rush-beds three miles distant, she was unfortunately left alone, and nine Indians came in with stealthy tread and squatted in a semi-circle before the fire. They were soon listening intently to the harangue of one of their number, and she was sure they were devising some means to dispose of her, but after awhile they walked away as quietly as they came. She was naturally courageous and self-possessed, and she soon became accustomed to their ways and learned the Indian names of a great many things, which she still remembers. Father's Indian name was Kisheahsin. By watching the Indians she and mother learned to be quite skillful in handling a canoe, and often

they were amused spectators of discomfiture of men who in attempting to cross the river got swamped in mid-stream.

Late in the autumn Uncle was getting out shingles in the pine woods north of the Big Rapids. When driving home he was thrown from the wagon, which passed over him, fracturing three ribs. As he was several miles from home and the weather was cold he knew it meant death to stay there, and with extreme suffering and difficulty he mounted his wagon and drove to Mr. Bedell's. Mr. Bedell was then on his own place. They summoned Mr. Findley and carried him home on a bier.

During the fall and winter occasional trips were made to Pontiac for supplies, that being the nearest point for marketing and milling. At one time they were out of flour and for a week or two used hulled corn as a substitute. At best the bill of fare savored strongly of monotony and it was a diversion, and sometimes a convenience, when the Indians came with maple sugar, cranberries or venison to swap for such things as mother could spare. She questioned if the sugar was immaculate, but it retained its sweetening quality, which, in their necessity, went far towards redeeming it from any imputation of uncleanness. Altogether the winter of 1835-6 was one of privations and difficulties. They had no religious services and social privileges were of course very limited. They had no mails, postage on a letter was twenty-five cents, and Pontiac the most accessible place for mailing one.

The saddest circumstance that occurred during the winter was the death and burial of Kilburn Bedell. Early in March he and Mr. Findley, father and Uncle David, were called upon to assist at raising a building at Shiawasseetown. On the way home Mr. Bedell became unable to walk without assistance and finally sank down insensible. They were about a mile from our place and Uncle David went there after a handsled upon which they drew him to Uncle's cabin and sent for his wife. All was done for him that it was possible to do with the remedies at hand, but he died about midnight without regaining consciousness. During the three days in which they were arranging for the burial they were much relieved by the opportune arrival of Mr. Comstock from Pontiac. He constructed a coffin from some cherry lumber which Mr. Bedell had for manufacturing tables. There were present at the funeral, besides the relatives, the Overtons, Van Wormers, Ousteaughs and Comstocks. The services consisted of a prayer and singing of the hymn commencing "Why do we mourn departed friends," and a few remarks by Mr. Comstock. The funeral was held at the Bedell cabin and he was buried near it. In September following his death Mrs. Bedell

became the mother of the first white child born in that vicinity. The next was my brother, Nathaniel B., born at the Big Rapids, September 13, 1837. In the spring of 1836 Elias Comstock built a substantial log-house, which is still standing, into which he moved his family in May, himself, wife and three children coming by canoe on the Shiawassee from Williams' Exchange.

About this time the name "Big Rapids" of the Shiawassee was changed to Owosso, from the Indian chief Wasso. The first marriage at the Big Rapids was that of O. Van Wormer and E. Overton by Elias Comstock. I think mother said their first religious meetings were held in the summer of 1836, and the first sermon was preached in the fall by Rev. S. Wilkins of New York State. During the summer of 1836 Daniel Ball, a practical millwright of Rochester, N. Y., brought in about twenty families. In 1837 a sawmill was completed and the first store was opened by the Williams Brothers, and they also welcomed their first resident physician, Dr. S. W. Patterson. In 1836 John D. Overton located 240 acres of land on section 8 in Caledonia township. He served in the Civil war and died in California. David Van Wormer entered forty acres of land on section 4 Shiawassee township in 1838, and afterwards removed to Flint, Genesee county. He gave his life in the Civil war. Save the aunt mentioned here, who is Mrs. Robert Lyons of Corunna, Mich., none are left of the adult members of the little band who made the first settlement at the Big Rapids of the Shiawassee.

The writer of these reminiscences was born the September following the settlement there, at the home of my grandmother in Pontiac, Mich. In the month of November, when I was six weeks old, my dear mother journeyed with me and my sister, about a year older than myself, back to her home at the "Big Rapids." A good part of my life has been spent in Shiawassee county. To one who can recall the conditions of its early settlements, and contrast them with the present, the change is truly wonderful. I have followed the Indian trail through the lonely forest, listened to the tread of the bear, and the howling of wolves, and I recall the Indian camps—the Indian with his bow and quiver of arrows, and the squaw with her papoose and load of baskets. Memory also brings fresh to my mind the settlers' isolated cabin, with the rude fireplace and uncarpeted floor, where some of the inmates were quite sure to be shaking with ague or burning with fever, and where at night, a stifling smudge was the only protection against merciless gnats and mosquitoes. I also remember the poor apology for a schoolhouse where the youngsters were sure to acquire two things, at least, which called

respectively for an application of ointment and a fine tooth comb. Snakes were everywhere; rattlesnakes in menacing attitude, often confronted one, and huge black snakes, six or seven feet in length, would stretch themselves across the roadway, or perhaps coil themselves upon a fallen tree trunk. All these unpleasant characteristics of pioneer days have passed away, and comparative ease and comforts are ours to enjoy in their stead. In sharing the rich fruitage of this harvest let me not forget the first settlers, especially the Spartan mothers, who not only bore and reared children amid great privations and difficulties, but shared in all the dangers and hardships that transformed the wilderness into a bountiful heritage bequeathed to us.

THE PASSING OF THE OLD TOWN.

BY LUCIUS E. GOULD.[1]

NOTE:—The old frame building at the corner of Exchange and Water streets, is being torn down. This fact inspires Mr. Gould to write the following reminiscent article.—Editor of the Evening Argus.

During the years from 1847 to 1850 there were but four or five stores in the village of Owosso.

The ones that were standing at that time and which should be mentioned were the old brown store which stood on the Murray & Terbush corner for so many years, the Gould & Fish building, which occupied a place on the southwest corner of Washington and Exchange streets, where now stands the banking house of the Citizens' Savings Bank. This store was kept by T. D. Dewey. Directly across the street from the Gould & Fish building stood the then new and somewhat untried one of D. Lyon Thorpe, which in after years became well known, not only to the citizens of Owosso but to all the county, while on the south side of Exchange street stood the Tillitson and the Fletcher stores. These two small buildings are still standing and as we look out of the window while we write we can see them, but not in their old time glory of our boyhood days, when Indians as well as white hunters crowded to their doors.

[1] For biography see Vol. 32, p. 247, and obituary Vol. 34, p. 773.

But the store to which we wish particularly to call your attention is that erected by Charles M. Moses in 1850, built on the northeast corner of Exchange and Water streets. The sign over the door "Groceries & Provisions" has been covered up for many years by that of a blacksmith shop.

In 1850, as soon as Mr. T. D. Dewey and John Stewart had formed the well known firm of Dewey & Stewart, and commenced to build the grist-mill at the foot of Exchange, Mr. Moses came to town and selected a site for his new enterprise as near to the new mill as possible. At first he only built the front portion of the little store, but it was large enough to catch the trade of the mill, and very soon it was the most important place in the village.

When the writer was old enough to get around among the boys and men of the town another room had been added to the building. I remember that on the 3d day of July, 1853, my grandfather had given me an English shilling to buy fire-crackers. The only place in town which kept fire-crackers was the Moses store.

I thought it necessary to take one or two boys along to assist me in making the important selection. Those who went with me were my cousin Stafford Gould and Charles Williams. When we arrived at the store we found a large crowd, but Mr. Hiram Lewis soon found time to wait on me. There was only one box of fire-crackers for the whole village.

For several years the postoffice was kept in this store. One time, in about the year 1854, my father sent me to the postoffice for his mail, where I received a Harper's Magazine. I have that number now at my home in a bound volume, which I prize highly. We still have the "Harpers" with us today, but Oh, how it has changed. The old store is about to be torn down, and when the time comes for the removal of the Tillotson and Fletcher buildings as well as Marve Secord's blacksmith shop, which stands on the west side of South Washington street not one single business place of the old village will be left to us.

STORY OF AN ANTIQUE SPOON PLOWED UP NEAR OLD SHIAWASSEE EXCHANGE.

The inhabitants who reside along the Shiawassee river near where the town of Shiawassee touches corners with Antrim, Burns and Vernon have within the last forty years found on their farms many curious and strange relics of by-gone days. For here was once situated not only the Shiawassee Exchange, but southward from that place, on the river, was located the Indian reservation with the trading post of Whitmore Knaggs

and the Indian village of Ketchewandaugoning. Arrow and spear heads, stone and copper hatchets, guns, knives and old time cooking utensils and scraps of iron have been plowed up from the fields along the river, where once lived not only the Indians, but the French trader. But it was reserved for Lewis Heath to make perhaps the most interesting find of them all. About twenty years ago, while plowing on his father's farm, he found a large silver spoon of strange and antique pattern.

We first heard a portion of the story from Mrs. John Martin, of Bancroft, who told us that the spoon was now in the possession of Mr. James Heath. Through the kindness of Mr. Kimball Phillips, who loaned us a beautiful horse and a fine buggy from the stables of Phillips and Britten, and William Barnard, who is now living in Bancroft, who kindly offered his services as driver, we found Mr. Heath at home on his farm, about two miles east of Bancroft, on the river. He has resided in Michigan about forty-five years, and is well and favorably known in this county.

After a pleasant visit we told him our errand. Mr. Heath at once brought the spoon and showed it to us. It is of the large table variety and weighs some fifteen or sixteen ounces. It is made from silver without alloy. The shank, or that portion of the handle nearest to the bowl is nearly a quarter of an inch in thickness, and in form is nearly square. There was no mark or letters on it, but upon the back of the shank was stamped a small trade mark.

Mr. Heath stated that it was found by his son Lewis, who, for the first time, was plowing some new land. Quite large trees and bushes were cleared from the place on which the spoon was plowed up and no house or building of any kind was near. The exact place where it was plowed up by Lewis is about one rod from the bank of the river on the south half of sections twenty-five of the township of Shiawassee and about one hundred rods north of the Shiawassee Exchange. Mr. Heath thinks it must have been buried in the ground six or seven inches deep. His house is on the west, while the spoon was found on the east side of the river. He also said that the spoon remained with his family sixteen or seventeen years; that it was very black and discolored and they could not determine its metal. About three or four years ago he took it to Mr. H. P. Shane, the jeweler, at Bancroft, who pronounced it to be the best of silver. He then left it with him to send away to be repaired and burnished.

After we had returned to Bancroft we at once visited Mr. Shane and he kindly told his connection with the story. He said "when Mr. Heath brought the spoon to me it was very black and one side of the bowl was

very thin from long use. So badly was it worn that some of the metal was broken off and gone. The spoon must have been very old when it went into the ground, for it must have taken seventy-five or eighty years to have worn it to the condition it was in when I found it, caused by the scraping of it on dishes or pans.

"It was made by hand. There were no shops for the manufacture of spoons at that time. It was made with a hammer, out of silver which I judge to be finer than sterling.

"I at once sent the spoon to Wendell & Co., of Chicago, who in time returned it to me burnished and repaired. The silversmiths in repairing the bowl fashioned it after a modern spoon. So now Mr. Heath has a beautiful spoon of white shining silver."

Now, who left it in that strange and lonesome place so long? Was it buried there for safe keeping, or was it lost by some of the many families who once lived in the old Shiawassee Exchange? You will remember that A. L. and B. O. Williams built the Exchange. Did some of their people leave it there? Or did some French trader once own it?

This farm of Mr. Heath was once owned by the late William Parrish. Mrs. Lucy Parrish now resides in the state of New York. Perhaps she can give us some light on the ownership of the spoon. But who can tell?

PIONEERS OF OWOSSO.

An Interesting Story by L. E. Gould, as Heard by Him From the Lips of the Pioneers.

Mrs. Daniel Foote, whose maiden name was Mary L. Howell, has been a resident of Owosso for sixty-five years. She is the daughter of Simon and Elizabeth Howell, deceased. In the year 1838 her parents removed from Gambier, Ohio, to Owosso, bringing with them four children, viz.: Simon, William, Jane and Mary, the subject of this sketch, who was at that time a year and a half old.

The first school Mary attended was taught by Mrs. Henry Crooks in a portion of a double log-house that stood on the east side of Water, not far from Exchange street.

The second school was taught by Miss Julia Hammond in the second story of the store owned by Gould and Fish, which stood on the southwest corner of Washington and Exchange streets. Miss Hammond has for years been known as Mrs. John N. Ingersoll, of Corunna. After this, Mary completed her education by attending the public school in the schoolhouse that once stood on the southeast corner of Washington

and William streets, where the Lutheran church now stands. Here the teachers were Mr. Blood, who was succeeded by Caroline Barnes. Miss Barnes was followed by Miss Drusilla Cook, whose fame as a teacher will remain long in the land; with her Mary finished her school life.

In all the interesting incidents which are peculiar to a pioneer life Mrs. Foote was closely associated with her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Howell, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Crooks, and who was born in the county of Wiltshire, England. The place of her nativity was only thirty miles from the home of Simon Howell, who in due time was not only the accepted lover but married the fair Betsey. At the time of their marriage Elizabeth was eighteen and Simon twenty-three years of age. The romantic incident which Mrs. Foote related to the writer was this: "Mother was a bride of two months only when she sailed with father for America."

They sailed in 1827 and landed at the City of New York, where they resided for two years. In about the year 1830 they removed to Gambier, Ohio, where Mr. Howell had purchased land from the college, which was then located at that place.

He was somewhat of a restless nature and after remaining in Gambier for several years he and his family removed to Owosso, a place he had heard a great deal about. Mr. and Mrs. Howell arrived at Owosso with their family in 1838. This was about the time the government was gathering the Indians together in and about Owosso preparatory to removing them to Indian reservations in the west. Mrs. Howell has often told her children how the Indian chief Wasso was captured and imprisoned in a house not far from where she and her husband and children were then staying. All night long the neighborhood was kept awake by the noise and screams of the enraged chieftain.

Mr. Howell was a carpenter and joiner and when he arrived at the new village he found himself in great demand. Daniel Ball was then building his mill, and he at once set him at work. From that time on for many years he was a busy man, and many of the old-time buildings in the county were erected by him. Now that the old court-house in Corunna is about to give place to a new structure it may not be out of place to state that the window-sash and doors in the building were made by him.

For a short time after arriving in Owosso he found a home for his family in a boarding-house that was located on the line of the mill-race that was then being dug to furnish water-power for the mills, that were then in process of erection. In good time the Howell family found

a home in a double log-house that once stood on Race street, southeast of the former site of L. E. Woodard's planing mill.

It is of interest, for in this log-house Samuel Warren taught several terms of school, the first in Owosso.

When Mr. Howell arrived in Owosso most of the inhabitants were living in log-houses along the line of the race, the course of which extended from the gate house at a point on the mill-pond only a few rods east of the buildings on Mr. Sturtevant's lumber yard to a point on the west end of Exchange street, where it discharged its waters through the mills to the river.

Only one or two streets were cleared. The stumps were yet standing on South Washington street. Oliver was open for a short distance from Washington street in front of the houses occupied by A. L. and B. O. Williams. While Main street, west from the river, was only a cart track across lands owned by Elias Comstock. Mr. Comstock was then offering for sale his land on what is now West Main street, at $25 a lot. Mr. Howell purchased four lots from him on the south side of the street and paid for them in work. His first home at this place was in a log-house that stood on the southeast corner of Main and Howell streets. While living in this home he and his boys were busy, when they could be spared from other work, in building a comfortable frame-house, then much needed by his large and growing family. This was the home of the Howell family for many years. It stood on the southwest corner of Main and Howell streets, where it was for years one of the landmarks of the town until torn down only five or six years ago.

Mrs. Howell was a woman of great executive ability. While rearing a large family of children and caring for her home, she was the nurse and benefactor of the community. She was ready to help all who needed her assistance. At times physicians were very scarce in the county and her services were in great demand. Especially was this true when the epidemic known to the early settlers as the spotted fever raged in this county. The disease was so violent and so fatal that many people of this community died from it, and others from want of proper care. Mrs. Howell was very successful in her treatment of this dreaded disease. During the epidemic she was ready to leave her home and go wherever her services were needed. More than one messenger came after her in the night and carried her to some lonely cabin in the woods of Bennington, where she would fight the fever to the best of her ability and often times with good success. Mrs. Howell, like many another pioneer woman, was brave and courageous. Before going to her self-appointed tasks she

made her husband and children promise that in case she herself should take the fever that they should come after her and bring her home, where they could treat her according to her own directions. This they promised to do. Whenever she was absent her home was kept in readiness for this dreaded event. At one time, when she was six miles away in the country, she felt the first symptoms of the fever. Her husband was sent for. True to his promise, he brought his sick and delirious wife to her home in Owosso, where he and his family treated her, with hot applications in the manner she had directed, and were happily rewarded for their labor. Soon the marks of the disease made their appearance on her skin and she became rational, and in a short time was in a fair way to a speedy recovery. This is only one of the many incidents that go to make up the history of Mrs. Howell's pioneer life in Owosso.

The many Indians that were in and about Owosso in those days were peaceable except when they were intoxicated. Then they were quarrelsome and dangerous. Mrs. Foote relates that the first chief that she knew was Shako. At that time he was said to be 106 years old. His camp was on the river not far from the north end of Cedar street. In fact Cedar street of today is on the Indian trail, which led from the river to the marshes that were to the south and west of the village of Owosso. One time an Indian came to the house and Mrs. Howell bargained with him for some cranberries or "skigomin" as the Indians called them. The Indian was to have a hen in exchange for his berries. Mrs. Howell was to have the hen cooked and ready for him to eat when he should return from Corunna. When the Indian came he found his hen cooked and ready for him. But after eating it he was dissatisfied with his bargain and began to threaten her. At last he seized Mrs. Howell by her hair and cried "Sho-moke-mon-mon-squa," white man's squaw, will come tonight and get your scalp. Mrs. Howell's two oldest sons, Simon and William, were present and they drove the drunken Indian from the house. Mr. Howell was not at home, but the boys prepared to give the Indian a warm reception should he return. They carried into the house the axe and pitchfork and got their knives ready for a fight; but no Indian came to disturb that household that night.

At another time while the family were still living in the log-house, on the corner of Howell and Main streets, an Indian known by the name of "Jim Jackson" came to the door and wanted to come in. Mrs. Howell and her daughter Mary were alone. The Indian was drunk and ugly and just as Mrs. Howell was about to close the door in his face, he drew a long dirk knife and stabbed her in the breast, but thanks to the old-

fashioned corset, thick with whalebones, she was saved. Mrs. Howell then seized a mop handle and struck the Indian across the head and knocked him down. As he was a dangerous Indian, she did not let him get up, but whenever he attempted to rise she would strike him again on the head and in that way she kept him down until some squaws came along, who were only too glad to take him away.

There were born to Mr. and Mrs. Howell, in Owosso, four children, making eight sons and daughters in all. Six are living today and are residents of Owosso. They are Simon, William, John, Mary L., Anne and Eliza. These affectionate sons and daughters are proudly keeping green their parents' memory, especially that of their brave and devoted mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Crooks Howell.

SAW MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE.

Judge Josiah Turner Has a Distinct Recollection of the Gallant French Nobleman.

During a pleasant call at the residence of Judge Turner last Saturday afternoon that gentleman related to me the following incident of his boyhood, which took place in his native town, New Haven, Vermont. "I saw Lafayette when I was a boy of twelve. I don't know as I ever told anybody of it before."

This conversation was called up by my stating to him that there was a pioneer residing in West Owosso who came into the county at a very early date, that of 1829, and that his name was Marquis de Lafayette Colf. "In those days," said the judge, "Lafayette was very popular in this country and it was customary, both before and after his last visit, for people to name children for him.

"In 1824, at the time I saw Lafayette, he was the distinguished guest of the nation. He was invited to visit the United States by President Monroe. Lafayette traveled the whole country over, visiting each of the twenty-four states and the principal cities. In our part of the country he journeyed from town to town by carriage. The people gathered at the wayside to see the famous man as he passed along. Our village of New Haven, like most Vermont towns, was very small, and the distinguished visitor did not stop there, but we were all very glad to get a good view of him as he rode by. When his carriage, containing several other people, proceeded along the highway, he was pointed out to me. It is now seventy-nine years since that occasion, but I still see him, just as he was, seated in his carriage among his friends on that far-off day.

His erect, manly figure, holds a clear, distinct place in my memory even unto this time."

After the judge had related to me the Lafayette incident, I then told him Mr. John Dewey had a famous bear story that he was going to tell me the next time he came to town. Then said the judge, "I have one. Haven't I ever told you my bear story?" He kindly related to me the following: "It was in the year 1849, while I was on my way from Howell to Owosso with a few accounts to collect. In those early times there were no banks to do the collecting for the merchants, as now-a-days, but the merchants sent them to attorneys who would go out through the country collecting. As soon as I had enough notes and accounts in my hands to pay me for making the trip, I started on horseback from Howell in the direction of Owosso. In due time I arrived in the vicinity of Knagg's bridge. When I was about two or three miles east of the bridge I discovered that my horse was nervous and excited from some noise in the bushes by the roadside. This noise soon increased to such an extent that I was unable to get him over the road. When I looked behind me I saw a wagon coming up which contained a man and a woman and about the same time three large bears came out of the bushes into the road. They went along the highway for a short distance when they separated, two crossed over the road and went up a tree while the third one climbed a tree near. Just then the wagon came along. The man was greatly excited over the bears, and exclaimed several times: 'Oh, if I only had my gun here.' Then he explained to me that the bears would not come down from the tree so long as any one stood under it, and wanted me to keep the bears up the tree while he went to the nearest house for a gun. I told him that I would go for a gun, I being on horseback. It was finally settled that I should go and if I found one I would return or send some one with it to him, but if I could not find one within a reasonable time, I was to go on my way. With this understanding I left them. I did not find a gun at the first house I came to, but after a while I came to a house where there was a gun, but it was broken and could not be repaired. There being no other houses near I was obliged to give up all further search. I rode to Shiawasseetown and afterwards to Owosso, where I presented my accounts and claims.

"On my return home I stopped at Knagg's place, where I learned that the man whom I left with the bears, (I do not know his name) got tired of waiting for me after a long time and went away eastward to a house and procured a gun, returned and shot two of the bears. While he was

gone, his wife, armed with a club, stayed in the woods and kept the bears up the trees.

"My bear story is a good one, but it has always reminded me of the old story of 'How Betsey and I Killed the Bear.'"

"THE RAMSHORN."

Story of the Building and Early Operations of That Famous Railroad, and Some of its First Employes.

Those who now ride over the Michigan Central railroad from Owosso to Lansing, in handsome modern coaches which run swiftly over a smooth, straight track, little dream of the hardships encountered and the obstacles that were overcome by the company and its employees in building and operating the first road between these towns. It was wholly an Owosso enterprise. The first name of this road was the Amboy, Lansing and Traverse Bay railroad, and the road when completed from Owosso to Lansing, had about thirty miles of track.

The officers were Judge Amos Gould, Alfred L. Williams, of Owosso, George C. Monroe, of Jonesville, and Alvin N. Hart, of Lansing. These men gave their time and money to the enterprise. It is not of them, however, I now wish to write, but of their employees, who were all Owosso men, many of whom have passed away. David Gould was superintendent and general manager; George W. Collier, master mechanic; David See and Joseph Rhodes, William Howell and James Youngs, engineers; Daniel and John Sullivan, firemen; Ebenezer Gould, baggagemaster; John Bell and a Mr. Palmer were carpenters who worked in the round house, and William H. Byerly was brakeman and later became conductor.

The general offices of the road were in the parlors of the banking house of D. Gould & Co., afterwards the First National Bank of Owosso. The men who there found employment were Robert G. Higham and Ames L. Williams. The latter held several important offices, both here and on the road. J. W. Mann was also connected with the building of the road.

The first passenger conductor was William Norris, the father of Mrs. A. M. Hume. Edgar P. and George Byerly were express messengers on the trains. Mr. Gill McClintock was the first station agent at Laingsburg, and Mr. E. A. Todd the first at Bath. He afterward became passenger conductor and still later, when the road became a part of the

Jackson, Lansing and Saginaw, was appointed conductor, which position he held for many years, and was succeeded by his brother Albert Todd.

The Amboy, Lansing and Traverse Bay was the first railway to reach Lansing from any direction.

Many fanciful names were given to it, in ridicule. One of the first was "Almighty Long and Tremendous Bad Railroad." But the name that remained as long as the company lasted was the "Ramshorn Railroad," a term which clung to it and almost entirely superseded its original title.

Its first locomotive was the pioneer engine running into Owosso, the same one that was used to lay the iron on the Detroit & Milwaukee track. The first name of this engine was the "Black Swan," but this name was painted out and it was designated as "No. 1." The men named it "Peggy," and also "Short and Dirty," and indeed it was very short, and at times extremely dirty. It had only one set of drive wheels and the boiler was one of the style that was called "Teakettle." Another engine was "The Empire," and then came "The Stranger," which blew up while crossing the "Big Marsh." Such was the limited rolling stock with which the company had to do business.

But the employees made the road "go," to do which they gave heroic efforts. They took as much interest in the work as if the road was their own personal property, and very soon the "Ramshorn Railroad" became famous throughout the State. I here give you the story of Albert Todd, that you may judge for yourself of the hardships that some of the employees went through:

"I went to work for the Amboy, Lansing and Traverse Bay railroad Company about the year 1860. My brother, Edwin A., was then station agent at Bath, and I went there to relieve him.

"The station building was a log shanty and one end of it had been used for a stable while the other had been occupied as an Irishman's boarding-house. It stood upon the high bank while the track was far below in the cut.

"At Bath the passengers took the stage for Lansing, distant about seven miles, and termination of the road.

"After a few months a board shanty was built, and the freight was handled from that. A short distance from the station was my boarding-house, kept by Ned Baker, a one-armed man. His wife was noted for making fine pies. Everybody would stop there for Mrs. Baker's huckleberry pies. I stayed in Bath for something over a year. My next sta-

tion was the "Deep Cut," which was two miles and a half this side of Lansing, where the road again stopped for several months. Our trains were mixed, being made up of both freight and passenger cars. From Bath the train would be "backed ahead" to my station and would leave the freight cars and then run back to Bath where it would stay all night. In the morning they would get the freight cars and passengers and would leave about 9 a. m. for Owosso. One night when the train of three or four cars was left at my station some boys let the brakes off and the cars started and went half-way to Bath, where they stopped on the Chandler Marsh.

"I did all the station work and all of the billing, but the trainmen would help me to load and unload freight. In the winter of 1862-3 no trains came to my station for nearly a week, on account of the snow-storms. One night Simon Stack, the section boss, Richard Haly, now living in Owosso, and myself, took a hand-car about dark and started for Owosso. We worked along through the snow-drifts until we came to the marsh. Here, without knowing it, we shoved our car off the track. It was a bitter cold night. We jumped down into the snow-drifts and after awhile got our car back on the track and started for Laingsburg, where we arrived about 11 o'clock at night. We found a comparatively clean track until we got to a deep cut called 'Pike's Peak.' Here we abandoned our car and started out on foot. Dick Haley went back to Laingsburg, Simon Stack and myself came on to Owosso, but we left the railroad and took to the wagon-road. While going along I became so sleepy, tired and cold that I lay down in the road. Mr. Stack, fearing lest I should freeze, kicked and cuffed me until I roused up and we again started for Owosso. We got into town between four and five in the morning. The locomotive was broken, but they repaired and put on a snow-plow and with the additional help of shovels the road was opened on the next day but one. I went back on the first train to my station.

"From the 'Deep Cut' my next station was North Lansing. The road was finished to that place in 1861, but I stayed but a short time when I was relieved by Orville Goodhue.

"I came back to Owosso and worked for both the Detroit and Milwaukee and the Ramshorn. While in that office I picked up telegraphy and when the Western Union extended its wires to Lansing I took charge of that office and station. This 'wire' I have spoken of was the first telegraph line into Lansing from any direction and installed by District Superintendent Bemis, of the Western Union. He gave me an outfit of

paper relay machine. There I received a dispatch from Detroit, the first message ever received by wire in Lansing. It was a dispatch for Governor Blair and the legislature.

"I felt very proud to receive that message from Detroit."

Before I begin my next story of the building of the Old Ramshorn railroad, I desire to state that the name of the first regular conductor, the father of Mrs. A. M. Hume, was Willard and not William Norris.

He was kind to all the boys, and frequently gave us a free ride on his train. I do not know how I came to forget his name, but it slipped from my memory in the forty years or more that have passed since I rode on his train. I also wish to state that the roundhouse of the Ramshorn is still standing and is situated a few rods south and east of the Junction house in Owosso.

In the prosperous days of the road not only the locomotives were built over and repaired, but also their new freight cars. At one time the carpenters of the railway built a new passenger car which answered the purposes of the road very well indeed.

William Howell not only worked on the construction of the track but became fireman for David Gould and afterwards was given a locomotive, a position he kept until the end. David Gould, the general manager of the road, ran one of the locomotives himself.

Mr. Howell says he came from St. Charles in 1855, and went to work for David Gould reconstructing the old mill. I do not mean the one now standing just north of the west end of Exchange street, built by the firm of Dewey and Stewart, but the "old, old," one that was erected by Daniel Ball in 1838, on the same site. This was not only the largest frame building ever constructed in Owosso, but it was old-fashioned in every way. The entire front of the building was open to the weather. A person standing out in the mill-yard would have a view of the entire inside. This open space in front was fully protected from the weather by a great hood which the roof came down to meet in one grand sweep, and the whole made as picturesque a mill as one would want to look at.

"Dave, your uncle, came to Owosso in 1855, and began to build over the old mill. He took out the old up today and down tomorrow machinery that Daniel Ball had brought from New York, and put in its place the first Mully sawing machine ever in Owosso, and one of the first in the State. We worked in that old mill about two years.

"The men who worked with me were Ed. Perkins, David Bugby and William Griswold. We kept the mill going night and day. The work was so divided that my stint came on in the forepart of the night. We

slept in the mill and the last work we did was to saw the timbers for the new steam mill built by David Gould. This building is now occupied by Pond's marble works. This new mill contained the first machinery ever operated by steam in the county.

"As soon as the steam mill started I went to work in it. George Grant was head sawyer and his brother helped him. We worked in the mill until we were engaged on the Ramshorn, at some place about half way between the Detroit and Milwaukee depot and the roundhouse, in the fall of 1857. A large crowd, for Owosso at that time, was present.

"Judge Gould made a speech and told about the prospect for the road and the advantages Owosso would gain from it. Bill Landers, who had charge of the construction of the track, placed a spike and Judge Gould drove it home amid great cheering.

"At that time only the first switch was put in. The work of building the road did not begin in earnest until in the spring of 1858. I worked on the construction of the track until the road was finished to Bath, then came back to Owosso and worked in the roundhouse. I was there about six months and was then sent to take charge of the first section of the road that was completed, which went half way to Laingsburg. I went back into the round house at Owosso and helped build over our old engine, 'Old Peggy.' We put links on her, which improved her greatly. Then I went to firing on 'the Stranger' for David Gould.

"On that terrible cold New Year's day, so well remembered by the people of Owosso, we started out with Peggy. The weather was so cold that we got out of water and filled the tender from a hole in the marsh. We bailed Peggy's tender full three times from one hole before we could get into Laingsburg.

"We carried staves, six rods, to fire with. We arrived in Laingsburg the next morning about seven o'clock. We had our breakfast and started for Bath, but did not reach there until five o'clock in the afternoon, and found three passengers and some freight for Owosso. As soon as we loaded up we started back for Owosso. We did not arrive in town until two o'clock in the morning. David Gould was running the engine, I was fireman, and a man by the name of Curtis was conductor. Mr. Landers and John Hyman were with us.

"At the time of the explosion of the Stranger the train was about half way across the Chandler marsh and running south with Edwin A. Todd as conductor, David See engineer, and George Baldwin fireman. Daniel Sullivan, who was on his way from Owosso to Lansing, was riding on the tender. David Gould and I took an engine and went up from Owosso

to the wreck. We found the boiler blown to pieces and the frame of the engine broken. After a long search we found the bell of the engine thirty-five rods from the wreck. On the second day after that we went up with the Empire and brought the Stranger, or what was left of her, to the roundhouse. We built her over and I went to firing her for David Gould, who ran her about a month, then he set James Youngs running her and I fired for him until he was laid off and then the engine was given to me, and John Sullivan was my fireman. I kept the Stranger until the road changed hands, when I went to Saginaw to run a stationary engine. Afterwards I came back to Owosso and worked for Randolph Stewart in his machine shop. After the death of Mr. Stewart, my partners and I took the shop and we kept it running for twenty-eight years.

"Daniel Sullivan was only fifteen years of age when he began work for the Ramshorn as night watchman in the engine house at North Lansing in the year 1864. Daniel was in the habit of going to Owosso to visit his people, and would manage to make these trips at a time when they would not interfere with his night work at Lansing.

"One day in March, 1864, he had made his usual journey to Owosso and was returning to Lansing, but was destined not to finish that trip. He was riding on the tender of the Stranger, or No. 2, as she was sometimes called.

"It was night and the train had reached the center of the Chandler marsh when the engine blew up. It seemed to shoot forward into the air before the noise and the crash of the explosion came. At first there was a great light and then all was darkness. The explosion broke all the windows in the coach and put out all the lights. Mr. Sullivan says that when the shock came he was sitting down on the left hand side of the cab. After the explosion he was found back in the tender on the wood and unconscious. In a little while he recovered enough to walk back to the coach. His face was scalded and was so hot that when a handkerchief dipped in ice water was placed on it the heat would instantly dry it. He was badly hurt, as the scar which he carries on his face today shows. No one else was seriously injured.

"As soon as the lamps were lighted and order was somewhat restored, Conductor Todd went to Lansing on foot, some six miles off, secured the section men and returned to the train on a hand-car, bringing with him a doctor, who sewed up Mr. Sullivan's face and then he was taken to Owosso where he was cared for by Dr. Bagg.

"Daniel claims that the Lansing doctor did a bad job; that he sewed up

his face without taking out the glass, but thanks to the kind care of Dr. Bagg, after three months or more, Daniel recovered and went back on the road and worked for the company a little over a year."

SHON-E-KAY-ZHICK.

Or Little Jim Fitcher Afterwards Known as "Chief Jim."

Corunna, September 4.—At the afternoon session of the pioneer meeting yesterday, Mr. William J. Parks, of Durand, related the story of the stealing of his little brother, Peter Parks, by the Indians, which created a great sensation. It was the history of "Little Jim" Fitcher, who was well known to the early settlers of Owosso. Mr. Parks was much surprised to learn that there were a number of people in the audience who knew his brother.

Mr. Mead Smith, of Durand, said that the boy at one time was brought to his father's house by "Old Chief Jim Fitcher," and described the scene where his mother, Mrs. Smith, when she saw the brown-haired, blue-eyed boy, declared that the child had been stolen by the Indians from some white family. He told his story so forcefully that the audience was not only moved with sympathy for the lost boy, but eagerly listened to the speaker, who grew eloquent as he talked of his mother and "Little Jim" Fitcher.

The writer, too, had seen "Little Jim" Fitcher in Owosso many times early in the fifties.

In the story of the Owosso Schools Fifty Years Ago, heretofore published, the writer told how "Little Jim" Fitcher visited the school from time to time, for the purpose of selling the boys his famous bows and arrows. It was while engaged on this story of the Owosso schools, that he learned from Amos Williams, William Howell and Ebenezer Gould that "Little Jim" Fitcher was a white boy, and was stolen by the Indians, but from what family they did not know. Who were the parents of "Little Jim" Fitcher, was one of the great unsolved mysteries of pioneer days.

Quite recently Mrs. Foote, who was well acquainted with "Little Jim" Fitcher, told some interesting facts about him and the girl, Charlotte Fitcher, who in the early days was supposed to be his sister. Mrs. Foote talked about the marriage of Charlotte to Charles Gage, of Corunna, and that she, at one time, lived neighbor to them. Mrs. Foote was well acquainted with the fact that both Charlotte and "Little Jim" were stolen by the Indians, but from whom she never knew.

The story of Mr. William J. Parks solves the mystery as to "Little Jim" Fitcher, but the question as to who were the parents of Charlotte Fitcher still remains unanswered.

Rochester colony, of Clinton county, was settled in 1836 by thirteen families from Rochester, New York. One of the original families that made that famous settlement was named Parks, and consisted of Silas L. Parks and his wife, Betsey Elizabeth, and their children, among whom was William J. and his little brother Peter.

Of the stealing by the Indians of his little brother, William has this to say: "Shortly after the founding of Rochester Colony our family was living in a cabin that was situated on one of the Indian trails that led up to the settlement. At the time my brother Peter was lost my mother had gone down the trail several miles to visit and care for a sick neighbor. Although my father was asleep in an upper room of the cabin, my mother, before going away, placed little Peter under my care. She bade us a loving farewell, and then went down the trail on her errand of mercy. But, alas, on her return home there was no loving, little Peter to welcome her.

"In some way unaccountable to us all he had slipped out of the house into the woods, and we afterward learned that he made the attempt to follow his mother. As soon as we realized that Peter was surely lost, a careful search was not only made of the premises, but of the forest for many miles around.

"Near the margin of a small stream, on the trail to the house visited by his mother, his tracks were seen, but here ended all traces of him. Although we came to the conclusion that Peter had been stolen by the Indians, we not only searched the stream for his body, but we hunted the woods in our vicinity for nearly a year, and the search did not end here. For more than five years, when father would hear of an Indian camp that was said to contain a white boy, it was visited and thoroughly searched, but without avail.

"In after years we learned that little Peter was really stolen by the Indians; that he was taken by the squaw of Old Chief Fitcher, who was an adept at child stealing. It was said that Peter was carried to a far-off Indian camp, where he was kept for awhile, and then brought back to the near neighborhood of our home. This was what puzzled my father, and the faithful men who assisted in the search for the lost boy. While they were carefully searching the camp of distant tribes, little Peter was either in the counties of Shiawassee or Saginaw. None of us discovered his whereabouts until the year 1876.

"While Old Chief was alive my brother Peter was known by the Indians far and wide as "Little Jim" Fitcher. When the Old Chief died, "Little Jim" succeeded to the chieftainship of the remnant of the Fitcher tribe. He was then called 'Chief Jim.'"

While William J. Parks and his family were residing in the township of New Haven, Chief Jim came over from Indiantown and visited his brother. He brought with him an Indian. He came to talk with his brother about the possibility of his getting a portion of his father's estate. But he never made a claim when he found he would have to abandon his tribal relation and declare under the name of Peter Parks. Like the brave, honest man that he was, he decided to remain with his poor Indian friends until the end.

He made his home at Indiantown which is situated just east and north of Chesaning. At times he also resided at the settlement on the Flint river, which perhaps is fifteen or twenty miles east. At Indiantown Chief Jim not only established a home, but he built a small church on his own land in which at times he preached to his Indian brethren, of the Methodist faith.

In the year 1855 or thereabouts Little Jim Fitcher was in and about Owosso a great many times. The writer well remembers seeing him in those early days. It was the custom of the merchants of what is now West Exchange street, in order to keep the Indians near their stores to put up on a stick pieces of money for the Indian boys to shoot at with their bows and arrows. If a young Indian hit the money fair and square, he took it for his reward. It was usually an old-fashioned copper cent.

Little Jim Fitcher was so excellent a shot that when he presented himself before the target, he was made to get back several hundred feet. The writer has seen him hit a penny on a stick standing in the street in front where the Argus office now is and shooting nearly to Washington street. To our mind in those days Little Jim was the ideal Indian boy. More than once has he drawn his bow and shot over the heads of the little Indian boys who were allowed to stand nearer to the mark and in front of his line. He was a manly boy; he usually wore an old felt hat, the crown of which was adorned with a long black feather. He was the friend of all the boys of those times, and the Owosso boys were proud of him. His Indian name was Shon-e-kay-zhick. From a bright, brave boy he grew into a noble man. He preached the word of God with fear, and gained many converts by his untiring efforts.

Old Chief Jim Fitcher was not a Chippewa Indian, but a halfbreed, and was from one of the Canadian tribes. His name was Fitcher, which

in time was easily corrupted into the word Fisher. The name "Jim" he must have received from his father, who, as Mrs. Foote informs us, was an Englishman. At any rate his wife was a squaw who belonged to one of the Saginaw bands of Chippewa Indians.

Until Old Chief Jim's band settled in and around Owosso no child stealing was known to have taken place in all this part of Michigan. Whenever Fitcher was accused of child-stealing he would lay it to his squaw.

For many years "Little Jim" Fitcher thought the girl Charlotte his sister, and he always treated her as such and was always kind to her. Although Charlotte Fitcher was married to Charles Gage she soon became tired of her home and abandoned her husband and returned to friends at Indiantown.

Mr. Parks informs us that Little Jim Fitcher died about three years ago, surrounded by his Indian friends, whom he never deserted.

OWOSSO IN 1856.

Reminiscences of John W. Thorne.

My home was in Madison county in the state of New York. I graduated at the Yeats Polytechnic institute. Then in the fall of 1856 in September I came to Michigan. At that time the cars on the Detroit and Milwaukee railroad were only running as far as Owosso. The first train into Owosso arrived the preceding fourth of July. When I landed here the depot was located where it now is, but was surrounded by woods, and it gave me the impression that I was in the wilderness.

I came here to visit my uncle, Major A. Smith. After leaving the depot I went down to Ament's hotel which was then in charge of S. J. Harding and Ben Taylor. I inquired for my uncle and was told to go to the livery-stable which stood on Washington street about where Moses Keyte's harness shop is now located and there I would find a man who knew everybody in the whole country. That man was George Jones, who told me that my uncle was living on the west bank of the Shiawassee river near the Carson schoolhouse. He told me to go west as far as Burrell Chipman's farm, then take the first road running north. When I got well on my way I met Charlie Collier, a man well known to all the old settlers, who was then living on the north road, on a farm which is now owned and occupied by S. J. Harding. He stopped his team and invited me to ride as far as his place, which I was glad to do.

He very soon found out that I was right from the east, and commenced to tell me bear stories to frighten me.

He told me that his wife went to the spring one night for a pail of water when a bear raised up at her from the opposite side of a big log. It was her custom when she went to the spring to take the ax with her. Now just as the bear raised up Mrs. Collier struck him over the head and killed him. By this time it was quite dark and he was telling this to scare me. He also said that a man on the big marsh was badly clawed up. He told me that bears were so plenty that I might see one before I got to the place where my uncle lived. When we arrived at his house he very kindly offered to go down to my uncle's house with me. I concluded he was trying to frighten me, and thanked him and told him it was not any worse for me to go down alone than it was for him to come back alone.

At that time the road was only a track through the woods. The bushes grew very close to the roadside. By this time it had grown quite dark and I was on the alert for danger. Every twig that I broke with my feet as I walked made a noise that frightened me, and oh, how glad I was to hear the welcome voices of my uncle and his family. The next morning Collier came down there and told my uncle that he could not scare me out and he guessed I would do to live in Michigan.

At that time wild turkey and deer were quite plentiful on the west side of the river. Occasionally the howling of the wolves could be heard. It was during this year that the wolves destroyed a flock of sheep for Judge Gould on his farm less than a mile east of the village.

That winter I taught school in the Goss schoolhouse for twenty-six dollars a month and boarded around. I took my pay in town orders which I sold to David Ingersoll at a discount of twenty per cent. The year following that I taught school in St. Charles. The pioneer history of Saginaw county gives me the credit of being the first male teacher in St. Charles.

The fall that I came to Owosso the great Michigan fires occurred. I fought fire a good many days to help the farmers save the buildings and fences from the flames. The smoke was so dense that it was impossible to see any great distance without a lantern. It was no uncommon thing to see people in the village of Owosso going about with lighted lanterns in the day time. Many people did not dare to go far away from home for fear of getting lost. The smoke settled down on the river and killed the fish by the thousands. I saw the fish leap two

or three feet out of the water on the land where they would die of suffocation. The Indians gathered up large basketfuls of these fish and undertook to sell them in Owosso but the people did not care to buy them.

The last two nights of August and the first night in September there were three hard frosts. Corn was just in the milk at that time and the frost cut it so that there was no good corn in the country. This frost also ruined the potato crop.

The Ament hotel and the building back of D. Lyon Thorpe & Co.'s store on Exchange street were the only brick buildings in Owosso when I came. The public school was in a frame building on the corner of Washington and Williams streets where the Lutheran church now stands. At that time David Gould and E. A. Todd were operating a steam saw mill where Pond's marble shop is now located. This was the pioneer steam power of the county.

Whiting Tillotson was running a store on West Exchange street in a building which is still standing, and it was no uncommon sight to see the Indians come into his store with packs of furs and in the season great baskets of cranberries. Nine-tenths of the teams that you would see on the street would be ox-teams. Horses and carriages were owned by the very few.

The two principal stores in town were D. Lyon Thorpe & Co., and C. M. Moses. This was before the coming of Osburn & Sons. I well remember of getting my mail at the postoffice in that little store kept by C. M. Moses.

The winter I came to Owosso we had ten weeks of nice sleighing. One night while I was on my way from school to my uncle's, a bear followed me from a place near William Sawer's farm to the Carson schoolhouse. The next morning when I went back to my school I saw the tracks of the bear. Fresh snow had fallen and they were very plain and no one else had been over the road. When I arrived at the schoolhouse I met two hunters. I told them about the bear and the tracks I had seen. They found the tracks, crossed the river to the east and killed the bear at a point near where Dr. McCormick's farm now is.

YE OLD TIME MAIL CARRIER.

Carrying the Mails in the 1850's.

One morning in the year 1851, when I was about seven years old, Door Tillotson came to our house and asked my mother if I could

go over to his house and see him fly his new kite that afternoon.

My parents were then living in a pretty house situated on West Williams street, on the lot now occupied by the residence of Mr. J. C. Osborn. Dorr Tillotson's home was on East Exchange street, where he lived with his mother and brothers for many years. The house was situated on the land now covered by the dwelling house and other buildings owned by Mrs. Joseph Amos.

My mother let me go and, if I remember rightly, several other boys from our neighborhood went along with us to see the sport. We went down the hill about where Mr. Broad's house now stands, until we came to a well-beaten path which led eastward and on the side of the hill. I remember going by several springs of clear cold water, which then flowed from this hillside. We arrived at the sawmill and from there went over to Exchange street, where we soon found ourselves at Dorr's home. So far as I can now remember, that was my first appearance on Exchange street. The kite was a success and flew well. It was of the old-fashioned kind, such as the pioneer boys used to make fifty years ago. After this time I was a constant and regular visitor at the Tillotson house for many years. In those early days there were but three houses on Exchange east of Park street. On the north side of the street was the Tillotson house, while on the south stood the Daniel Gould house and one built and occupied by "the Maxwells." This has been the homestead of the Retan family for a great many years.

At that early date, on the southwest corner of Park and Exchange street was situated the pretty home of Dwight Dimmick. Even at that early date it was nicely shaded with trees, one of which, as I shall always remember, was a large and beautiful butternut tree. The next building to the west, on the south side of Exchange street, was the store of D. Lyon Thorpe. This brings us to the corner of Washington street. On the southwest corner of Washington and Exchange streets was the old frame store built for the firm of Gould & Fish. Still further to the west stands the Tillotson store which is known today as Sloan's Home bakery. The next and only building on the south side of Exchange street was Luther Comstock and Miner Chipman's carpenter shop. This building is still standing not far from Water street. The first building west of the Tillotson house was the Ingersoll tavern, which stood on land now occupied by the late opera-house block.

Here we cross Washington street and continue west until we come to the residence of Erastus Barnes standing on the corner of Exchange

and Ball streets. If you will look into one of the windows of the east wing of Mr. Barnes's house you can read the sign which gave to him his name, "Tailor Barnes." Looking to the west across Ball street we see a log-house which stood then on land now occupied by the Argus office. Continuing on Exchange street west, we come to C. M. Moses' store. This building is still standing on the northeast corner of Exchange and Water streets. At the west end of Exchange street stood the grist-mill of Dewey and Stewart, but the old mill building was not as large as the one that burned a few years ago. The store of C. M. Moses, fifty years ago or more, was one of the busiest places in all the town. Here Mr. Moses made a fortune, but its golden days have long since passed away. The other day in going by the old place I looked up over the doorway and read these words, "Groceries and Provisions." There is a good story told of Mr. Moses when he first built this store. It was in the spring of the year when Jack Wood came into the store and after a few words of pleasant conversation asked Mr. Moses if he had ever seen any of the wild onions that grew here in Michigan. Mr. Moses, who had lately moved here from New York, said he never had. Jack remarked, "I brought along a few. I did not know but you might want to taste them." So one of the onions, or rather leeks, was prepared for Mr. Moses. "Why," said he, "they do taste like onions don't they." "Yes," said Jack, as he brought forward his "leeky" butter which in due time he sold to Mr. Moses at a good price.

At the time of which we write the postoffice was located in the southwest corner of Mr. Moses store, and as the rest of this story has to do with carrying the mail in and out of Owosso fifty years ago, we will let Ebenezer Gould, of Owosso, the hero of this old time mail-bag, tell his own story.

"My father's name was Daniel Gould and my mother's name was Angeline Hammond Gould. I was born in Owosso, on Exchange street, in the Tillotson house on the 22d day of November, 1837. I have the honor of being the first white child born in Owosso. The Tillotson house was the first frame dwelling put up in Owosso. It was built by my father and owned by him for a while. The woodwork with which the house is finished is of oak and was sawed from the log by hand with a whipsaw. When the livery-stable building was put up by the late Joseph Amos, the old house was moved to the east end of Main street, where it now stands.

"I began to carry the mail to Chesaning in 1847, when I was but ten years old. I only went to Chesaning on Saturday, which did not hinder

me from going to school the rest of the week, in the old schoolhouse that once stood on the southeast corner of Washington and Williams streets.

"I began to carry the mail regularly in 1849 from Owosso to Lyons. I was not of age, and I was afraid that they would object, but I passed a good examination and was allowed to continue my work.

"W. S. Ament, my uncle, who was the landlord of the Ament tavern, then had the government contract for carrying the mail. This tavern, built and owned by Mr. Ament, is the same building now known as the New National hotel. In those days it was only two stories high. I rode horseback and I had the choice of twelve ponies which Mr. Ament furnished for my use.

"On Mondays I used to start for Lyons on what was known as the south route, and return on Wednesday night. Then on Thursday morning, I would start and go on horseback to Lyons by the west route. I used to ride an Indian pony. Four days in the week I rode thirty-six and on two, forty miles daily.

"We got our mail at C. M. Moses' store, on the corner of Water and Exchange streets. I left Owosso at 6 o'clock in the morning. My first change of mail on the south route was at George Slocum's; my next was at the Hughes' settlement, where I used to stay all night; the next morning I went to Lyons; there my first stop was at Hill's postoffice, where I rode out to Lyons, the end of my route. Then on my return I rode to my first postoffice, where I stayed all night; then on Wednesday I returned home to Owosso. On Thursday morning I was again ready to start for Lyons on my west route. My first change of mail was at Middlebury postoffice, then again at Rochester colony, from there to Benedict Plains, where I stayed all night, and in the morning I rode on to Fish Creek, and from there into Lyons. Then I returned to Benedict Plains, from there home.

"The people along the route would hand me mail to post at the nearest office. They used to give me a penny for each letter or paper I mailed for them. This was hardly "Rural Free Delivery" but it was a good thing for me, as I made more from posting letters than for carrying the mail at five dollars per month.

"One time, when my uncle and my namesake, Col. Ebenezer Gould, of Fifth Michigan Cavalry fame, was on his way home from Traverse City, where he had been engaged on a government survey for the building of a State road, he sent word to Mr. Ament to send me with a horse and wagon to Lyons so he could ride home. On our return we had

gone as far as Greenbush when our wagon broke down and we had to walk to Rochester colony, where I got a one-horse wagon and brought my uncle home. He had then been away from Owosso surveying in the great north woods for nearly a year.

"When I was sixteen years of age I began to drive stage for Mr. Ament. I used to drive from Owosso to Flint and sometimes to Howell. Here my passengers caught the stage to Pontiac. I also drove my stage to Lansing. It took me all day to drive to Flint. One of my routes was through the Miller settlement, and sometimes through the Irish and Priest settlements.

"One dark night while I was carrying the mail, on my return from Lyons, I was chased by wolves between Fish Creek and Benedict Plains. I was in a strip of woods eight miles long with the wolves very close to me. I could hear them howling on all sides. My pony was frightened but he kept up a good smart gallop. We were nearing the house of William Hubble, which was built of logs and stood near where Maple Rapids is now located. This was my stopping place for the night. We were coming along at a great rate, wolves and horse all in a bunch. Just at this point young Mr. Hubble came out to meet me. I assure you I was glad when the flashing of the light from the lantern which he carried frightened the wolves away and they skulked back into the woods.

"At another time I was stopped nearly an hour by a bear in the road, which frightened my horse, but after awhile the bear walked off and allowed me to pursue my journey in peace."

THE SHIAWASSEE EXCHANGE.

Or the Story of Bradley Martin's Golden Voiced Violin.

It was in the year 1858 that I saw the old Shiawassee Exchange for the first time. My father had taken me with him from Owosso to Vernon, where we spent the entire day, he trying a lawsuit, and I having a good time. But now we were on our way home, as I supposed, when my father made the remark that we must be getting near the river. It was then I discovered we were not going in the direction of home, but were wearing off to the southwest instead. We were among the hills, going up and down, and when we had arrived upon the top of a high hill my father startled me by exclaiming, "What kind of a star do you make that out to be?" pointing at the same time with his whip towards the west to a large star with a tail to it. I was startled and could

not tell. All this was in August in 1858, and little did we dream that the star would grow in size and length until the whole western horizon was filled with its flame and glory. I have since learned that this star was Donati's comet.

We turned to the left and drove down the hill and came to the river, where we saw above the rising mists and across the stream a large frame building. At this time it was quite dark but my father knew where to drive, and we forded the stream in safety. I do not remember how we got from the river to the Grand River road. It seems to me at this date that we were but a short time in going from the old Exchange to my uncle Martin's.

The Old Shiawassee Exchange stood near the Shiawassee river, and on the south part of the southeast fractional quarter of section twenty-five in town six, north of range 3 east, and contained seventy-three acres of land more or less. It was owned by the United States government till 1831, and then sold to A. L. Williams. Lemuel Brown, 1838, undivided one half; A. L. & B. O. Williams undivided one half, 1838; B. O. Williams 1838, all; A. L. Williams 1840, all; Anthony Sugdeon, agt., 1845, all; Joseph Grace 1855, all; George Royce, 1864, all; Mary Rogers, 1865; Rochus Elsesar 1869, all.

The reader will notice the name of Joseph Grace who owned and occupied the Exchange about eleven years. It is to him we are indebted for a picture of the old building.

The first to occupy this house was Mrs. Wealthy Jackson whose father and mother were Levi and Esther Rowe.

THE FIRST SHERIFF OF SHIAWASSEE COUNTY.

After a careful examination of records we find that in the year 1837, the same year that Levi Rowe came to Michigan, the organization of the county was effected under authority of an act of the legislature, approved March 13, 1837, which provided that the county of Shiawassee be and the same is hereby organized for county purposes, and the inhabitants thereof shall be entitled to the rights and privileges to which, by law, the inhabitants of other counties of this State are entitled. Under this act a special election was held in May, 1837, resulting in the election of Levi Rowe as sheriff. In 1838 Elisha Brewster was elected, defeating Rowe by a few votes.

At the first term of court held in the county Levi Rowe was appointed crier for the term. We find the name of Elisha Brewster among those who were summoned to act as one of the grand jury. So

that he could not have been sheriff at that time. Mr. Rowe held court but once and did not receive much pay therefrom. But he was sheriff under the law before Brewster. Hon. Josiah Turner says that a few years ago he was called upon to deliver a pioneer address in Livingston county and that he looked the matter up and found an old record which proved to him that Levi Rowe, and not Elisha Brewster, was the first sheriff of Shiawassee.

Mrs. Jackson tells this story: "I was nine years old when I came to Michigan, from Oswego county, New York, in 1837. We traveled by the canal to Reedsport, New York; from there we crossed the lakes to Detroit in the steamer United States. Father left mother and six of us children at Franklin, twenty-five miles from Detroit, while he came on to Shiawassee county and built a house for us to live in. We were *en route* for Ionia, but were told that prices were so high there that father decided to stop in Fremont. Father's land joined that taken up by the Jacksons. We lived there two years and then moved to the Shiawassee Exchange in 1839. It was the oldest piece of settled land in the county. We went there for the purpose of entertaining travelers and carrying on the farm, and lived there six years.

"The Exchange was a two-story building. Under each gable was painted in large letters, "Shiawassee Exchange." The ballroom occupied all of one floor except a bedroom. When the ballroom was in use the bed was removed and this room was used for an office. Balls were held from one to three times a year. Fourth of July, Christmas, New Year, etc. Lemuel Brown's wedding was held in this ball room. All the well-known people of the county were invited, but there was no dancing. There was a little stage for the musicians at the east end of the hall and a fireplace in the bedroom. A New Year's ball at the Old Exchange was the greatest social event that took place within a radius of forty miles. People came from Byron, Corunna, Owosso, Hartwellville and sometimes even from Argentine and Ionia. Among the guests, on one occasion, were Thompson Hartwell and niece, afterwards Mrs. Edward Ament.

"The same evening Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Martin, with many well-known people whose names I cannot now recall, came as guests to see the dancing. According to the usual custom the company assembled about 5 o'clock in the afternoon and had supper before the dancing began. They danced until midnight and often far into the wee sma' hours. Most of the ladies were dressed in white and every gentleman came with his pumps in his overcoat pocket. The favorite contra

dances were 'Money Musk,' 'Virginia Reel,' 'McDonald's Reel,' etc."

Mrs. Jackson knew John Knaggs and his wife Phyllis. She went to school in Shiawasseetown to Andrew Parsons, who was governor of Michigan in 1853-54.

Justice Levi Rowe, father of Mrs. Jackson, often held court in the Shiawassee Exchange. The township elections were held there several times. Mrs. Jackson says, "I have seen the Bradley Martin violin. He used to loan it on special occasions to the Jacksons. It was lighter colored than others. It was so well known about the county that the Bradley Martin violin was a household word."

Mrs. Wealthy Jackson is the widow of Andrew Jackson who died during the time of the civil war. She now resides in Ypsilanti with her daughter, Miss Della Jackson, a teacher in the State normal school. Mrs. Jackson's other children are Mrs. Julia Sargent, of Owosso; Andrew Jackson, of Fenton, and C. R. Jackson, of East Tawas.

Chapter II.

Mrs. Lucinda Shears, of Newburg, says: "I first saw the Shiawassee Exchange in the fall of 1836. I arrived there with my mother and sister when the frame building was in process of construction. I remember the log store which was across the road from the frame building. I think that Williams kept that store at that time, and the double log-house stood near there where the men lived while the frame building was going up.

"In the winter of 1837 I went from Newburg with a big load of young people to Rufus Rathburn's, near the schoolhouse at Union Plains, where we attended a dance. It was early morning when we started for home. We stopped at Bradley Martin's, and stayed long enough to get warm and were served with champagne, which was a novelty. I noticed that Mr. Martin's house was warmed with fireplaces, which were built of sticks with a hearth plastered with mud.

"My sister Harriet Seymour was along, as well as Caroline Baker, William Sly, William Newbury, one of the Tinklepaugh girls and Sally Baker. This was a private dancing party, and the first real dance I attended was in the Old Exchange. Mr. Underwood was the dancing master. When I first went up to the dance-hall just at the top of the stairs there was a small room in which was a fireplace. I saw the musicians on a platform in one corner of the room. We had supper about 12 o'clock and we all had a nice time. The 'hard winter,' I think

that was in 1842, I was living across the road here on my father's farm. My father drove his cattle to the wood and cut down basswood trees for them to browse on, to keep them from starving. My father at one time went to Pontiac to mill. He took grain for all of our neighbors, and stayed ten days. My mother sifted wheat bran and made stirred cake, and I wish I had some of it now. John Beach boarded at my father's, and went to the same school I did. Mrs. Shears was a daughter of Sidney Seymour. I have heard the Jacksons play for dances at the Exchange on the Bradley Martin violin."

Norman A. Harder says: "I am sixty-six years old. I was born in Newburg. My father, Nicholas P. Harder, came to Newburg in 1836. He moved from Sullivan county, New York, and drove through from Detroit to Newburg, and lived for a while with Sidney Seymour, the father of Mrs. Shears and Mrs. Snell. They all lived together until father bought twenty acres of land from Seymour. My father was the only doctor at this point. He built one of the first frame houses in the village, which is still standing. I went to school in a schoolhouse that stood on grandfather's land, right where Mr. Ripley's house now is in Newburg. My school teacher was Ruey Lyman. Afterwards, in 1848, I went to school in Corunna to a man named Wilson. At that time my father was county treasurer for two years. I have known Bradley Martin a great many years.

"I have seen the log building at Knaggs Post a great many times. The first time I went to the Exchange was with my father, when Levi Rowe lived there. There was a double log-house on the south side of the road; afterwards Sidney Seymour lived there. I recollect the time because I saw an old squaw there. The Seymours had a great many apples, and this old squaw would eat only rotten apples on account of her teeth.

"The upper part of the Exchange was a hall, with a big fireplace in the west end.

"The first postoffice I remember was at Shiawassee, kept by Ryon Chase.

"My father once owned eighty acres of land on the west, and the Tinklepaugh farm of seventy-eight acres and sixty-five acres on the east side of the road in Newburg which has always been my home. On the Swan farm at Newburg which I now own there was an apple tree that was taken from the old Indian orchard. It stood alone a great many years and always used to hang full of small red apples."

Mrs. Reuben H. B. Morris says: "My maiden name was Hannah M.

Harder. I was born in the town of Rockland, Sullivan county, New York. I came with my father, Dr. Harder, to Newburg in 1836, and crossed the Shiawassee river at Knaggs' Post. We had started for Grand Rapids, but when we reached Blood's tavern, on account of bad roads, we returned to Newburg, and took possession of the Sidney Seymour farm. When we crossed the river at Knaggs I saw John Knaggs' house and the Beaubien's was not far away. I afterwards went to school with Antoine and John Knaggs, the son of the older John. The school was in Cornelia Mills' new log-house. When I first saw the Shiawassee Exchange, Levi Rowe was living in it. I went there to visit Wealthy Rowe and her sister. Wealthy showed me the ballroom, which was warmed with fireplaces. I knew Morris Richard and Tower Jackson, and have heard them play on their violins at the dances in the evening. I knew Kate Drake, Bradley Martin, Mary, Anne and Irene Beach. Old Fisher's squaw once came to me and wanted some wheat flour to make cake for her papoose to carry to school at the log-house on the reservation where Lucinda Lyman taught."

Mrs. Edward B. Tubbs of Owosso writes: "My father and mother were John and Sarah Redson. My mother, who was Scotch, was educated in Albany, New York, from where grandfather came to Detroit early in the thirties. My grandfather's name was Francis Young and at one time he lived at or near the Exchange, where mother and father were married. At one time grandfather kept a store in a log-house about a quarter of a mile from the river near the Exchange. My father and mother lived there but a short time before they removed to Corunna, where they kept the old Corunna house, which was famous in the old days. I knew about the Bradley Martin violin, and heard my people speak of it. My father would take my Aunt Mary Young, who was afterwards Mrs. Dallis Morton, to the dances held in the Exchange at Wheeler's tavern, Corunna and Byron."

Mr. George Smith of Vernon says: "My parents, Thomas and Melinda Smith, with eight children, came to Michigan in 1847, from Jefferson, New York, when I was fourteen years old. We came to Detroit by propeller and from there by rail to Pontiac, where we hired teams to take us to Vernon.

"We reached Shiawassee county about a mile east of Byron, and stayed over night there. Then we came to the town line between Burns and Vernon, where we stopped with the widow of Sanford Smith. When my father went into Vernon on section 33 there was a log-house which he fixed up and we moved into it. Some of our family still live

on the old farm. When the family were settled all the cash my father had was five dollars. He paid $1,000 for the place, which contained one hundred acres of improved land, with a large apple orchard. We arrived in July and the peaches were beginning to ripen. We gathered 200 bushels. We had to give them away to get rid of them. Our place was three miles from the old Shiawassee Exchange. We had heard about this and of money made there. My father and two brothers and Enos Wright went with me to visit the place. We crossed the Shiawassee river at the old ford near the Exchange. Not far away from the Exchange I saw a small log-house in which C. W. Miller was keeping store. We went into it, where we saw calico, sugar, pipes and tobacco. In the Exchange was a postoffice kept by George Seymour's father. Most of the second story of the building was in one room. The beds for the tavern were around the room, and when they gave a dance they took them out. There was a platform at one end for the music. We had been in the habit of dancing in a little log-house with one room and we went up there to see the hall for we wanted for once to see a room that was big enough to dance in. The building was warmed by fireplaces. I have been there a great many times when they were dancing. The Jacksons used to play there often. The young people of my neighborhood in Vernon would meet me somewhere in the Lovejoy district and hire me to take them across the river. If it were summer both boys and girls would pull off their shoes and stockings and wade over the river. But if it were in cold weather they would cross in a canoe. The wagon I used at one time was the only one within five miles of our place. Once I took over Sarah, Eliza and William Miller, Nelson and Sarah Smith, Julia and Eleanor Tew, Harmon Smedley, Eliza Harrington, Thomas, Betsy, Anne and Mary Dowell.

Chapter III.

"To perfect that wonder—the locomotive—has perhaps not required the expenditure of more mental strength and application than to perfect the wonder of music—the violin."—W. E. Gladstone.

It was almost night. The summer sun had shed its last rays upon the hills round about the cottage; yet it was not dark, for the mountains which shut in this valley glowed with a brightness that reminded one of the coming of a new day. Seated at the door of the cottage was a young lad, waiting and watching for the coming of his mother. It

was the luminous after-glow, shining from the distant mountains that enabled the lad to look across the valley into its farthest rocky recesses for the form he loved so well. The boy was so busy watching the pink and white, the red and the gold colors of the sky that he did not at first see the approach of his mother, but he heard the voice. She was singing in a rich soprano. She knew well who was waiting for her at the distant cottage door, so she sang with the repose that gave to her listener not only rest, but peace and quiet to his soul.

That little lad never forgot his mother's voice. As he grew up the voice grew with him. In time he became a maker of violins, and lived in Paris, and then afterwards in Merecourt, France. Although he never made many violins, he tried always to so construct them that when they were skilfully played he could hear his mother's voice again as it sounded to him across the valley when, as a boy, he sat by her cottage door. This lad, grown to manhood, was F. Breton, the violin maker. Prior to the year 1608 the violin was not regarded as a solo instrument, nor was it considered to be even of importance in orchestral work. Its use was confined solely to support and accompany the soprano voice.

Merecourt, situated in French Loriane, is a city on the Madon river, in the foot hills of the Vosges mountains and contains a population of 5,480. They make lace, embroidery and stringed musical instruments. Merecourt, together with Mark Neukirchen in the Kingdom of Saxony, supply the trade with nine-tenths of the violins now made. The Merecourt fiddles have a decided advantage in quality and price. Although inferior to the violin of the Cremonal period, excellent instruments are still made there.

Antonio Stradivari, of Cremona, began his best work in 1667. From that time he improved his style, till he reached the climax. He was born in Cremona in 1644, and died in 1737. He gave to the violin of today not only its sweet tone, but to all violin makers a model which has been known for two hundred years as the "Grand pattern." Stradivari was the king of luthiers, and his fame is as wide as the civilized world. F. Breton made violins in Merecourt and used the flat Stradivari pattern.

The wood which Breton used in the construction of his violin came to him from various sources. The fair forests which shaded the western slopes of the Swiss mountains grew the maple for the back of his violins, while the deal or pine was found nearer home. At that time pine was to be found in small quantities growing in the valleys of the Vosges mountains. Yet, whenever his uncle came from Italy for a visit,

bringing with him for his nephew choice bits of wood which had been seasoning for years, they were eagerly seized upon by Breton and used to advantage in his instruments.

It is now more than one hundred years since our violin was made. Merecourt in those early days, with its lace making and its violin trade, was a busy town. The workmen were not at that period gathered together in factories, working for one master, but each maker worked for himself, and in most cases owned his house. These were tall, high-gabled affairs, and the shop was up under the roof, while the rest of the building was used for living purposes.

In some such place as I have described F. Breton, in his day, must have worked. His bench was placed near a window, through which the wind was blowing continually. From the rafters and beams were hung many pieces of maple and pine wood which he would watch with great care. Almost daily one could see him on his ladder up among his blocks feeling of them. This he had done so many years that he could tell with his hands the different densities of the wood by the feeling, just as blind people can tell certain colors.

Over and around the workbench were hung a number of unfinished violins, some only waiting for the varnish, while others were not ready for that important final touch. Here was an unfinished back, there was the pine top of some future fiddle waiting to have its sound-holes cut, while its more fortunate neighbor not only has sound-holes, but is placed in a frame that temporarily holds it nicely adjusted to a neck, back and side, so that the maker may test it, and if it be not right he may cut a bit of the wood away to make it suit his fancy. Up against the wall, or hung from the rafters, are various parts of old violins.

These, together with the new, swung to and fro in the wind, and they are never silent. Each violin and each piece has its own voice and sings in its own separate key. Their music is at times sweet, but always wild and wierd. The old-time violin maker heard many wonderful and strange words and songs from his unfinished instruments.

F. Breton for many years made violins, and whenever in his work he came across a piece of wood that contained the sound of his mother's voice, he laid it aside. At first he made only cheap violins, but as the years went on he became very skilful in the execution of his work, and at last there came a time when he was quite ready to begin the great work of his life, that of making a violin upon which, when skilfully played, he could hear his mother's voice, which was ever dear to him, and was always singing to him from a great distance, yet he could

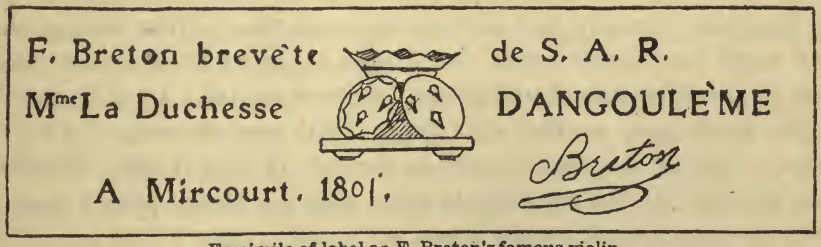
hear it as in the days of old, when he was seated at his mother's cottage door.

The violin was made, and in time varnished with that wonderful yellow varnish that in his years of probation Breton learned to make so well.

When it was completed it was sent to Paris, where it was placed on exhibition in one of the leading music shops. As good fortune would have it, the violin had not been there many days before royalty appeared in the shop in the person of Madame La Duchesse D'Angouléme, who at that moment was in search of a violin which was to be used in a new rendering of the old Greek play "Antigone." This play was to be produced in honor of the Duchesse. She was then in search of a violin for a theater actor who was to take one of the parts in the play.

When Madame La Duchesse D'Angouléme heard not only the resonant but the sweet, clear tones of the violin, she was charmed with it, and demanded to know the name of the maker. The shopkeeper explained that it was a new instrument which he had just received from Merecourt, and he believed that the maker was without fame and without a patron. "Send him to me," cried the Duchesse, "and I will be his patron." And so it came about, all in good time, that Breton came to Paris and appeared before the Duchesse, who gave him her permission to use her name on his violin labels. Breton lost no time in having one printed. A facsimile of this interesting label is here given with the translation as follows:

F. Breton, patroned by her Royal highness, Madame the Duchesse of Angouléme, Breton, Merecourt, 1801.



Facsimile of label on F. Breton's famous violin.

We have reason to believe that the violin of which we have written is the only one bearing the label of the Duchesse that has reached this side of the Atlantic and we believe it to be the original one. Lyon and Healy, of Chicago, famed for their musical instruments as well as for

their knowledge of violin lore, have this to say about the maker and his label:

"We judge from the label that this must be an exceptionally fine specimen, and if chance offered we should be delighted to have a look at it. We always supposed that this maker must have turned out some instruments which were far in advance of those which ordinarily bear his name."

Chapter IV.

Marie Therese Charlotte, Duchesse of Angouléme, was born at Versailles, December 19th, 1778. She was the daughter of Louis XVI of France and his queen, Marie Antoinette. At the age of twenty-one the princess was married to her cousin, the Duke of Angouléme, who at that time was serving in the army of the Prince of Condé.

Napoleon I said of the Duchesse of Angouléme, "She is the only man in her family," and in truth she seemed to have possessed a very bright mind, together with a brave and generous heart. She was not wanting, either, in the energy of character of her famous grandmother, Maria Theresa, queen of the Hungarians.

Historians of the period all agree that had the Duchesse of Angouléme been queen of France, instead of being a princess without influence, Napoleon would have hesitated in taking the step of leaving the Isle of Elba to return to France.

In about the year 1826, the theater actor, whom we have heretofore seen, was the owner of the violin in order to better his fortunes, removed from Paris to New York, bringing the instrument with him. He was very skilful in performing upon the golden-voiced fiddle, which for several years brought him both fame and money. But there came a time when the theater actor, not having the good Duchesse of Angouléme to patronize him, found himself without money. In the year 1836, as the story goes, we find that for a small sum of money he left his fiddle at one of the music stores in the city of New York. About this time Bradley Martin visited this store, and the pledge placed upon the violin having expired, he purchased it.

There are three stories about Bradley Martin's buying the violin. As all three are good ones we give them to the reader just as we heard them.

In the year 1836, Bradley Martin, whose home was in Central New York, had been up to Albany making such purchases as he thought

necessary to take with him to Michigan. Just as his purchases were about completed, several of his young men friends gathered around him and began to talk. One said: "Bradley, what are you going to take to Michigan with you?" "Why," said Bradley, "I have bought some carpenter tools, a shoemaker's kit, some dishes and a fine lot of good books." "Oh! is that all? I tell you what, you must buy you a fiddle to keep from getting lonesome."

Then another said, "you must buy a good violin; I know where one is now in pawn in New York city." "Let us go and get it," said Bradley. On the morrow they all went down the river to New York city, where Bradley Martin bought the golden-voiced violin.

Mrs. Helen Beach Tillotson, of New York, says that the violin was purchased by Gov. Troop, of New York, for his nephew, Bradley Martin, who brought it to Michigan in 1836.

Miss Ellen Kimball, of Owosso, says Mr. Martin told her a friend of his took him into a shop in New York, where he purchased the violin to take West with him. She remembers the instrument very well with its yellow back made of curly maple. She says: "I can now recall a good many dances which I attended where the Jacksons furnished the music. Morris and Richard Jackson, at that time, owned only one violin between them, and they used to loan this of Mr. Martin. At one time I attended a leap-year party given in the old Corunna house. The names of ten girls were printed on the invitations and all ended in "ie" and I was very proud to see my name in print.

"I can remember Libbie and Jennie Barnes, Libbie Stewart, Mollie and Sarah Williams, Nellie Kimball and my sister Libbie Kimball. Margaret Kimberly from Corunna and Hattie Ferry and Lucy Dennis, from Byron, were there. I met Mr. James B. Wheeler there for the first time. The music at this ball was furnished by the Jackson's, and Bradley Martin's violin was used."

Last summer when the violin came into my possession for a short time I showed it to Miss Mabel Ferry, for I was quite anxious to hear what she might say about its beautiful form and golden voice. I found her quite busy with her pupils, and while waiting, took the violin out of its case that I might have it all ready. Miss Ferry surprised me by saying: "You have a sweet-toned violin there. See this long, slender neck, and look at this scroll, see how thin and delicately it is carved. Yes, I knew you had a sweet-toned violin the moment I saw it." All this time she had been adjusting the strings to the violin, but had not yet made a sound upon it. Then using her own bow she played upon

the instrument, trying it at that time for its resonant qualities, which seemed to be excellent. She stopped playing and said, "This violin has been repaired. Some one has had the top off." Then she showed me a couple of spots not far from the base of the instrument, saying, as she did so: "Some one who was a smoker has owned this violin. See where he has set it on fire and filled the burned places with wax."

She also said, "This has been to dances." I answered, "Yes, to a great many dances."

At that time I was greatly surprised at what she told me, but afterwards learned that dance music is played invariably upon the middle or lower register of the finger board of the violin, and that the strings being pressed in two or three places for many years wear a place for the fingers to fit into on the board.

The next morning I took the violin back to its present owner, Mr. Charles Jackson, and asked him these questions before I told him of Miss Ferry's story. "How did those black spots come on the violin?" He said: "When I got it from your uncle Bradley there was only one spot there, and he said that when he bought it in New York they told him at the music store that its former owner, a theater actor, was a smoker and that it had caught fire from the sparks from his pipe.

"The other spot was caused by my own carelessness. At one time, many years ago, I was playing for a dance in Gould's hall. I went out with the rest of the musicians to get something to eat and left the violin, and when I came back some of the boys had gotten the old fiddle out of its box and in some way had punched a small hole in it just at its base. This I mended as best I could with wax."

I again took the violin to Miss Ferry, who played on it "The Cradle Song." It was very sweet, and its plaintive notes seemed to reach the heart. Miss Ferry then said, "That is the kind of music which should be selected for your violin."

Miss Ellen Kimball says: "At one time when I was visiting at Uncle Martin's with my mother, the violin was brought out and while we were talking about it Mr. Riley Crawford, a Methodist circuit rider, who was also a guest, came in. He at once caught sight of the violin and took it up as if he had found a treasure and began to play dance music 'opera rell,' 'money musk,' etc. My mother rather joked him about a Methodist minister playing dance tunes, when he replied, 'Oh, but those are good and we cannot afford to let the devil have all the good tunes.' "

Chapter V.

You will remember that in my last chapter I told you how Miss Mabel Ferry had stated to me that our violin had been repaired and that some one had taken off the top. I do not know how Miss Ferry gained her knowledge of this matter, for upon a careful examination of the old fiddle I found no misplaced varnish nor any undue amount of glue anywhere upon it surface. But Charles Jackson informed me that in about the year 1884 he had sent it to Mr. A. O. Revenaugh, of Jackson, to be repaired for "wolf notes." In a letter written at the time Mr. Revenaugh gives Mr. Jackson the following bit of information: "The sound post was nearly punched through the top, so I let in a piece on the inside. The post had been moved around so much and was too long. The post should just stand up when the violin is unstrung. It is all right now so just let it alone and give it a fair chance. I think it is fine."

At another time Mr. Revenaugh said: "When I had the top off I noticed at some period in its eventful history that its bass bar had been changed." Here then was the solution of one of the mysteries that had clustered around the old fiddle for years. We knew from whom it received its golden voice, but where did it get its strength to stand the strain when the strings are screwed up to modern pitch; for you must know that the original bass bars put in by the Italian master as well as those bass bars that were placed in violins at the period when ours were made have all become too weak for the modern high pitch. The bass or sound bar which is one of the great nervous regulators of the fiddle is a bar of soft, fine, even-grained pine about ten inches long, which extends along the top of the fiddle in a slightly oblique direction underneath the left foot of the bridge. It is glued the whole length, to the top of the fiddle. The old time bass bar was short and flat in distinction to the modern one we have just described.

When Lyon and Healy, of Chicago, wrote me about Breton's violin they mentioned the fact that his instrument should be adjusted in order that they might meet the requirements for modern pitch and tone.

"Yes," said Mrs. Adelaide H. Parkill, "those were good times. I attended my first ball in the county at the Shiawassee Exchange about the year 1843, going with Mr. Andrew Jackson. My brother Norman was there also.

"The old landmarks are passing away. The Shiawassee Exchange

is gone and the Phillips' house or Beaches' tavern, as I used to know it when I was but a young girl, is burned. And the people who lived in them and made them so jolly and gay are gone. Those were good old days. It is true we went to balls and dances but they meant more to us and we made more of them than they do now a days. Oh, for the good old days. In those times traveling tailors made clothes for the men. My brother, Horace, made shoes. We always had to give up the warmest corner at the old fireplace to him for his shoemakers' bench. But then we did not mind that very much, for when he got his leather ready to pound with his hammer upon his lapstone he would whistle with his tapping until we were all quite merry. Horace made music when he whistled and we all loved to hear him.

"I was greatly interested in the dresses worn by the ladies. They were of an old pattern, and must have been made for their mothers or grandmothers. The Tilson girls were there from Hog Island. One wore a blue and the other a black silk. I shall never forget those dresses and just how they looked.

"We began in the middle of the afternoon, dancing contra dances and reels and then we always wound up with a grand march.

"I was well acquainted with Wealthy Rowe and I saw Mr. Charles Jackson there as a little boy. Morris and Richard furnished the music. Years afterwards when I was in Corunna I went to the building that was erected for a car shop, but which was then used for a furniture factory, to get some picture molding, where I saw Mr. Morris Jackson. He said to a fellow workman, 'I know that lady. I have fiddled for her to dance lots of times.' About fifteen years ago when the doctor and I were attending the pioneer picnic at Byron it began to rain and we hurried over to town and went into one of the hotels. I knew the place. We were in the old tavern in which I attended a dance many years ago."

In the forties Byron was still the largest town in the county. It is true it had lost its chances of becoming the county seat for in the arrangement of the towns of the new county it found itself twenty miles from the center, whereas the first map made Byron the center. The country was new and Byron was looking for other and better things.

There was the capital for instance which was about to be removed from Detroit to the interior of the State and why should not she try to get that? So she was thoroughly aroused to the occasion. A new tavern was built with a bar, sitting, dining and above all an immense ball room, and it was upon the occasion of the dedicatory ball that oc-

curred the story which we have to tell. Of course the services of Morris and Richard Jackson were hastily secured. But this was to be no ordinary ball, so the committee in charge sent away to Pontiac for a musician. It was known that he was to bring with him a real violin and not a common everyday fiddle. This fact was widely advertised and the whole community was waiting in happy expectation of the event.

Early on the first day of the ball Morris Jackson rode into Byron at an early hour. But upon his arrival at the tavern he was surprised to learn of the coming of the Pontiac musician with his violin. Mr. Jackson was not afraid for himself for he was an accomplished violinist, but he had brought with him his one fiddle only and he knew that would not do, while the Bradley Martin violin just at that moment was in its bag hanging on the wall of Mr. Martin's house, eight miles away. He was a man of resources and something must be done. His brother Richard, or as he was familiarly known in the county "Dick" would not arrive in Byron for two hours, and he must be consulted. So he composed his soul, and went away with the rest to watch for the stage, which was to bring to town the strange musician and his violin.

Reader, did you ever see the stage drive into Byron or Owosso? If you have not then you have lost a great event, one which will not repeat itself. When the stage approached the town and arrived at a certain point on the main street, then all was life and horses, driver and passengers were eager to reach their destination.

While the horses dashed along up the main street the driver blew on a long tin horn right merrily. Just at the right point, opposite the tavern, the lead horses swung around in a grand curve and drew gracefully up in front of the tavern with a sudden stop.

The travelers got out and with them the dreaded violinist and his fiddle. Just at this time Dick Jackson arrived and Morris hastened to him with the news. Then said Morris: "Get on my horse and ride to Bradley's and tell him what we have met here, and that we must have his fiddle. Don't stop there but come back at once and be sure and bring the fiddle." Thus it was that faithful Dick, tired as he was, and without dinner, went galloping along the roads and through the woods to Knaggs' bridge.

Morris Jackson waited with patience and after dinner the violinist from Pontiac brought out his instrument and began to tune up, and get ready for the three o'clock dance. Mr. Jackson said: "You have

a good fiddle there." "Yes," said the stranger, "I can drown out any three fiddles you have got in the county." "Oh! is that so? Let me see it." And Mr. Jackson took it and found that while the violin was loud, it was not resonant and did not possess that charming quality of sweet tones which made the Bradley Martin violin so famous among its many friends.

It was three o'clock and it was time to call on the first dance, but Dick with the violin had not arrived. Morris Jackson then tuned up his own fiddle, occupying all the time but keeping his eye on the door for his brother, whom, he knew, was sure to come. Just as they were forming for the Virginia Reel and but a moment or two before it was time for the music to begin, Dick Jackson came into the room and went over to his brother and placed the old fiddle in his hands. It took but the twinkle of an eye for Morris to have it out of its bag, and as he was beginning to thrum its strings, the violinist from Pontiac, held the dance for a moment and said: "What have you there? Where did you get that fiddle?" Morris said: "It is one we have here in the county." "Oh," said the violinist and began the music.

Above the noise from the swaying of the feet, above the scraping of the second fiddles, above all the music that then and there gave forth its joyful melody, the Bradley Martin violin could be heard, rich, clear and sweet.

Some of the friends gathered in the rear of the room and heard its wonderful qualities and one went forward at the proper time and informed Morris Jackson of the violin's great victory.

Chapter VI.

One evening last summer I brought home the old violin, took it out of its case and placed it upon the table with my books. There I left it for the time.

I had just returned from Newburg where I had been gathering facts for this story, but where I met a gentleman who told me a wolf story, and I was very anxious to retain all the facts he had given me. I arranged my material and began writing. Strange as you may think it, I found it difficult to write about the wolf, with the violin in the room. I had written: "Not far from the bridge in Newburg, on the north side of the road, on a high bank overlooking the river, in days now gone, there stood the cabin home of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Chalker," —just at this moment I looked up from my writing as if to catch a

view of the cabin as it stood on the hill overlooking the river, and I caught sight of the old fiddle. There, under the gas-light, its golden varnish was wonderfully bright. For a while it was not the wolf story I was thinking about, but my thoughts were all on the violin. I even took it in my hands and as I turned it over, I thought of its history and of the wonderful story it could tell of Napoleon Bonaparte and of the royal family of France, of whom Madame, the Duchesse of Angoulême was a member. "Ah, yes, old violin, if you could but talk how many romances as well as tragedies you could relate of those famous people and their country." Here I stopped and resumed the wolf story.

"Mrs. C. D. Chalker, whose name was Caroline, was the daughter of Hosea Baker. It was when she was first married that she lived in the lonely cabin that once stood on the high hill which overlooks the Shiawassee river. At one time while her husband was away from home, up the river looking after some timber, Caroline found a wolf in a trap not far from the cabin door. Was she frightened? No! The daughter of Hosea Baker smiled at the thought of fear. She bravely carried the wolf, trap and all, into the cabin where she securely fastened the animal in one of the rooms, and then waited for the coming of her husband. Night came, but Mr. Chalker did not. She built a fire in the fireplace and then waited. But as night deepened that captured wolf began to howl. Then to make things more dreary and dismal, it began to rain. In the distance another wolf answered the captive's howl. This bark or yelp was answered by the captured wolf, and the cabin in its lonesome place was soon surrounded by many howling wolves. They attacked the door, but Mrs. Chalker was equal to the occasion. She seized the axe and with many a well directed blow, managed to keep them from the door. All night long she watched, waited and fought the wild wolves, for the pack did not leave the cabin door until morning light broke."

It was nearly midnight when I ceased writing my wolf story. It had excited me, and as I listened I heard a strange, weird noise. At first I thought it came through the open window, but no, it was nearer me than that. I was not afraid, but it was a most dismal sound to hear. It was like the howling of the wolves, but not nearly so loud. It was low and distant in its sound, and at times I could scarcely hear it. It ceased altogether and then began again. It was then I heard the clear distinct sound of the thrumming of a fiddle. I arose from my seat in great haste and went to the violin. I took it in my hands, but I heard no sound from it whatever. I laid it down again, this time

not far from the window. I took a seat across the room from the fiddle, and as I was about to make myself comfortable in an easy arm chair, I surely heard the violin say these words: "Ketchewondogoning," "Knaggs Post," "That is where I loved to stay." I quickly settled myself down into the easy chair and listened. This is, the story heard from the old fiddle:

"I do not know how I got to Knaggs' Post, but when I came to a river I stopped for a long time. At last I heard a loud voice saying, 'Mr. Martin, if you do not want that fiddle of yours wet you had better take it out of the box and carry it across the river.' I had never heard the word 'fiddle' applied to myself before, and I cannot tell you how shocked I was. The noise of opening the box greatly alarmed me too, but Mr. Martin soon had me out. I was securely tied up in my bag. Those horrible violin-cases did not come into fashion until many years after this time. That is the reason why I came to be tied up so snugly in a violin bag. Mr. Martin carefully tucked me up under his arm and then mounting his horse rode down the bank and across the river. When we reached the other side there was quite a crowd of men waiting to give us welcome, but I soon found out that the welcome was all for Mr. Martin and not for me, and was obliged to keep out of sight in my bag. But as soon as we had crossed the river we went down the stream until we came to the post. There Mr. Martin dismounted and went inside, where he at once hid me under his blankets. This I did not like very well, but I could not help myself, so there in the dark I quietly bided my time.

"That same night I heard one of the men ask Mr. Martin about his violin, only the man called me a 'fiddle.' But I was soon overjoyed to hear Mr. Martin say that after supper he would play for them. That evening, while the fires were burning brightly, I was taken out from under the blankets where I had been concealed for so long.

"I was not familiar with the tunes Mr. Martin played, but I know that they were all simple airs. Oh, how I longed for my old master to come and play one of the choice selections he brought with him from Paris. I know that I was vain, but I wanted even those men to hear my beautiful voice. But, no, Mr. Martin said that was enough, and back I went under my blankets, where I stayed this time a great while. At last I was taken out and carried through the woods to a log-house which Mr. Martin had built in a beautiful place in the woods on the side of a hill. I, still in my bag, was placed high on the wall of a pretty room in which there were many books and pictures. This charm-

ing place I thought was to be my home. It is true that it was for many years, but in the end, you shall hear, I was doomed to wander here and there over the face of the earth like a gypsy.

"For several years Mr. Martin, as a bachelor, lived in this house. Many people, often ladies, came to see his beautiful grounds. Sometimes Mr. Martin would invite his guests into his house, where he would entertain them by showing them his books and pictures. Then if they stayed to luncheon, invariably he would take me down from the wall and would play gay tunes for them to dance. These little dancing parties took place in front of the house under the old log porch. On those days I was fairly wild with happiness.

"On one occasion Mr. Martin took me with him to the public meeting held at Ketchewondogoning. We met in a large log-house, where the fire was built upon the ground in the center of the room. The smoke from the flame escaped to the outside through a great square hole in the roof. The people, as they came in, formed in a great circle around the fire. They had met to see the Indians hold their green corn dance.

"I was so placed that I could hear everything, and I was having a good time, when a gentleman was introduced to Mr. Martin, who at once took me out of my bag and placed me in the stranger's hands and bade him play. I may as well say that this gentleman was Mr. Morris Jackson. And how he did play! At last my beautiful voice was heard in this new land.

"The crowd was wild with delight. There were a number of ladies and girls in the room who came forward to have a look at me and I was pleased. I distinctly heard some one speak French words and as I looked up I saw before me a tall and graceful girl. She was very pretty as I saw her that day. Her name was Angelique Bolieu, and the people about her were urging her to sing. Ah, said she to Mr. Jackson, your violin sounds to me like a wild, sweet voice from France. Mr. Jackson then played a piece with which she was familiar and she sang for us in a clear, high soprano voice. I was delighted with her.

"The singer had no more than finished when I caught sight of a face I knew to be that of a lady. She was not far from me and I could see her well. Now I have always been quite proud of my own good looks. There is my delicate scroll head, and my long and slender neck, both of which all admire, but when I saw this lady I blushed with confusion. She was fair, with blue eyes, and her hair was a lovely blonde. Then she stood so tall and straight with an air about her that was

elegant. I heard her call her sister Irene, as she went away. It was then I wanted to be put into my bag and taken home, but no, that very night I was loaned to Morris Jackson who carried me away into the woods to a dancing party in a log-house.

"I have now lived in this county sixty-seven years and have heard and seen strange things. I have heard many people wonder why it was that Bradley Martin remained in Antrim at the home on the hillside. Was there a mystery about it? Yes, the greatest of all mysteries. If Bradley Martin had gone away from the log-house on the hillside he would have left behind him that blonde hair, those blue eyes and that elegant form, 'The beauteous being who unto his youth was given.'"

THE SMALL PERILS OF HISTORY.

BY JUDGE JAMES V. CAMPBELL.[1]

Read at the Annual Meeting of the Society in 1888.

It is the chief purpose of this Society to gather and preserve the materials of history. And the office of history, as we all know, is to keep true records of the past for the instruction of the future. It is unluckily true that all history is not reliable. It is not true that it is not generally safe to receive it, if properly scanned and compared. The great errors we all have to look out for. We all know that it is sometimes written by zealots, who see nothing that is not on their side, and color or omit all inconvenient facts. It is sometimes written by narrow and bat-eyed men, who do not see or appreciate many things for want of mental force and discrimination. It is sometimes written by pompous men, who think small affairs beneath its dignity. But it

[1] James Valentine Campbell, jurist, was born in Buffalo, N. Y., Feb. 25, 1823, son of Henry Munroe and Lois (Bushnell) Campbell. In his infancy his parents moved to Detroit, Mich. He was graduated at St. Paul's college, Long Island, N. Y., in 1841, and was admitted to the bar in 1844. He was master of chancery in the state and federal courts, and was elected to the supreme court of Michigan in 1857, and re-elected in 1863. He filled a chair in the law-school of the University of Michigan from 1859 to 1884, and was instrumental in furthering the cause of education throughout the state. He edited Walker's "Chancery Reports" (1845), and published "Outlines of the Political History of Michigan" (1876). He was a frequent contributor of historical sketches and poems describing pioneer life in the west, and of essays on question of the jurisprudence, and on the polity of the Protestant Episcopal church to periodical literature. He died at Detroit, Mich., March 26, 1890.

is hardly necessary to count up all the causes which make history a somewhat inexact science. I do not propose to spend all the time allotted to me in speaking of the great dangers. There are many that are generally reckoned minor perils, which are more likely to arise from the methods of a society like this, and which are more serious now and then than they are always supposed to be. They cannot all be put in classes, although some may be. To refer to any considerable number will be like compiling a table of *errata,* which is generally more useful than entertaining. But the work is at least of some use, and seems to be worth attempting. The present sketch is by no means exhaustive. It will leave room for many more such essays.

It may be well to say something in the first place of the work of our own association. The nine large volumes already printed represent a great many papers, and contain a great many historical facts, or assumed facts, and such inferences as are drawn from them. It is well enough to point out in the first place some of the mistakes which we have made in our own methods. The collections have already assumed public importance, and it is our business to recognize an obligation both to preserve the truth and guard against errors. We are not responsible for the original accuracy of our papers, but we are at least bound to publish them accurately.

A most serious and unusual error was committed in the beginning, and has been repeated by not, when possible, submitting to every writer the proofs of his articles. No one, however plainly he may write, does not leave in his manuscript some occasional obscurity. One word may often be mistaken for another, where either makes sense, but not the same sense. Proper names are especially subject to such errors, and a change of a single letter in spelling may change the personality. Abbreviations are especially open to mistakes, and the more so when the copyist or printer has not a complete familiarity with the subject, and has not gone over the same ground with the writer,—and this seldom happens. It may also sometimes happen that the writer himself makes a slip of the pen that he would recognize and correct at once when the matter appears before him in print. In some, and I do not know how many, of the volumes most of the articles were published from copies made by copyists of probably usual care, but with no accurate knowledge of old affairs, and necessarily liable to error. One not familiar with the names of persons and families referred to, especially of another nationality, can very seldom avoid mistakes in spelling. An *i* may be left without a dot, or a *ç* without the *cedilla.* There

is frequent confusion between *u* and *n; a e i* and *o* are interchanged; and as our predecessors were not much more careful with the gray goose-quill than we are with the metal pens in their signatures, their *paraphe,* which was usually accurate, is more reliable to one not familiar with their names, than the written signature. French accents and other literal peculiarities are not attended to. Family names are mistaken for titles, as for example, *Cavelier de* La Salle, is often translated, the *Cavalier de* La Salle. In the case of public men, and of Frenchmen generally there is usually no difficulty in getting the true name from church, public or family records, and no reason for adopting supposed orthography against them. My own hand has never been a bugbear to printers, and I am a pretty old inhabitant, yet my name is frequently misread. I do not know of any article in these volumes not reproduced from print, and containing several names, in which there are not instances of such mistakes as I have mentioned. This class of errors cannot often be charged to culpable carelessness. The work has been done conscientiously. It is due to a failure to consult the authors quite as much as too hasty inferences.

In some of the volumes it appears that the editors or copyists undertook in part, if not throughout, to adopt a uniform spelling of names, without reference to the spelling of the writers whose work was copied. This ought not to be done. It leads to some danger of confounding different persons, and it sometimes gives just offence. It is no uncommon thing for members of the same family to adopt different spelling of the family name, purposely, and for reasons which they deem adequate. It is not unfrequently done to restore the relation with some past generation. It is sometimes done to accommodate pronunciation. The forms, however different, have usually had some significance, and a peculiar spelling sometimes enables us to identify a historical period as well as a source of information, and find an additional test of accuracy; corrections, if attempted, should be in notes.

Passing to more general sources of mistakes which are not peculiar to any society or period, reference may be made to some things where we are liable to be misled by reason of our historical antecedents in two other nations, the French and the English. As we are an English speaking people, we expect to resort to translations for our knowledge of the French period, and the records of the French people here, as well as elsewhere. The same would be true of the Indians if they had any literature. The fact that they had none rendered their names and

their dealings subject to the carelessness, or knavery, or ignorance of interpreters. It is the common testimony of public men that an Indian interpreter never acknowledges ignorance of the meaning of anything and the version he gives to each side of the meaning of the other is sometimes ludicrously, and sometimes wickedly false. Aside from such misconception, a difficulty has often arisen from the difference in vocal organs of interpreters of different nations. The French writers have always preserved the sounds of Indian names more uniformly and correctly than any others. In their reproduction of words and sounds of all but the Iroquois, there is no difficulty, even where there is some difference in spelling by different authors, in tracing identity. But the Dutch and English, as well as American interpreters do not seem to have been able to catch or repeat sounds so accurately. We have nothing in English to represent either the guttural or the nasal sounds common in Indian language. One of the most striking illustrations of this is found in the attempts to spell the Iroquois name of the place where Detroit was located. In the New York documents the index contains nineteen different forms of orthography of this name, most if not all being impossible to pronounce accurately. This list includes none of the French forms. The form adopted by Mr. Bishop from Governor Colden's spelling—*Teuchsa-grondie*—is simpler than most of them. Even the French gives some slightly different forms, owing to the fact that the Huron language has similar variations from that of the Five Nations to those of English from Scotch, or Yorkshire from Devon, and the Iroquois themselves had apparently some changes of dialect. Bishop Baraga in his admirable Chippewa dictionary shows in his own pronunciation his national peculiarity which confounds *b* with *p* and *t* with *d*. Some tribes make no use of consonants common in others. These difficulties have made it almost impossible to be sure of the identity of many places and of some persons. Anyone who reads the names of the same chiefs signed to our different Indian treaties will often be puzzled to trace their identity; and this is partly true as to the tribes. The variation from *Pondiak* to *Pontiac,* or *Tecumseh* to *Tecumthe* creates no confusion. A thick tongue or a lisp will account for either. But a person not having some knowledge of both local French and English will not at once recognize the identity of *Sonnontouans* and *Senecas, Goyoguins* and *Cayugas, Ouiatanons* and *Weas, Oumamis* and *Miamis, Ouendats* and *Wyandots,* to say nothing of scores of personal names of all kinds. One source of confusion in regard to Indian loca-

tions has been a failure to identify the same tribes or bands under different names. The Huron names of Algonquin tribes seldom resemble the Algonquin names.

One would have supposed the very general study of French would have prevented most such difficulties in translation from that tongue. But it has not done so, and very good French scholars trip up now and then. Some of the reasons for this are obvious. Some it is not so easy to get at.

When the English and Americans got into business relations with the French it became very common to attempt to spell French names by the sound. Both vowels and consonants were exchanged for others. As the votaries of the phonetic system have discovered that all English and Americans do not pronounce the same letters and words alike, it is easy to see how the variation would increase in the attempt to reproduce a foreign word. Our geography is full of these wrecks. *Bois-blanc* island is generally known to sailors as *Bobals. Isle aux galets* is called *Skilligalee. L'anse Creuse* has more than once got into print as *Long screws.* The *Chenal ecarte* of Lake St. Clair figures as *Snycarty,* and the neighboring channels fare no better. The *Riviere à St. Jean* (St. John's River) first received a French twist into *Chien Janne,* and this translated by the geographers became *Yellow dog.* La Riviere aux *Bees scies* became very naturally River *Betsey.* These are all cases of crazy phonetics. They can all be matched by attempts by French writers to give English names by sound. The Pontiac manuscript, the spelling of which is phonetic but abominable, gives faithfully by sound the names of Hay and Campbell, by their equivalents. But some names puzzled the writer more—*Gladwin* is fairly represented by *Gladouine. Hopkins* figures as *Hobiquince. Amherst* as *Amers. Macdougall* becomes *Magdou.* But many persons of temporary prominence are left unnamed, or described in some other way, evidently because the writer could not master them. *Schlosser,* the commander of Fort St. Joseph, was in this case and is not named. So was the unfortunate leader in the battle of Bloody Run, who is only described as an aid of General *Amers.* His name, however, has been discussed more or less among our own writers. Written *Dalzell,* or *Dalziel,* in Scotland, it is given by the sound in some papers as *Dalyell,* and the name is subject to similar variations with many other Gaelic family names with which we are all acquainted.

A more general source of trouble is the fact that according to the French custom members of the same family often had different names

in daily use, so that one not acquainted with the genealogy would never imagine the relationship. They are sometimes called by the name of their estates, as lairds are in Scotland, and the same person did not always use the same signature. Thus the founder of Detroit, whose family name was neither *Lamothe* nor *Cadillac,* is called by either name indiscriminately and seldom by any other. *Lamothe,* or *Lamotte* is a very common name, but formerly seldom used alone, but almost always as a prefix to some place or estate, as *Lamothe Fenelon, Lamothe Fougue* and the like. It is indiscriminately spelled *LaMothe and LaMotte.* It is supposed to refer to the mound of judgments belonging to feudal jurisdictions having plenary power. There were several *LaMothes* in Canada, and in Detroit, but probably none were related. There was a Captain *LaMothe* captured at Vincennes with Governor Hamilton. The family to which the Marquis Pierre Legardeur de Repentigny belonged had many distinguished members whose relationship is not generally known among us. He held the only *Seigneurie* in Michigan after the surrender of LaMothe Cadillac's rights. It was granted to him jointly with DeBonne at the Sault Ste. Marie, in the later days of the French rule in 1750, and the claims of his heirs were a few years ago rejected by the United States Supreme Court on very narrow grounds. Two brothers *Tonty,* who commanded at Detroit have been confounded with each other. *Mon Cuillerier,* whose family are now always known as *Beaubien,* was a conspicuous figure during the Pontiac war, and in the French manuscript is usually called by the former name. In the other diaries he is called by both names. In the French and English diaries his daughter, who was very highly distinguished for beauty and accomplishments, is called *Mademoiselle des Rivieres. Trottier des Rivieres* was the old ordinary family name. These variations make trouble with American annalists. They are only specimens out of many. They are frequent in Detroit.

It sometimes happens that two or three generations have credit or otherwise for each others conduct. The family of *Chabert de Joncaire* acted as interpreter among the Iroquois for almost a century and there is nothing in the public documents showing when one succeeded another. They are seldom named before the British days except as *Joncaire,* or some corruption of it—as for example *Jean Coeur;* and some writers have confounded this name with *Jonquiere,* who was a French Governor General. The last well known member of the family Colonel *Chabert de Joncaire,* was chosen representative of Wayne county in the legislature of the Northwest Territory in the last cent-

ury, and was a very able man. An obituary notice of his daughter, an old lady who died recently, speaks of him as having come to Detroit with Lamothe Cadillac,—a degree of antiquity that would not have been claimed by the gallant Colonel, whose descendants here are of great respectability.

In the recently printed version of the Pontiac manuscript, the careful translators have been led into a substantial error, by a failure to understand the location of the Indian villages near Detroit. The only villages there were the Ottawa village on the Canada side near Belle Isle, the Huron village at Sandwich, and the Potawatomie village then below but now within the present city of Detroit. The French name of the latter tribe being long was generally contracted into *Poux* for convenient shortness. In the manuscript it is uniformly so written. The translators throughout render it *Foxes.* The Foxes left Detroit after the siege of 1712, and thereafter continued to live west of Lake Michigan. They were always called by the French either *Outagamis* or *Renards,* those words being identical. They are referred to in the same manuscript as *Renards.* These slips are easily made. The same intelligent gentleman made a similar error in the name *Pani* (pronounced *Pawnee*) which frequently occurs and is not uniformly rendered. The Panis were all captive Indians, not merely of the Pawnee tribe but of others. The word obtained a specific meaning, denoting the condition of captivity and servitude.

In rendering into English the old French narratives and documents, sufficient attention has not been paid to the fact that old French, like old English, has many words now obsolete, and many that have changed meanings. Some common words are not found at all in the modern dictionaries, although familiar here and throughout Canada. Now and then it is difficult to know in what particular sense they were used here, without some knowledge of local traditions. Cleared lands were called *deserts* a use of the word which is said by lexicographers to have been confined to the American settlements. Dr. O. Callaghan, in the New York Colonial documents, refers to the word *minot* as signifying a quantity of about three bushels. If it ever had such a meaning (which is more than doubtful) it was not so here. The *minot* was, and probably is, exactly a bushel of sixty pounds of wheat, and our half bushel measure was always called a *demi-minot.* Our lands would yield fabulous crops if each minot was multiplied by three. In like manner translators are very apt to be puzzled about the word *pot* as a liquid measure. The "cask of sixteen pints" (or two gallons) saved by an

Indian from destruction by the squaws in the pillage of May 13, 1763, as rendered in the translation of the Pontiac manuscript, is in the manuscript one of sixteen *pots* or eight gallons,—each *pot* being half a gallon. In like manner the French *pinte,* like the Scotch pint, is an English quart. Sir Walter recalls the jeer of the north countryman at the nation that had the smallest pint stoup.

In Mrs. Sheldon's translated extract from a report of Mons. D'Aigremont on the Detroit settlement in 1708, is a similar mistake in regard to lands. It is in the original report stated that there were sixty-three lots (*emplacements*) within the Fort, and twenty nine farms (*terres*) outside. The translation leaves out the farms and counts but twenty-nine lot owners. The arable lands are there stated to be so many *roods,* when it should be *arpents* or French acres, which is a much larger measure. These differences create misapprehension concerning the extent and condition of the settlement.

Reference has already been made to typographical errors. These may involve dates and names, and sometimes entirely change the sense. In a semi-centennial article, read last June, some care was taken, in very plain typewriting, to point out that the early courts were all held by *laymen,* but the corrector, concluding no doubt that this must be a blunder, substituted *lawyers* for *laymen,* and spoiled the meaning. In the same article our venerable Judge *Wilkins* was transmitted into *Williams,* a highly respectable name belonging to some one else. Three Michigan generals named *Williams,* two of whom earned distinction in the Rebellion, have been occasionally confounded in history, where they deserve better treatment. The numerous and eminent *Macombs* have in like wise been mingled up in events running through a century. Even so uncommon a name as *Arent Schuyler De Peyster,* borne by uncle and nephew, has led to confusion of conduct and family relations, and the veteran Colonel and poet, who in his old age capped verses with Burns, has more than once been mistaken for the younger kinsman. The date of an old Scottish Lord Chancellor's death, which was set a year too late by one historian, who was followed by many others, became one of the turning points in a modern trial of a peerage case, where a forged patent of nobility was set up as issued by him several months after his death. The tombstone of a very prominent man in our own early annals has a similar error of dates.

Our streams have also led to dispute. Historians have sometimes doubted and sometimes disputed about the identity of streams and lakes. The White River country was coveted by the English, but held by the French,

in the middle of the last century, and Dr. O. Callaghan with some hesitation, and erroneously, identified it with the White River of Arkansas, instead of the Wabash county. The word Wabash (*Ouabache*) signifies white, and that river and one of its main tributaries were both called White River, in English. Many rivers were named from the tribes near them. There were several rivers of the Miamis. Two are distinguished in Ohio as the Maumee and the Miamis—different forms of the same word. Our St. Joseph river was originally River of the Miamis. So we had three Huron rivers, the Huron of Lake St. Clair, now the Clinton, the Huron of Lake Erie, still called Huron, separating Wayne from Monroe, and the Little River of the Hurons, afterwards known as the River Savoyard, running under the walls of Fort Ponchartrain, and long since disappeared. When old writers referred to any of these rivers, unless they gave other landmarks they left us in doubt.

Time itself is adding to the confusion—Bloody Run flows no longer, although some of us have seen its banks full, and known it as a mill-stream. The bed of Campau's Mill River, which a century and a half ago furnished a good water power near the present Fort Street railroad bridge, in what is now the heart of Detroit, is filled with railroad hacks and dry. A brief footnote, where any of these places are referred to, may save a good deal of controversy hereafter.

No one knows how important in settling doubts some apparently small facts may become. If this Society should attempt to weed out its own collections the wheat might perish with the chaff. If contributors look out for small as well as great blunders, and if the Society takes care to follow copy explicitly, while perfection will not be reached, many imperfections will be avoided.

LEAVES FROM AN OLD TIME JOURNAL.

LAKE SUPERIOR IN 1847.

BY E. C. MARTIN.

The Government land surveys were in progress in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan and were fast approaching the extreme western portion where the boundary line was to be established and the town lines closed thereon that season. Engaging myself as compass man to the surveying party of William A. Burt and Sons, we left Detroit on the 14th of May, 1847, on board the steamer *Sam Ward,* bound for Sault Ste. Marie. We steamed up the St. Clair Flats and laid over until daylight next morning, as it was not considered safe to undertake to cross after dark as the channel was very crooked and the water very shallow, making it necessary to have the skill and judgment of an experienced navigator and requiring daylight and fair weather. As soon as it was morning we made a start and, after much twisting and turning, successfully passed the flats, but stirred up the mud pretty thoroughly.

We landed at New Port, a little town located on the St. Clair river, and the home of Samuel Ward, the proprietor of several lake steamers he built there. We had a very pleasant passage across Lake Huron and landed at Mackinac at 9 a. m. on the 16th, and remained there several hours. We visited the Fort, a beautiful structure situated 150 feet above the Straits and occupied by one company of soldiers. The town of Mackinac is pleasantly located along the shores of the straits. The buildings are mostly small one-story affairs, composed of logs and boards, and many of them covered with cedar bark. We clambered up the heights of the Island where old Fort Holmes was captured by the British and Indians in the war with England in 1812. We also visited Sugar Loaf, a lime rock fifteen feet high by eight or ten feet in diameter, standing on the highest point of the Island. Like many before us we inscribed our names. In passing through the Thousand Islands on our way to Sault Ste. Marie, at the mouth of Saint Mary's river we saw very much fine scenery. Many of the islands, varying in dimensions and composed of lime rock, had trees and shrubbery growing from cracks and fissures in the bare rocks which appeared not to have soil sufficient to sustain a growth of any kind. In some places the

distance between the rocks was not adequate to allow two steamers to pass, and looking ahead the length of the boat one would think the end of navigation had been reached, but the pilot by a quick turn of the wheel would give the boat a sudden turn to the right or left, and shoot through another narrow passage, making one feel that it needed the skill of a wise navigator for such a crooked and tortuous passage. We left the island and reached the channel of the Sault Ste. Marie river and had fair sailing until we struck Lake George Flats, where we again stirred up the mud for some distance. We landed at Sault Ste. Marie on the 17th, at 10 p. m., and remained on board till morning and then went on shore and pitched our camp on the common in front of Fort Brady. We visited the fort which is located near the bank of the river a little below the town. It is a small enclosure surrounded with pickets, or logs, about twelve feet high and sharpened at the top so it would be a fair protection from Indians but would be of little defense against the big guns of the present day. The town is composed mostly of log buildings, covered with cedar bark and scattered along the one main street leading from the steamboat landing at the foot of the Rapids to the water's edge on Lake Superior, a distance of one mile. There is a population of three or four hundred, mostly French and Indians, whose occupation is fishing and trading with the Indians for their peltries. The year before two sailing vessels, the propeller *Independence* and the side-wheel steamer, *Julia Palmer,* were drawn over the portage into Lake Superior; the latter was wrecked in the fall of the same year. We left the Sault on the 18th, at five p. m., on board the propeller *Independence,* for Keweenaw Bay. The vessel was a slow old craft, but the only steamboat on Lake Superior at that time. We had a very rough passage to Copper Harbor, where we landed on the 20th at 10 a. m.; camped while the boat went over to Isle Royal with supplies for the mining camps before going to Keweenaw Bay. We took latitude at Copper Harbor by the solar compass which gave 47° 27′ and magnetic variation 4° 45′ east.

22nd. The boat returned and we left Copper Harbor at 3 p. m. and landed at Keweenaw Bay the morning of the 23rd at 7 a. m. We had three ponies on board and they swam ashore. As the water was very cold and it was a long distance from shore it seemed like very harsh treatment to the poor brutes. The men and supplies were landed with small boats. It being Sunday we went to an Indian Methodist Mission church. On the west side of the bay there is a Catholic Mission conducted by old Father Baraga, a Jesuit Missionary who has been

with the Indians for a great many years and has great influence over them.

24th. After breakfast we prepared for business. We first arranged our packs and took them to the top of a very steep hill that ascended very abruptly almost from the water's edge to an elevation of sixty feet or more. Judge Burt was the first man who shouldered a one-hundred-pound bag of flour and started up the hill, and did not stop until he laid it down at the top. Of course that was an invitation for the boys to follow their leader, but some of us found it pretty hard work. At this point we loaded up the ponies and arranged the packs from seventy-five to one hundred pounds, according to the capacity of the men, and started into the woods on an old Indian trail that led from Keweenaw Bay to Lake Vieux Desert, a distance of Indian travel of about seventy-five miles. This trail shows marks of being very old and has probably been traveled by the Indians for many years. The first day we packed five miles, weather warm and some showers.

25th. Weather turned cold and heavy squalls of snow. We packed six miles and camped on Pine Plains. This was a day that tried men's courage as the brush was loaded with damp snow, and there were several heavy squalls of snow through the day.

26th. When we arose this morning the ground and the brush were loaded down with two inches of damp snow, which made our surroundings look very dreary for our march. About 10 a. m. we left the Plains and came to the valley of Sturgeon river, where we had to construct a bridge for the ponies to cross as the water was too deep for them to ford. We had also to bridge several swamps, as they were too soft and mirey for the ponies. When we packed up for a start this morning our packs were very heavy, having more than we could carry at one load, and we had to leave part behind and go ahead, for what we called one heat, and lay them down and part of the men go back and bring up the remainder of the pack while the others were making another heat forward. When we had all the packs up one heat we found one man missing; so Harvey Mellen and myself went back on the trail to look for him. When we reached the old camp we found the man's pack and returned with it to report. Judge Burt went back to find him and found that he had gone to the lake to look for passage home. This poor boy, after many trials and hardships, reached home, and died from smallpox before our party returned in the fall.

I was with Austin Burt, it being my first year's experience in running lines with the solar compass. As I remember we were camped

at the corner of the south boundary of town 44° N. between range 37 and 38° west. When Judge Burt and party came to our camp we had run the boundary line from Lake Vieux Desert to Lake Brule, a distance of about fifteen miles. He related his experience with the Indians while he camped at Lake Brule, which was quite a settlement. The Indians came across the Lake in great numbers in bark canoes, and appeared to be wonderfully excited and formed themselves in a circle around the camp, when their chief, or head man, presented Judge Burt with a package very securely wrapped in several pieces of birch bark. He examined it and found a paper which purported to be a treaty made with the Indians by one Captain Cram, who had been sent there by the government to establish a boundary line between Michigan and Wisconsin, from Lake Brule to Lake Vieux Desert, thence from a point on the west shore of Lake Vieux Desert to a point on the head waters of the Montreal river. It claimed that all white men passing through the country thereafter should pay them tribute. Mr. Burt felt that Captain Cram had far exceeded his authority, and had placed him in a very embarrassing position. Not having been notified of Cram's arrangement with the Indians, he had come into the woods with a small party of men and had packed his supplies on men's backs from Lake Superior, a distance of nearly one hundred miles, and felt that he had no more than would be needed to carry him through the work. He finally handed the paper back to the chief, and told him, through his half-breed interpreter, that their Great Father at Washington had bought their lands of them, and he had just as good a right to be there as they had, and if they made him any trouble he should report them to the Father at Washington, and he would send his soldiers and they would remove them all west of the Mississippi river. This talk was a great surprise to them, but they seemed to realize their situation. He told them that he would make them a present, and share with them the supplies he had. He spread out all his packs of flour and beans, showing them what he had, and divided with them generously. The boys gave them all the tobacco they could spare, which seemed to please them, and they became quite friendly, and before they left, Mr. Burt bought a nice piece of venison of them which they brought into our camp, and which made a fine feast for our supper. The next morning Judge Burt and party started on the trail for Lake Vieux Desert to continue the boundary line from the west side of the aforesaid lake to the head waters of the Montreal river at a point formerly established by Captain Cram. Judge Burt followed the course laid down by Cap-

tain Cram, but when he struck the river, a distance of about fifty miles, he looked up and down the stream for a long time, and found a cedar post, and well established corner on the bank of the stream supposed to be the head waters of the Montreal river a wide distance from where he intersected said river. After measuring his intersection and correcting the true course of the line, he had to run, measure and establish a true line all the way back to Lake Vieux Desert. His line struck a chain of small lakes and much swamp and wet land. The variation of the magnetic needle was very changeable, so he was obliged to run all his lines by the sun by the use of the solar compass, which was his own invention, and an indispensable instrument for the surveyors of the mineral regions of Lake Superior. Owing to the great amount of rain and cloudy weather he was so delayed beyond what he had anticipated, that his supply of provisions became short, and for several days we were on very short allowance, and had to depend on the fish we caught with hook and line in the lakes, when we heard the welcome shout of the packers, who had started from the Lake to meet the hungry party. In a short time we had a hearty meal of pork and bread, with steaming coffee, and forgot our hardships and trials in present joys.

My recollection of the men who assisted with this survey, comprises Harvey Mellen, compass man, of Romeo, Macomb county, Michigan; Levi Stone, of the same county, and Edwin Hall, of Erie county, New York, were chain men and Marvin Terrell, of Macomb county, axman. The six packers were French and Indian half-breeds.

THE OLD BANK OF MICHIGAN.

BY FRIEND PALMER.[1]

THE EARLY CURRENCY OF MICHIGAN.

Up to 1775, nearly all of the trade of Michigan was carried on by barter. Different classes of peltries had certain standard values, which bought the merchandise needed by the inhabitants. Those doing a large business, however, employed bills of exchange, and some of them were of very heavy amounts. We have before us a letter-book of A. & W. Macomb, dated back as far as 1777, which makes reference to sundry bills drawn upon their correspondents at Montreal and elsewhere, ranging from thirty pounds to 40,000 pounds, and upwards; one bill as high as 53,740 pounds 18s 8d. For the want of currency, it was the custom in those days for merchants here to draw in various small sums in favor of their friends going to Montreal. The fur trade was at that time very heavy. We see it stated in one of the letters, that a single shipment contained peltries amounting to 30,000 pounds. The Macombs appeared to be engaged as agents for the British government as well as extensively employed in the fur trade. They were intelligent merchants, and must have carried on a very large business in the way of exchanges. Gold and silver coin constituted the currency used in all small transactions among the people. Yet these precious metals were found to be too scarce for public accommodation, and great inconvenience was experienced for the want of fractional currency in sums less than a dollar. Shinplasters were not thought of until Henry S. Roby's invention a few years after. A substitute was devised however. The silver dollars, halves and quarters were respectively cut into four quarters, thus furnishing a coin, which though current at a standard valuation, was exceedingly inconvenient to handle. To feel in one's pocket containing one or two dollars worth of mixed change of this description was like thrusting one's hands into a pocket full of hob-nails. It was, in fact, commonly known as the hob-nail currency, and the feat of feeling for a sixpence was often attended with the letting of blood from the finger ends, and accompanied with loud execrations. Pontiac, the noted Ottawa chief, is said to have issued bills of exchange that were for a while current among the French

[1] For biography see Vol. XXXII, p. 463.

and Indian traders. His bills consisted of bits of bark, with an inscription representing the article delivered, with the figure of an otter the totem of his family, underneath. To his credit, it may be said, that these bills were faithfully redeemed.

THE FIRST BANK OF DETROIT.

Specie, in its various forms, constituted the chief circulating medium for all the minor transactions in business, in the territory, for many years; but great inconvenience arose from the want of a sound commercial medium of exchange. On the first day of the organization of the Board of Governor and Judges, a petition was presented by Russell Sturges, Henry Bass, Benjamin Wheeler, Samuel Coverly, Nathaniel Parker, Bazillary Holmes, and others, representing that they were merchants on the Atlantic coast, and interested in the peltry trade in Michigan, and that they experienced great hazards and inconveniences in the transmissions of specie to so great a distance, and for that and other reasons, praying for the passage of an act of incorporation for a bank at Detroit. The result was that on Monday, September 15, 1806, a bill was passed incorporating the first bank ever established in the Northwest, called the Bank of Detroit. The existence of this institution, however, was brief. Its bills continued to circulate until 1809, when its charter was revoked by Congress. The old Bank of Detroit occupied a building on the corner of Jefferson avenue and Randolph street.[1] It was subsequently occupied by the Bank of Michigan. From 1809 to 1819 there was no local currency in Michigan. The bills of the New York and Ohio banks constituted the chief paper currency, and many of these proved to be almost worthless, and the business men suffered great embarrassment and loss in consequence. This state of things finally resulted in an effort to establish a bank that would deserve the confidence of the people. This was achieved through the

ESTABLISHMENT OF THE BANK OF MICHIGAN.

The old Bank of Michigan was incorporated by the Governor and Judges in 1818. The following gentlemen were the corporators: John R. Williams, Henry J. Hunt, Peter J. Desnoyers, Stephen Mack, James Abbott, and others. Upon the organization of the bank, John R. Williams was appointed President, and James McCloskey, Cashier. A small portion of the stock only had been subscribed. The bank went into

[1] The present site of the Major Kearsley residence.

operation with very limited means, and did but a small business until 1824, when David Stone, a capitalist of Massachusetts, and his associates in New York, took up the balance of the stock, which was limited by the act of incorporation, to $100,000, with the privilege of increasing it to $500,000, under certain restrictions, at the option of the stockholders. Mr. Stone and his associates took about two-thirds of the stock, the balance being owned in Detroit, of which only about $16,000 was all the actual capital that had been paid in. The Board proceeded to enlarge its capital in the fall of 1824 by the additional payment of $20,000, when Gen. Williams resigned the presidency, and Peter J. Desnoyers was appointed in his place. The Eastern stockholders selected a Mr. Day, of Springfield, Mass., to take general charge of their interest, who moved to Detroit in the fall of 1824, and after remaining here a short time returned, and reported, confidentially, that he was fearful that all was not right in its management and declined to act any further in the matter. The stockholders became anxious in reference to their interests, and immediately sent on Eurotas P. Hastings, Esq., then teller in the Bank of Geneva, as a general agent to investigate its affairs, and to remain at Detroit as one of the directors, if he so chose. Mr. Hastings, knowing nothing of the affairs of the bank, as reported by Mr. Day, accepted the appointment, and arrived here on the 1st of February, 1825, and at the election of directors on the 5th of February, Peter J. Desnoyers, Eurotas P. Hastings, DeGarmo Jones, Ralph Wadhams, James Abbott, Darius Lamson, and Henry J. Hunt, were chosen, who, at their first meeting re-elected Peter J. Desnoyers president. At the same meeting a committee, consisting of Messrs. Hastings, Hunt and Wadhams, was appointed to investigate the affairs of the bank, who, upon application to the cashier for the purpose of discharging the duty assigned them, were refused access to the books and papers, on the ground that a committee had recently investigated its affairs, and reported that all was right. The committee, in a day or two afterwards, peremptorily demanded the books, which were surrendered into their hands, and upon a thorough examination during the day, a defalcation of $10,300 was discovered, which was reported at a subsequent meeting of the directors. Upon calling the cashier before them, he claimed that the books were not fully posted, and declared everything to be correct, and in proof of his assertion, exhibited his cash book, which, upon a slight examination by Mr. Hastings, confirmed him in the opinion that the business had been very carelessly conducted, if there were not palpable evidence of fraud.

A DEFAULTING CASHIER.

At the solicitation of McCloskey the committee gave him a few days for the purpose of re-examining his books, which he promised to do, and report at a subsequent meeting. On the day appointed he made some explanations which were not satisfactory to the committee, who assembled the directors, and formally reported a defalcation of $10,300. He appeared before the Board, treated the matter contemptuously, made some slight apology for not keeping his books in better condition, asserting positively that everything would be found all right. The committee deemed it necessary to appoint Mr. Hastings to examine the books and papers from the beginning of the career of the bank, which was a laborious task, requiring some three months of careful investigation. At the close of his examination he reported to the Directors that his first discovery of the defalcation of $10,300 was confirmed. In the meantime, Mr. Desnoyers resigned his post as president, and Mr. Hastings was appointed in his place.

AN INTERESTING INVESTIGATION—ALTERCATION BETWEEN TWO BANK OFFICERS.

The directors, relying upon the statement of Mr. Hastings' report, in regard to the defalcation, appointed that gentleman, DeGarmo Jones, and James Whipple, the latter a clerk in the bank, to count the money, and to take possession of the keys of the vault. The committee, on the next day, proceeded to discharge the duty assigned them, and unexpectedly found the funds to agree with the cash account. In the meantime, Mr. Hastings had placed in his hands by the late Governor Woodbridge, at that time Collector of the Customs, a letter from Charles J. Lanman, Receiver of Public Moneys at Monroe, enclosing a receipt signed by McCloskey, as cashier, for some $40,000, as a special deposit, demanding Mr. Hastings' name in addition. Mr. Hastings declined to sign it, and requested Mr. Woodbridge to write to Mr. Lanman to withdraw his money, or else, if he preferred to leave it, he (Mr. Hastings) would pledge himself that the funds should be delivered up. Mr. Lanman's funds had been kept in an open box in the vault. The committee being aware of Mr. Lanman's letter, and suspecting that a tale might be unfolded, resolved to count the money in the aforesaid box, and upon proceeding to do so, the cashier denied that any receipt had been given for it, excepting by himself personally, and he insisted that the committee had no right to examine it. They persisted, however, and found

the box, which had heretofore been kept open, tightly closed—nailed up. Upon Mr. Hastings remarking to him that it had formerly been kept open, and expressing his surprise to find it closed, Mr. McCloskey indignantly denied that it had ever been kept open. Mr. Hastings then locked the vault and took possession of the key, and in passing out from behind the counter, an interesting scene ensued between the new president and the old cashier. The key was made of brass and some nine inches long. McCloskey made an effort to recover it, by attempting to wrench it from the president's hands. A scuffle took place, first in the bank, and then on the sidewalk, McCloskey having hold of the smooth part of the key, and Hastings that portion which enters the lock. The struggle was a vigorous and protracted one. Hastings was resolute and McCloskey was desperate. The parties changed their base of action two or three times, first within doors, then on the steps, then on the sidewalk, and finally the scene closed by the interference of DeGarmo Jones, who, much excited, clenched McCloskey, and Mr. Hastings secured possession of the key, thus being in his full right as president of the bank. The Board of Directors, assembling in the evening with the committee, sent for McCloskey's bondsmen, a justice of the peace, the sheriff, a constable and two disinterested young men, and in the presence of the persons assembled, the box in the vault containing Lanman's money was opened. They counted the money and found the sum of $10,300 less than the receipt called for. At the same time, there was discovered the figures 10,300 in pencil on the wall and near the door of the vault. A search-warrant was immediately taken out, and placed in the hands of an officer, for the purpose of satisfying the bondsmen, although the committee, by their investigations, were confident that no money would be found in his possession. The officer discharged his duty, and reported nothing in McCloskey's possession. He was immediately removed as cashier, and the sole management of the bank placed temporarily in the hands of Mr. Hastings. The bondsmen came forward with a proposition that the bank should sue McCloskey, and if a judgment should be rendered against him, that they would secure one-half of the amount. The proposition was accepted. On the next day Major Jonathan Kearsley, then Receiver of Public Moneys of the United States for the Detroit Land Office, entered the bank, much excited, stating that McCloskey had applied to him for a loan of $10,300, complaining that he had not been apprised of the defalcation before. For, as he alleged, he was about to count out the money for him, and would have lost every cent of it if he had lent it. He was quieted by Mr. Hastings informing him that as the

application had been made by Mr. McCloskey as cashier, the money would have been restored to him by the bank.

APPOINTMENT OF CASHIER.

During the same year, and shortly after the transactions above alluded to, the Eastern stockholders were desirous of sending on a cashier qualified to discharge the duties. But the directors had previously selected Charles C. Trowbridge for that post, whom they deemed entirely qualified, and he accepted the appointment, and in the autumn of 1825, entered upon the discharge of his duties.

LOOSE MANNER OF DOING BUSINESS—A NEW SYSTEM INAUGURATED.

The rigid examination which was instituted by Mr. Hastings, developed a novel mode of doing banking business. He found some forty thousand dollars in bills discounted, past due, none of which had been protested. It was of course the first duty of its chief financial officer to see that this large amount was secured, a work which was entered upon in good earnest, and very satisfactorily accomplished, the Bank, we believe, losing only about $300 in all. A portion of this indebtedness was secured by lending to the business men who issued the paper, a further amount to aid them in their business, giving them longer time to pay, in easy installments. In the course of some three years, the whole capital stock of the bank—$100,000—was paid in, and by its able management it was regarded as one of the soundest banking institutions in the country. It was in fact the only bank in the Northwest. It did business on the liberal principles then practiced in all of the Western cities. Its charter was an exceedingly liberal one, permitting the circulation of three times the amount of its capital, and in addition, once the amount of specie on hand. The line of discounts was frequently nearly up to the amount permitted. No institution that has been subsequently established in the State has done more to develop the substantial interest and prosperity of the people. Scarcely any enterprise that was undertaken in Detroit, or elsewhere in the State, that was not dependent upon the old Bank of Michigan for the material aid in prosecuting the same. It possessed unlimited confidence at home and abroad, and the increasing demands of business required that its capital should be increased to the extreme amount—$500,000.

THE RELATION OF THE BANK TO MICHIGAN.

Upon the opening of a portion of the public lands of the territory to settlement, in 1818, the tide of emigration began to set in this direction. Macomb, Oakland, Washtenaw and Lenawee counties first attracted the attention of emigrants. But it was not until 1830-31-32 that there was anything like a general rush to Michigan. When the counties further west and along the southern tier became known, the people were wild with speculation and excitement. As an agricultural district, there appeared to be no superior. The older counties we have named above, had, within the twelve or fifteen years, become somewhat populous, while Hillsdale, Branch, St. Joseph, Cass, and Berrien were the favorite localities attracting thousands of hardy adventurers seeking new homes in what was then considered the far West. Farm houses, mills and villages began to spring up all through the southern part of the State, and north into Jackson, Calhoun and Kalamazoo. The rush at the land offices was enormous. Money was abundant, and everybody appeared to be prosperous. The Bank of Michigan established a branch at Kalamazoo, which for a while did a profitable business, and was found to be an important adjunct to the mother bank, as well as a great convenience to the people in that section. It afforded a valuable medium in promoting exchanges and in furnishing a sound local currency. Most of the securities that were furnished the bank at that period, were based upon improved real estate or wild lands, eligibly situated. There was then but little cash capital in the State excepting that furnished by the bank. Of the ultimate safety of the securities upon which its discounted paper was based, no one doubted. Yet, the question would sometimes be raised, whether, in case of a temporary pressure or panic, the bank would be able to sustain itself, a question which was affirmatively responded to in the minds of everybody, from the fact that, besides its able management, it had strong and influential financial connections with Eastern bankers and capitalists, who would sustain it under all circumstances. But it got entangled with the United States deposits and burdened by loans to the State of Michigan, and finally became a victim of party proscription.

We have thus traced the outlines of the history of the old Bank of Michigan, from the commencement of its career, when Michigan was sparsely settled and in a state of territorial dependence, up to the period when the Territory began to expand into importance almost ready to take its place in the family of states. During that time, the

bank was an important agent in encouraging the enterprise and industry of the people, and in developing the material resources of the country. But it was reserved for the bank to fulfill a more important sphere during the period that followed between 1830 and 1840. It became a gigantic institution, having a large capital, and its deposits sometimes amounting to nearly three millions of dollars. It had intimate business connections with all of the prominent banks of the country, and its bills circulated as freely in Texas, Louisiana, or Maine as in Michigan or Ohio. It was made a depository of the public moneys of the United States government, and nearly every prominent man in the West and in the far Northwest had more or less business with its officers.

THE OLD BANK OF MICHIGAN.

From the year 1830 to the close of the business of the Bank of Michigan, its history was closely interwoven with the commercial interests of this city and State, and as a financial institution none stood higher in the country, and few Eastern banks had larger resources, or credit more generally respected throughout the country.

The appointment of Hon. C. C. Trowbridge, as cashier, in 1825, was a fortunate event for the bank. A young man of excellent business habits, of great probity of character, and, by his previous business relations, intimately acquainted with the commercial interests of the Northwest, no man could be found better suited for the responsible situation. Besides possessing firmness of character and a mind and habits adapted to the details of banking, he was noted for his suavity of manners and kindness of heart. Yet, we believe, he never suffered these qualities to interfere with the stern duties of protecting the interests of the bank, so far as those interests came within his sphere. It has been said of Mr. Trowbridge, that the most earnest applications for loans, coming from his personal friends, would be declined by him when it was not safe or convenient for the bank to discount, with an air of kindness and politeness that really did the applicant almost as much good as the loan itself could have done, if it had been obtained. There are few bank officers of the present day who can say "No" more firmly, and at the same time give less offence to customers than was Mr. Trowbridge's habit. Inexorable, and yet courteous, he never gave offence. With these traits, it may well be supposed that he was an invaluable bank officer, and that the administration of his department gave high satisfaction to the friends of the institution.

Oliver Newberry was one of the earliest customers of the bank. It

will be recollected by the friends of that gentleman, that he was somewhat imperious and headstrong in his intercourse with men, and was obstinate and exacting withal. He had his own way of doing business and demanded of others acquiescence in his views and conformity to his plans. One of the first acts of Mr. Newberry after the bank had passed into the hands of Messrs. Hastings & Trowbridge, was to demand exchange at par, a favor which had been granted him under its former management, and which he insisted was his right. The bank demanded one-half per cent. Newberry became alienated, withdrew his deposits and commenced running it. He, however, soon found that that would prove a losing game, and as he was largely interested in government contracts, and needed the benefit of the currency, which was really the best in the West at that time, he changed his policy, and for many years was one of its most profitable customers and truest friends. On one occasion, during a monetary panic, which extended all over the country, Mr. Newberry had a large contract with the government on his hands. He needed $20,000 to carry him through. He had inferred that the chance of getting the money from the Bank of Michigan, was out of the question. He, however, called at the bank, stated his case to Mr. Hastings and applied for $5,000, expressing his belief that he could obtain the residue of the sum needed at some of the Eastern banks. He stood before the president with his hat in his hand, his body partly turned around as if in the attitude of making an abrupt exit in case his application was rejected. Fortunately, the bank was in a condition to accommodate him. Mr. Hastings said: "Make your note for $20,000 and we will discount it." The old Admiral's face lit up with joy. The note was immediately produced, and the enterprising applicant soon put the money into circulation. He required but a short time to realize on his contract. He made a large sum of money, and without the knowledge of the officers of the Bank of Michigan, until their quarterly account was settled in New York, he had caused $40,000 to be placed to the credit of the bank at the banking house of John Ward & Co., in New York. An explanation of so generous an act was asked. Said Mr. Newberry: "When I asked for the loan of $5,000, which I was afraid I should not be able to get, you gave me $20,000. I made money in the operation, and I am willing the bank should have some of the benefit of it."

In 1832, the Bank of Michigan was selected by the government as one of the depositories for the safe-keeping and disbursement of public moneys, under a system introduced by General Jackson, designed as a sub-

stitute for the old Bank of the United States. There was some difference of opinion between the officers and some of the stockholders as to the expediency of using those deposits as a basis of circulation. Mr. Hastings, the president, we believe, was opposed to it. But, unfortunately for the bank, as the sequel proved, Eastern stockholders advised it. Official assurances were given to the officers that the deposits might be used for commercial purposes. The bank, for a long time, paid the government two per cent for the use of their funds, a circumstance indicating that it was expected by the Secretary of Treasury that the money would be loaned, or else why should he have received the stipulated interest? The bank used the deposits as other depositories of the government had done. Our business men were furnished with loans, and every facility was provided for the commercial wants of the people. But suddenly, in August, 1836, Mr. Woodbury's famous specie circular was issued, and a general collapse of all the banks followed. The Bank of Michigan stopped specie payments in May, 1837.

Mr. Trowbridge resigned his post as cashier, in 1836, and was succeeded by H. K. Sanger, Esq., who at that time was cashier of the Utica Branch Bank, at Canandaigua, N. Y. Upon assurances from Mr. Henry Dwight, of Geneva, N. Y., one of the principal stockholders of the bank, that everything was in a sound condition, and liberal inducements being offered, Mr. Sanger accepted the appointment, and entered upon the discharge of his duties just after the specie circular had been issued. At the time of the issue of this circular the bank owed the government a little over two million dollars, and had on deposit to its credit with its correspondents at the East, over $1,900,000, and had ample means in coin and solvent bank notes to have paid all other liabilities. Mr. Hastings advised that the bank should receive no more government deposits, and close up the account with the Secretary of the Treasury as soon as practicable. But Mr. Dwight, and his friends, at the East, were of the opinion that it would be profitable to the bank to retain the deposits, and promised to stand by the institution in case any emergency should arise. Their opinion was that coin would be as plenty as bank bills had been and there could be no question about the policy. Mr. Dwight was an eminent banker and a large capitalist, and was connected with able capitalists in Massachusetts. It seems, however, that he did not fully comprehend the condition of the bank, nor was his prophecy in regard to the abundance of coin sustained.

Mr. Sanger continued his connection with the bank from 1836 to 1841, though we believe he acted strictly in the capacity of an executive

officer, and assumed no responsibility in the control or direction of its affairs. During the period of his connection with it, and growing out of circumstances beyond his control, his duties became arduous and complicated, and, as the sequel proved, unfortunate for himself. No man in this country has gone through a more varied experience as a banker than Mr. Sanger. He commenced his career as a bank clerk at Utica, in 1824, where he subsequently served in the capacity of teller in the branch of the United States Bank, until 1835, when he was appointed cashier of the Utica Branch Bank at Canandaigua, remaining there until he was called to Detroit in 1836. During his connection with the Bank of Michigan, he made hosts of friends, and built up an honorable reputation that belongs to the commercial history of our city. Just previous to the closing up of the Bank of Michigan, Mr. Sanger was reappointed cashier of the Utica Branch Bank, at Canandaigua, whither he proceeded, and was the chief financial officer of that branch until the charter of the mother institution expired in 1850. The successful manner in which the affairs of the bank at Canandaigua were closed up reflected the highest credit upon Mr. Sanger and afforded financiers in the state of New York occasion to bestow the highest encomium upon his ability and success as a banker. It may be said to his credit, also, that during his administration of the affairs of that bank, he never lost a debt or made an enemy. At the close of Mr. Sanger's career at Canandaigua, he was appointed cashier of the Michigan Insurance Company bank of Detroit, and has been connected with that institution ever since, until the first of September, 1903, when, from enfeebled health, he was obliged to resign. His record since his connection with the Michigan Insurance Co. is an honorable one, as all of our citizens having business connection with that institution will attest.

In the fall of 1839, the Dwights becoming dissatisfied with Mr. Hastings' administration of the affairs of the Bank of Michigan, sought to effect a change, and induced Mr. Trowbridge to accept the presidency, which he did, somewhat against his own inclination. Previous to the closing of its business it was supposed that an advance of $200,000 would enable it to weather the storm. The Dwights advanced that amount, and subsequently contributed $100,000 more. After a full and deliberate examination of its affairs, it was ascertained that the further sum of $75,000 would be needed in order to carry it through beyond a peradventure. This was declined and the bank was compelled to go into liquidation.

From the suspension of specie payments in the spring of 1837 up

to 1842, the officers were engaged chiefly in securing the large debt due the bank, and paying off its liabilities. Though up to 1839 the bank apparently continued to flourish, yet the officers were painfully apprehensive that without further aid from the Eastern stockholders, which had been promised, a crisis would sooner or later be reached. Henry Dwight visited Detroit personally to inspect its affairs. It was shown that but $75,000 were required to carry the bank through triumphantly, and Mr. Dwight was appealed to for the loan. A memorable scene is said to have occurred in the bank parlor on this occasion. The dominie (Mr. Dwight had once been a minister) waxed eloquent. He arose from his chair, and, with great emotion, said: "Gentlemen, we can furnish no more funds, we are exhausted, exhausted, exhausted," and after thoughtfully pacing the floor a few minutes, resumed his seat. It was hinted that he preached a sermon on the occasion that was not very acceptable to the presiding officer, the principal ground of objection being that the application followed too closely after the text. At the conclusion, a solemn pause ensued, which was finally broken by Mr. Desnoyers. "Well," said he, "Mr. Hastings, we selected you as her pilot of our little ship, and you steers him on the rock, and he must sink. I'm very sorry for you, but I'm more sorry for der ship." Mr. Desnoyers used often to give a graphic description of the scene, and his imitation of the dominie's manner and language, when he exclaimed, "We are exhausted," was inimitable, the more so from the fact that it was uttered in broken French accent, followed by a peculiar laugh, the echo of which rings in the ears of some of the bank officers to this day. The Dwight family were among the heaviest capitalists of New York and Massachusetts, and were not only largely interested in the Bank of Michigan, but also owned two banks in Cleveland, one in Buffalo, and one in Springfield, all of which, we believe, had been selected as deposit banks by the government, and all shared a common fate from a common cause. Indeed, we believe there was not a deposit bank in all the West that was not ruined by reason of its agency for the government. The Farmers' and Mechanics' bank, of Detroit, was also a deposit bank and shared the fate of the others. Though its stockholders, instead of suffering the loss to fall upon the depositors, sunk nearly the whole capital of the bank, amounting to $400,000, in paying its debts. Various expedients were resorted to by its owners to save its charter, which was done. It has passed through various hands during the past twenty years, and with an amended charter still continues to do business, but has not fully re-

covered from the effects of the collapse of 1837. The old State Bank of Michigan was also obliged to succumb to the times, and its owners lost a large sum during the speculative mania of "wild cat banks."

It will be recollected by our readers, whose memory goes back to the general suspension of specie payment in 1837, that our legislature passed a general banking law, of such a liberal character that there were few of the inhabitants of the State who could not afford to start a bank. The capital stock was based upon landed property, amounting to three times the value of the stock, but a very small amount of specie being required. We have not space here to give a history of this extraordinary banking era in Michigan. It will suffice to say that, in about a year, some fifty or sixty of these institutions sprung into existence. In nearly every case they were conceived in fraud, and intended as swindles. Lands that were used as the basis of their capital were appraised at fabulous prices, and a few thousand dollars of specie, borrowed for the purpose of making a fair show, on the occasion of the periodical visits of the bank commissioners, sufficed for a commencement. The State was flooded with this worthless currency, and much of it found its way into the sounder institutions, whose officers always took the earliest opportunity to pay it out. The wild cat system had but an ephemeral existence. We believe these banks were all wound up in about three years, and the chartered institutions of Detroit, especially the State Bank of Michigan, suffered largely in the end.

One great difficulty that our banks experienced in successfully closing up their affairs, was the passage by the Legislature of what was called the two-thirds law,—a law which provided that a debt might be cancelled by turning out real estate, which should be appraised at two-thirds of its value. Great frauds were practiced under this law, and heavy losses accrued. Another obstacle was interposed by a decision of Judge Whipple, that the protests of endorsed paper that had heretofore been issued were invalid and illegal, thus enabling all endorsers that were disposed to avail themselves of the decision, to refuse payment. The ordinary form of protest that had been in use for fifty years simply notified the endorser that the note or bill had not been paid, and that the holder looked to the endorser for payment. Judge Whipple maintained that it was also necessary to embrace within the form of protest the fact that the note or bill had been presented for payment and was refused. Heavy losses occurred from this cause. So many circumstances combined against the Bank of Michigan, that

finally it was compelled, in 1841, to make an assignment, and subsequently its assets were placed in the hands of a receiver, and sold at an immense sacrifice.

Of the original Board of Directors of the Bank of Michigan, DeGarmo Jones, James Abbott, Peter J. Desnoyers and Darius Lamson continued to act during its entire career.

Peter J. Desnoyers was a safe adviser, and had much influence with the Board.

But to Mr. Jones, more than any one else, did the officers of the bank look for counsel. At all times, and under all circumstances, his judgment was implicitly relied on, and seldom did he err. Though not a banker, by profession, he proved himself to be an able financier and a safe counsellor. As a cool, prudent, and successful business man, he had large influence in our city, and was honored with many posts of distinction by his fellow citizens. The history of Mr. Jones is one replete with instruction, and full of encouragement to our young men. He commenced his career at Detroit as a drummer boy, at the barracks of Fort Shelby, and worked his way up until he was assigned a position among the most prominent and successful of our merchants, a position which he honorably maintained until the day of his death. He left a large estate, situated in the most desirable part of the city.

The history of banking institutions, as fiscal agents of the government, has a moral that should not be disregarded. The old United States Bank was made odious for exerting an undue political influence; whether the charge was right or wrong, we will not undertake to say. A powerful political party made war upon it, and succeeded finally in overthrowing it. The deposit banks of 1837 were the creatures of mere political caprice. They were subject to influences controlled rather by politicians than by bankers, and as we have seen in the case of the old Bank of Michigan, were liable to be abused. Party policy demanded at one time that the government funds should be loaned for the uses of trade and commerce. The government consented to take two per cent. as an equivalent for the use of these funds. The money was loaned without any previous intimation of a change in policy; and greatly to the detriment of the banking interests of the country and disastrous to the commercial interests of the people, a party exigency demanded that the deposits should be paid in specie. The specie circular was issued, and general bankruptcy and ruin ensued.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

BY E. LAKIN BROWN.

[Edited by his daughter, A. Ada Brown[1].]

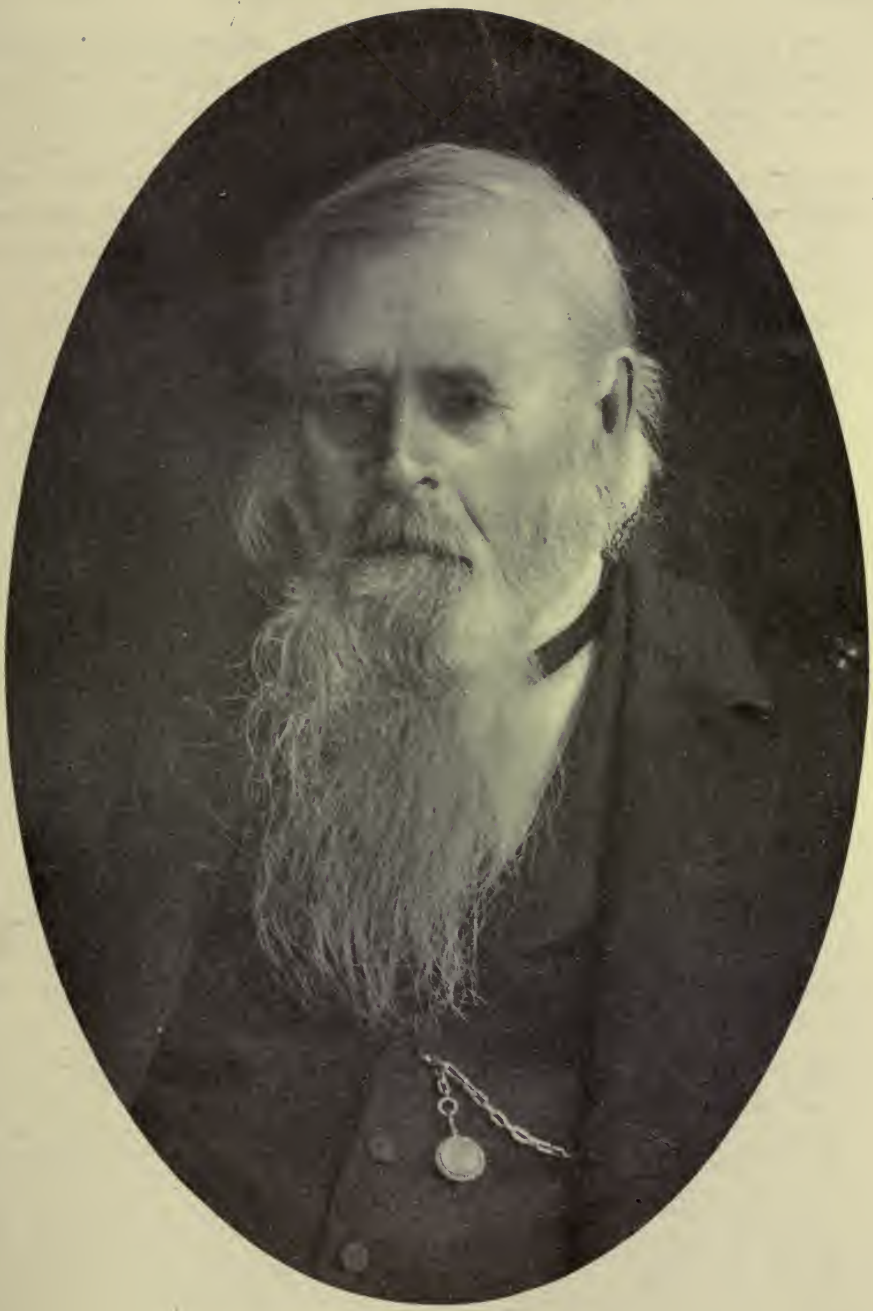
At the extreme old age of nearly eighty-three years I begin to write the history of a life, whose importance and success, if compared with the lives of those whom the world calls successful business men, or with any of those who have attained eminence in any of the higher callings and pursuits of life, would seem to be utterly insignificant. Yet, with respect to most of those among whom I have lived, and having regard to my early opportunities and advantages—or the want of them,—my life has been not wholly unsuccessful. It is only at the urgent request of my children, and in the hope that it may be a gratification to them after I shall have passed away, that I have undertaken this brief sketch of my life history, and it is uncertain at what point the infirmities of age, or the ruthless hand that shuts the book of life of every mortal, may bring it to a close.

I have never kept a journal, and almost no records of circumstance or date to which I can refer; and it is almost entirely upon memory that I must rely for the facts of this biography; consequently it must necessarily be meager and incomplete both in regard to facts, incidents and arrangement.

I was born in the township of Plymouth, Vermont, April 16, 1809. My father and mother, whose maiden name was Sally Parker, were of pure New England stock; my father, Thomas Brown, being fourth in descent from John Brown of Hawkeden, Suffolk county, England, who married (April 24, 1655,) Esther Makepeace, of Boston, England, and immediately sailed for America and settled at Watertown, Massachusetts. My mother, daughter of Ebenezer Parker, was born in

[1] The "Autobiographical Notes" were written by my father in the fall and winter of 1891-1892, at the solicitation of his children, in order that they might have an accurate record of the events of his life to which to refer. There was at the time no thought of publication, and my father therefore wrote in a more familiar and unstudied way than he otherwise would have done. I have thought best, however, to make but few changes.

Since my father's death (which occurred on April 12, 1899) we have felt the need of having more than one copy of the Notes. Friends also have expressed a desire to have them published. Aside from their Autobiographical interest, as a story of the life of a man of strong personality who was an important factor in the settlement and early history of this part of Michigan, these notes have additional value, since they furnish an authentic record of pioneer life and experiences before the days of railroads, that may be of use to the future historian of the State.—Schoolcraft, Mich., June 27, 1905.—A. A. B.



E. LAKIN BROWN,
Schoolcraft, Mich.,
Taken at the age of 81 years.

Westford, Massachusetts. I was the third—the eldest son—of a family of eleven children, five sons and six daughters, all of whom, except one—Joseph, who died at the age of ten years,—grew up, and became the fathers and mothers of families.

The township of Plymouth is situated in the midst of the Green Mountains, its west line being nearly coincident with the ridge dividing the waters that flow into the Connecticut River, from those that flow into Lake Champlain. The mountains, or hills, rise in many places by a gradual but a pretty steep ascent, and were, eighty years ago, pretty well wooded; while in other places they are precipitous, bare, rugged mountains, especially where they face upon the water courses. The face of the township is in general, rough and rugged, with some plateaus of tolerably level, productive grass land, originally swamps. A hard, rugged country to settle and live in.

My father had a small farm about half a mile south of what was known as Plymouth Notch, where a tavern house of two stories—the outside walls lathed and plastered, a fashion much in vogue there in the early days, owing, I suppose, to the abundance of lime which was manufactured in the town,—a small store and a blacksmith shop were all that rendered it conspicuous.

The town was settled almost exclusively by people of New England birth, and largely from Massachusetts. My grandfather, Bowman Brown, moved from Lunenburg, Massachusetts, to Plymouth in 1789, and was the fourth settler in the township. He located on Black River, where he resided until his death, in 1806.[1] The place was then occupied by his son Daniel some seven or eight years, when he removed to Owego, New York, and was succeeded by Nathaniel, who had resided many years in Bedford, Mass. He was the eldest son of the family, and for the time and place a thrifty and able farmer. Some years be-

[1] N. Bowman Brown (whose full name was Nathaniel Bowman), was commissioned March 23, 1776, second Lieutenant in Captain Joseph Bellows' company, and Colonel, Abijah Stearns' regiment, known as the 8th Worcester county. He served in the northern campaign of 1776-7, and fought in the battle of Bennington, where (according to a family tradition) he was in command of the company, his superior officers having been killed or disabled early in the action. He was born in Lexington, Mass., July 1. 1738, and lived there until 1772, when he removed with his family and his parents to Lunenburg. He married, in 1765-6, Abigail Page, of Bedford, Mass., (b. 1745,—d. Aug., 8, 1799, at Plymouth, Vt). He was the eldest son of Daniel Brown (b. in Watertown, Mass., Dec. 21, 1703,—d. in Plymouth, Vt., Feb. 26, 1796) by his second wife (married, July 16, 1736), Ann Bright of Watertown (b. Feb. 27, 1715,—d. at Lunenburg, Jan. 18, 1780). Daniel was the eldest son of Joseph Brown (b. in Marlboro, Mass., 1677,—d. in Lexington, Jan. 11, 1766). Joseph was selectman, town clerk and constable of Watertown, 1700-1708. He moved to Lexington in 1709, and was admitted, together with his wife, 1713, to the church of which he was afterwards a deacon. He married, Nov. 15, 1699, Ruhamah Wellington of Watertown (b. 1680,—d. July 1, 1772). Joseph was the eleventh child (the last) of John Brown, the founder of the family in America.—A. A. B.

fore his death he transferred the farm to his son-in-law, Moses Pollard, who married his daughter, Abigail. Pollard continued to reside there, and raised a numerous family, but, after the death of his wife, sold out and removed to Ludlow, so that the old homestead has passed out of the possession of the Brown family. It was a noted place in the township on the river road that led to Ludlow and Cavendish. A narrow strip, sloping to the river bottom, where the road passed, the house just above the road, and then a steep ascent to the top of the mountain. The river bottom, on this farm, alone, was a pretty wide track of originally alder swamp, reclaimed at length into a most admirable and productive hay meadow. The upland was in general too steep to plow, and the meadow too wet, so that there was but a little arable land on the place, but the yield of hay was abundant, and supported a large amount of stock, while the steep upland, when cleared of timber, afforded pasturage. Time and labor made it one of the best farms in the township, but it was an exceedingly hard place, when in a state of nature, for a poor settler to occupy.

Directly to the north about three miles, and separated from the river by a mountain chain, was an elevated, uneven plateau, some hundreds of feet higher than the river valley, in the midst of which was situated the little hamlet, called the Notch, before alluded to.

The little farm on which my parents began their house-keeping consisted of some eighty or one hundred acres, extending from the top of the mountain, commonly called the Blueberry Hill, down to its base on the plateau, and across this comparatively level bit of land, and a ravine and brook, and a little beyond to the base of East Mountain, affording probably not over twenty-five or thirty acres of fairly arable land, and that in detached pieces or fields. Just at the base of the mountain was a little cottage of two rooms and an unfinished garret. The house was lathed and plastered outside as well as in, according to the fashion of the place. When I was about six years old an addition was made to the house of a fair-sized working room, a little bedroom and a buttery. Across the road was a thirty by forty foot barn, and on one side of the house a very fine bearing orchard of some five acres. The house and barn were built, I believe, by Robert Bishop, who married my father's sister, Abigail. Nearly all the arable land had already been cleared, but the woods on the west hill came down to within a few rods of the house.

My father was the tenth[1] of a family of eleven children of Bowman

[1] This I find to be a mistake. He was the eighth child.—A. A. B.

and Abigail (Page) Brown. He was but nine years old when the family moved from Lunenburg, Mass., to Plymouth. He had never had any schooling, and of course received none after; the country was new, wild and rugged, and almost without the most ordinary means of subsistence, and it required all the time and energies of the family to procure the means of sustaining existence. But my father was possessed of an iron constitution, was inured to work and entered bravely upon the task of sustaining a family that soon became numerous, on his rough little farm. He was a man of excellent judgment, strong common sense, most acute feeling, and was strongly attached to his family, and indeed to anything that was his. He was able to read, and to write and cipher sufficiently to keep his little accounts.

My mother's mother, whose maiden name was Keep, had a family of sixteen children. Her first husband's name was Hildreth. The larger number of the children were by the second husband, Ebenezer Parker. All the children lived to adult age.

Salmon Dutton, the original settler and proprietor of the village of Duttonsville, in Cavendish, Vermont, married grand-father Parker's sister. So it happened that on a visit to the Parker family at Westford, Mass., finding the children more abundant than the means of properly providing for them, he took two of the younger ones, John, aged seven years, and Sally, aged five, and carried them on horse-back, John riding behind and Sally in his arms before, to his home in Vermont, and raised them to man and womanhood. John became in due time a merchant in Duttonsville and died, while still in his early manhood, of a prevailing epidemic of spotted fever, about 1813, greatly beloved and lamented, leaving a wife and three children.

In the village of Duttonsville my mother had the opportunity of acquiring a very good education, according to the fashion of the times, which she improved to the utmost. Naturally bright, she learned easily and stood among the first in school. Very fond of reading, she became familiar with the best English authors such as Addison, Johnson, Steele, Swift, Pope and Dryden, and with Homer and Virgil through the translations of the two last named. I well remember, when a boy, hearing her recite long passages from the Iliad and the Aeneid, though she had seen neither for long years. I have known few, if any, better readers than she was. For distinctness of utterance, readiness and accuracy of comprehension and the power of conveying the exact meaning, I have never seen her excelled.

In religion, my parents were both Universalists. My mother was a

great reader of the Bible, and could generally tell instantly where any passage was to be found. She was quite fond of controversy upon religious topics. She was a great admirer of Hosea Ballou, then the great apostle of the Universalists. She was familiar with the arguments of that acute reasoner, and many an orthodox clergyman found himself *hors de combat* in a most unexpected way in controversy with her.

My father was a straight, perfectly formed man, five feet ten inches in height (weight, about 160 pounds), quick and agile. My mother was of delicate make. She had a very clear, delicate skin, a high forehead, very sensitive handsome lips, was most susceptible to pain, and altogether must have been more than ordinarily attractive in her youth. Both had black eyes and hair, black as a raven.

The outfit of a farmer in those days was very primitive and simple. A yoke of oxen, an ox cart, a sled, a plow, a log chain, a shovel and a hoe, a scythe, a sickle, a rake and a pitchfork was about all that was required.

The grain was threshed with a flail, and cleaned with a fan, generally of willow, shaped like a clamshell, and operated upon the knees by alternate motions to right and left, and little tossings up and down, with a wing held in the hand to brush off the chaff as it was worked to the surface. I was quite a large lad before I ever saw any other way of cleaning grain, when my father, in company with a neighbor farmer, bought an ill-constructed fanning mill, but a great improvement upon the hand fan.

Besides the operations upon the little farm, my father owned a lime-stone ledge, as it was called, that is, a small bit of land in the region of lime-stone, about a mile from home, and a lime-kiln, where, in the winter time, he used to make more or less, always at least one kiln of lime, the kiln containing, I think, about one hundred hogsheads. This helped materially in eking out the family expenses. The lime-making at Plymouth was for many years quite an extensive business. There was little, if any, made anywhere else in the vicinity, and people came from the surrounding towns to purchase it. The family or settlement of Shakers at Enfield, N. H., always bought their lime supply of my father, and paid in articles of their own manufacture, such as spinning wheels, tubs and pails, dry measures of all sizes, turned ware, whips, garden seeds and various other articles, all of a make and quality vastly superior to any that could be obtained elsewhere. It was always a time of great interest to us youngsters, when the old Shakers would come

with their load of goods and stay over night, talking their peculiar dialect, and discoursing upon their peculiar notions and habits. They dwelt especially upon the necessity of celibacy to enable one to live a spiritual life. I recollect that when father objected, upon the ground that that doctrine if adopted would lead to the end of the race, the old Shaker, with whom he was talking, shrewdly answered that there was no danger.

There is very little lime now made at Plymouth. The facilities for transportation and other causes have conduced to throw its manufacture into other localities where it can be done cheaper. There was a time when lime was so common an article of traffic that it became a medium of payment for ordinary debts, and store balances and other indebtedness were settled by note, payable in "lime to fill;" that is, lime to fill as many hogsheads as it would require to settle the debt, without the hogshead, that being merely a measure of quantity; whereas, if the note was for hogsheads of lime, the law would require the hogshead with the lime contained.

Another common mode of settling debts, peculiar to the time in that impecunious community, was by note, "payable in neat stock, at the appraisal of men." These notes were generally made payable on the first day of October, that being about the time of year when farmers got up their stock from out-pastures, and when merchants began to buy up cattle for the Brighton market.

But it is about time to leave these preliminaries and get at some of the incidents in the life of the hero of the story. The first remarkable thing that tradition relates is that, for some unknown reason, the good-natured babe was to be weaned at the tender age of three months. For this purpose the mother made a visit to her friends in Duttonsville, leaving the babe in charge of its father, from whose hand it drank milk from a cup, and caused not the slightest trouble from being debarred from the mother's breast. As I grew to the age of two or three years my health was tolerably good, though I was rather thin and delicate, not sufficiently robust to suit my father, and he was confident that the proper degree of hardiness could be induced by a daily cold water bath. So every morning I was taken from the bed and carried naked to the tank, a few rods from the house, and soused all over into the cold water with which the tank was fed from a mountain spring, and then wrapped in a blanket and carried in to the fire. But the reaction never took place; I grew thinner and thinner, my lips became colorless, and it was soon evident that the heroic cold water treatment must be discon-

tinued. I soon recovered my usual health and went on favorably until, in an evil day, I was sent to the district school, which was taught, or rather kept, that summer by a Miss Hawkins of Bridgewater, a person evidently unfit to be entrusted with the care of children. I had learned the alphabet at home and was advanced to syllables of two letters called the "abs." When called to the teacher's knee, I would readily name the letters, but nothing could induce me to pronounce the syllable until it was pronounced by the teacher. Finally, impatient at my refusal to say what I was not sure was right, the teacher began to threaten. She placed me upon my little bench, and, taking a string, put it around my neck and the other end around a big nail which was driven in the wall above my head; she then began to wind up until it grew tight, and told me that she should wind up until I was choked to death and would never go home any more. The scholars began to cry, the school was in an uproar, and she was obliged to desist. But the fright had been too great, I was dead sick and had to be carried home, where I lay sick with fever for some days. It need not be said that I was sent no more to Miss Hawkins' school. As soon as I was well, my education was taken charge of at home, and before the summer was passed I could read very readily in any easy reading.

I will relate another event which happened in my early childhood, not because it was of any importance in itself, but because of the effect it had upon my child mind, and the fear and trouble it caused me for long years. I will premise that from our home no house was visible in either direction, though it was but about 100 rods to the nearest neighbor on the north, but the town grave-yard was between, on the side of a steep hill, close along and by the side of which, the road ran, a little curve of the cemetery hill shutting all human habitation out of sight. One day it was discovered that a grave recently occupied by an old lady —Grandma Grover—had been robbed of its occupant; the ghouls had been alarmed at their work and left the grave but partly filled. In that quiet little community this was an awful and solemn thing, and large numbers of men were out in search of any indications of the route the robbers had taken. They were tracked across the fields down into the adjacent swamp, and it was found where a wagon had waited for them some distance out on the Bridgewater road, and there all trace was lost. It was supposed that the body had gone to the dissecting room at Woodstock, and interest in the matter had measurably ceased, when one day, as Cephas Moore was looking for sheep on a rough hill pasture, northwest of the schoolhouse, he suddenly came upon a gruesome object,

partly hidden with bark by the side of a large log, which proved to be the body of Grandma Grover. Of course, the wonder and the awe and the gloomy talk were renewed, and the result of it to me was that the graveyard became a thing of terror, and to pass it alone even in the day time was a fearful thing, and in the night a horror not to be endured. But as all our errands and communication with the world were in that direction the case was a most annoying and distressing one, and was one of the greatest causes of my childish griefs and terrors.

The year 1816 was memorable throughout New England as the cold year. In Vermont there was not a month without frost. Corn, except in some favored situations on the Connecticut River, was a total failure and the destitution of the poor was very great. The preceding year was the close of the war with Great Britain. I well remember hearing the cannon at Rutland, fired in celebration of the declaration of peace.

One morning, I think in the latter part of November, 1819, a young lady appeared at my father's door, whose advent was to prove of considerable importance to the older children of the family. She was Miss Susan F. Cook, daughter of my father's sister, Nancy. The family had removed some years previously to Keeseville, N. Y. Susan had been educated at Plattsburgh in most of the learning and accomplishments that it was the fashion of the times to give young ladies. She had come a few days before to my Uncle Nat's, as we familiarly called my uncle who then occupied the old homestead on Black River. She came to him because he was reputed to be in easy circumstances, and was intending to spend the winter there, and in the spring to find, if possible, some place to open a school for young ladies. Now Uncle Nat was one of the kindest-hearted, best men in the world, but sometimes rough in speech. One morning Susan had not risen, while the mother was hard at work upon the washing. Uncle Nat, observing this, called loudly, and chided her for lying in bed while "mother" was doing her washing. Susan arose in tears, and at once started on foot for her Uncle Tom's, and arrived as I have said, the tears still upon her cheeks. She was most warmly welcomed and it was decided that a school for the children should be opened in the "clock room," under her tuition. The necessary arrangements were soon made and the school commenced. Besides the regular school hours an innovation was introduced. Immediately after supper, one hour was devoted to dancing—instruction

and practice. The music was furnished by the hired man, Dan Foster, who was an accomplished singer of dancing tunes.

In the spring, Miss Cook obtained an apartment in the large Academy building at Chester, and taught a most prosperous school for two seasons, embracing the whole school year except the winter, which she spent for the second time with us. My sister Betsey and Abigail Brown, daughter of Uncle Nat, were pupils in her school at Chester. She was a woman of very great ability and great tact and skill in teaching. She afterwards went to Massachusetts, where she married a Methodist preacher named Fillmore, a cousin of President Fillmore. She is now (November, 1891,) living at Providence, R. I., a widow, at the great age of ninety-six years. (Mrs. Fillmore died January 29, 1893.) I owe a debt of gratitude to her for the benefit I received at her hands. She brought to our house a variety of books, of which there was great dearth, and I remember reading aloud a great part of Shakespeare's Plays, and also of lying upon the floor to represent Romeo while she painted the death scene.

Speaking of books and reading reminds me that I have omitted to speak of one affair of no little importance, that should have been mentioned before. It must have been, I think, previous to the Miss Cook episode that my mother, realizing our want of books, for we had almost none, and the whole neighborhood was equally destitute, undertook to correct the evil and obtain a supply of reading matter by organizing a Female Library Society. Accordingly, she proceeded to draft a preamble, constitution and by-laws for that purpose. The preamble was somewhat lengthy, and written with a force of argument and in a style worthy of Dr. Franklin, setting forth the necessity of such an institution and the advantages to the community that would accrue from it. She then called a meeting of all the women in the neighborhood and procured the signatures of as many as possible to the document. A small admission fee and the annual dues soon enabled them to procure a number of books, and to increase the number until it became a respectable collection. Its benefit was soon observable in the increased knowledge and taste for reading in the community, and to us it was of inestimable value. The contents of some of the books, like Campbell's *Poems,* Scott's *Lady of the Lake,* and others, we could almost recite by heart. Chateaubriand's *Attila* was a delight, and larger and more solid works were not unread.

But the time came when books were more commonly owned in the households that cared for them, and those that did not, lost their newly

excited interest; the organization was discontinued, and the books were divided amongst the former members. The affair, however, left an impression upon our family that was never lost, and a taste for reading was acquired that probably might not have been without it.

There will be no more fitting place to say a few words of my sister Betsey, her genial, lovable ways and her many-sided abilities. Bright and intelligent, she easily mastered whatever she attempted in any department of study, while in the sphere of domestic duties and household manufactures, while a mere child, she was unrivalled in the country. At that time all the wearing apparel of the household, whether for male or female, was manufactured in the family. Her deft hand spun the wool and wove the cloth for thick garments for men, and flannel for women and children, which was sent to the mill to be dressed and colored according to requirement. She wove old-fashioned coverlets, cotton and wool of the most difficult patterns, and all this when a mere girl. Drawing and ornamental work of various kinds were alike familiar to her facile hand. At the same time she was familiar with the current literature of the day and sung agreeably the songs of Burns and Moore and others that were in vogue at the time.

I think it was in the year 1820 that my father bought the farm adjoining his on the north, which had long been owned and occupied by Captain Paul Sawyer. This was a very important addition to the farm establishment. It was as a whole much more level and contained much more arable land than the old farm, and also some very good timbered land and a pretty good sugar orchard. Up to this time the farm stock was limited to three or four cows, fifteen to twenty-five sheep, of the old native breed—merinoes had not yet been introduced—, a brood mare and the colts of her production up to a saleable age. My father never kept a two-horse team, but generally managed to have a colt that in winter with the mother would make a team for the sleigh. It was his custom to make a winter journey to Boston—"going below" it was called—taking down a load of pork, cheese, poultry, etc., and bringing back a supply of salt, molasses, codfish and other family necessaries. The team was also utilized for hauling lime, doing miscellaneous teaming and making visits. He always kept a two-horse sleigh with an extra two-seated box, called a "pleasure box," and a cutter; so the winters were made seasons of business and pleasure. There was never a two-horse wagon on the place as long as my father lived. After many years, he had a one-horse wagon, the box hung on thoroughbraces, that is, leathers running lengthwise with the box. The har-

nesses, both single and double, were made with Dutch collars, that is, a strap over the neck connecting with a strong, thick breastleather. Hames were unknown to me, at any rate. Iron traces, instead of leather tugs were used. We had a splendid string of sleigh bells, the middle bell being larger than the largest orange, and the others gradually growing smaller towards each end. In a still winter evening their music could be heard a long distance, and was a most delightful sound to the eager youngsters, listening for the return of their father. Upon the whole, the long winters, with all their cold and discomfort, were merrily passed.

Upon the new farm was an old house, which, during the next year after the purchase, was repaired, altered and enlarged, and in the summer of 1821 was occupied by the family.

With the acquisition of the new farm, the farming operations were materially enlarged. The sheep became a hundred or more; the cows, ten or twelve, with a quantity of young stock. Sugar-making was the business and delight of the season for it. The well-known "Henzie place" soon became a valuable addition, together with the "Sawyer place"—formerly occupied by Emanuel Sawyer, and afterward by Eli Morgan—situated on the hill near Samuel Lynde's, and also one-half interest in what was known as the "Cutler place" on the hill south and facing the Notch. So things moved on prosperously.

It was about this time that an event occurred that caused no little excitement in the little mountain hamlet. This was no less than the announcement that an elephant would be exhibited at the barn of the Lakin Hotel at the Notch. An elephant had never been seen in Plymouth, and probably not in Vermont at that time.

In order that the inquisitive and thrifty Yankees should not get a view of the wonder gratis, the elephant traveled from one place of exhibition to another only in the night-time, and as he had to pass by our house, we were all out early the next morning to see the tracks of the huge beast. There had been a little spatter of rain in the night, that made the tracks as clear cut and distinct as possible, and it was easy to see where he had passed along by a line of distinct foot prints. But that could only be one side of him, we thought, and we hunted the road over for the tracks that should have been made by the opposite pair of feet. We were finally made to admit that the one line of tracks, showing a breadth not much greater than is made by the tracks of a horse, was all there was of it, and my imagination of the magnitude of the hughest of created beasts received a decided corrective.

During all this time—with the exception of the two winters at home with Miss Cook—down to the year 1823, when I was fourteen years old, I had attended the district school in winter, always three months and no more. The teachers, upon the whole, were fairly good, some of them very good for that day. Dr. John Lynde, a very strange and eccentric genius, was in many respects an able man. He was the author of a grammar, with a chart of parsing lessons consisting of abbreviated words, designed to teach the formula of parsing in a few lessons. The chart fell into disuse, but the grammar was quite equal to any of the multitude of grammars that have been published from time to time, and contained many acute remarks and suggestions and showed considerable scholastic acquirements. It adopted the general plan and principles of Lindley Murray, whose grammar was at that time the authority in all the schools. Dr. Lynde taught our school several terms. Charles Sprague also taught a number of terms, a pretty good arithmetician and grammarian. Some of the other teachers were quite inferior. There were no blackboards and no classifying in the modern manner, but everyone for himself, and advanced according to the progress he attained; the ablest and brightest quickly perfected themselves in any study and passed through it, while the dullards never "got there."

The better scholars in our school were adepts in Morse's *Geography,* and especially acute grammarians, parsing, discussing and disputing upon points in the construction of Pope's *Essay on Man,* and the poetry in Murray's *Sequel.* The majority were a lot of rag-a-muffins who went to school year after year, and came out much as they went in.

Perhaps it would not be amiss to give a brief description of the method of making maple sugar practiced in those primitive times, when modern improvements had not been thought of. The trees were tapped either by "boxing" with an axe—that is, making a slanting cut in the tree, cutting out a few chips—or by boring with an auger, and with the use of a "tapping gouge," inserting a flat spout, split from balsam wood, or some other easily riven wood—balsam was best—which had been riven out with the same gouge, and properly sharpened. The sap was caught either in troughs dug out of a half a log, about two and a half feet long, or, as in our case, in buckets made for the purpose. The sap was gathered in buckets and carried usually by the use of a neckyoke, made to fit the neck and rest upon the back and shoulders, a pail or bucket being attached to each end by a string and hook. It was carried to the "boiling place" and emptied into the kettle or into a large tub called a sap-holder. A kettle or kettles, hung upon a pole, resting in crotches

at each end, made the necessary outfit. In our case, a five-pail kettle and a large iron pot, the latter for heating the sap so that the kettle could be kept constantly boiling, was the arrangement. A log was rolled to each side of the kettles, and fine wood brought to make the fire between. Many a day I boiled all day long, and often until late in the night, gathering sap at intervals, with feet soaking wet in the melting snow; and never were there happier days.

I remember one day there was a quantity of sap to be boiled, and the hired man, Dan Foster, was sent with me in the morning to prepare wood for boiling, when he was to leave me alone to do the rest. Dan loved cider dearly, and he had taken so much that morning that he was in no condition to prepare the wood properly, and I worked all day with insufficient fuel and was not able to cut much myself. The consequence was that, with all my endeavors, the job was not finished at night. The next morning father went with me to the works and finished the boiling to syrup. The custom was to carry the syrup to the house to undergo the operation of cleansing and "sugaring off." There was snow and a slippery crust, till the road was reached; it had been a soft, slushy time the day before, and it froze hard in the night, so that the road was rough and uneven. Father got the syrup in two pails, and with great care and pains passed safely down the somewhat steep decline and over the fence to the road, and, with an exclamation of satisfaction that he had got over the worst of it, began to step off nimbly with his pails, when he stumbled on the rough ice, and fell forward on his face, turning the syrup into the road. I have never seen a more doleful expression of woe than he exhibited at the loss of the syrup after all his pains.

I may as well mention here another misadventure that befell me in a totally different direction. I had been sent to drag a plowed field, over at the "Henzie lot," with a large crotch harrow and a pair of three-year-old steers. I was walking by the side of the steers, not dreaming that there was a person within a half-mile of me, when all at once the steers sprang right upon me, knocked me down and ran, the harrow passing directly over me. How I chanced not to be killed is a wonder. As it was, I was pretty badly hurt. The secret and cause of the trouble was this. An idle youth, Dana Wilder, son of a neighbor of ours, had silently crawled up to a stump on the "off side" near which the steers were to pass, and when just opposite had suddenly sprung out and shook his hat, causing the sudden stampede.

And so I lived and grew, going to the district school winters, work-

ing on the farm summers, making sugar in the spring, and cider in the fall, of which we usually made thirty or forty barrels. I was, however, allowed considerable liberty to hunt and fish for trout in the little brook that ran through the farm. Indeed, I so frequented that brook, that children imputed ownership, and it was always called "Lake's fishing-brook." I had been in the habit of hunting, using a shot-gun, from the age of nine years. Father never owned a gun, but I obtained one in this way. A state law required every township to keep on hand a specified number of Springfield muskets, with a certain amount of powder, lead and flints, to be in the care of the township treasurer. Father was in all those years the treasurer of Plymouth township, and I was allowed to take one of the muskets and use it as a shot gun. I became quite expert in its use. The gun was heavy, and I could not hold it out from the shoulder, but used to run the breech back over my shoulder, bringing the lock close up to my face, and so was enabled to hold the gun at a level. I never shot a rifle till after I came to Schoolcraft. Birds, squirrels, partridges and other small game were the victims of my skill with the shot gun. Trapping woodchucks in the early spring and tanning their hides for fur was another pleasant pastime.

I think it was in the year 1822 that an important improvement in the highway leading south from the Notch was begun. As I have before said, a chain of mountains interposed between the Notch plateau and Black River, the plateau being some hundreds of feet higher than the river valley. There were two gorges where a passage was possible. One left the valley on a little table-land and a little distance east of the river, nearly opposite the house of John Taylor, one of the very first settlers in the township, and, leading directly up through the mountain, came out on level land sixty or eighty rods south of the old Gale house, where my uncle, Eli Morgan, and after him, my brother George lived for many years. The road than ran directly north, past my father's old place, the new place, and so to the Notch and on to Bridgewater and Woodstock. This was the only feasible one for the early settlers to open. A bridle-path could be made along the side of the gorge without a very great outlay, and it was gradually worked so that it was passable for wheel carriages, but it was a fearful road at best and utterly precluded any considerable travel. It was so steep that a team could draw but an exceedingly light load up, and in going down the wheel of the wagon was always chained, if the load was considerable, as was also the sleigh-runner in winter. And this was the only possible

way to reach the Notch settlement from the south for at least thirty-three or thirty-four years. Up this mountain everything must be drawn that came from the south, even all the goods from Boston.

The other gorge left the river some three-fourths of a mile farther up, where it makes a little delta of level land, now occupied by a little hamlet, called Plymouth Union. The mountains on each side of the gorge are almost perpendicular, so that the road must run right up the ravine; and this was filled with great rocks, that required a large outlay to remove before a passage was possible. The road would come out on level land about 100 rods directly west of my father's house, and where my brother James now lives.

In the year I mention it was decided to lay and open this road. It was a large and expensive undertaking for the people, but it was done and the road made passable in about two years. It is a pretty steep road, but quite within the possibilities to haul a good load over, and is now the stage road from Ludlow to Woodstock.

About the same time a road was opened over the Green Mountains to Shrewsbury and Rutland, there having been no way to reach those towns but by a detour of several miles to the south, where a road crossed the Green Mountains at a less elevation. The new road crossed the river where the new road from the Notch, called the "Gulf Road," came down to it. A "land tax" was laid by special act to raise money to build the mountain road; and, to enable those who were taxed to work the tax out, the road was divided into sections, corresponding to the tax of the parties, and they were allowed to make each his portion according to specifications. My father's portion lay on the steep side of the mountain, through a dense growth of spruce timber. He went to the work with several men, and I have reason to remember, having to carry the dinner all the way on foot; and the dinner pail, that seemed not so very heavy at starting became almost the last straw to the camel before I got there. Once there, I stayed and did what I could until night.

In 1822, father made a journey to the "Holland Purchase" country in Western New York. The way it happened was this: Two sons of Caleb Snow, an old revolutionary soldier and pensioner, had emigrated to the West, and the old man received a letter from the authorities of the town of Palmyra, saying that his son Alvah was sick with fever and ague, and had become a town charge, and requesting him to take some action to relieve the town.

Snow came to father urging him to start immediately and bring him

home. Father had a splendid three-year-old colt that had hardly been broken to harness, but he put the colt to the cutter and started. He drove to Palmyra and found Alvah, but went on to Lockport, where my Uncle Daniel, who had removed to Owego some years before, lived and was engaged in work on the Erie Canal, then being built. After a visit there, he returned, took Alvah in the cutter and started home. The weather became thawy—it was the latter part of February—and the snow mostly departed, so that he was obliged to walk most of the way, the sick boy, of course, riding. However, he reached home safely, and the house was immediately filled with a throng of people, eager to inquire about the far-famed West, what it was, and all about it. Such an interest could not now be excited by the return of a traveler from any country on earth.

On the 9th of September, 1823, my sister Betsey was married to James Smith, Jr., of Cavendish. James Smith, Jr.'s father was a member of a distinguished New Hampshire family of Peterboro in that state, of Scotch-Irish pedigree. His brother, Jeremiah, was Governor of New Hampshire, and member of Congress and judge of the United States Court during Washington's administration. Other members of the family were distinguished in various ways. James, the elder, the "Old Squire," as he was called, settled at an early day on Twenty-Mile Stream, in Cavendish, and was a man of note, and his house a place of great resort through the long years of his life.

My mother taught school in that district in girlhood, and the Smith home was her home, and a friendship was formed that lasted as long as the parties lived.

The bride was not taken home until Thanksgiving Day; James being engaged in repairing the house, and rebuilding a large sheep barn on the place where they were to live, known formerly as the McCoy place, which constituted by far the best part of Squire Smith's farm. It was decided that I should go with them to spend the winter. I was to review my arithmetic and receive some particularly valuable assistance from my new brother-in-law, in the way of explanation and demonstration of the rules, and, furthermore, to be an assistant in tending the large flock of sheep which he kept.

But James was much engaged, often away from home, and the quantum of tuition I received was necessarily limited; but the sheep were always there and I did not lack employment. But I received some benefit, for there were books in the house, and frequently company.

A word as to the arithmetics then used. There had been in use in

the schools two works on arithmetic, single copies of both of which I had seen in the schools: one was Pike's *Arithmetic,* a pretty large book of English authorship, I think. The other was Daboll's *Arithmetic.* I don't know whether English or not; but it had undoubtedly been in pretty large use, for it was a common thing to say, in regard to any computation, that it was "according to Daboll," meaning that there was no question about the correctness of the result. But the arithmetic which had superseded all others, and was in universal use throughout New England at the time of which I am speaking, was the one published by Daniel Adams of Massachusetts, called *The Scholar's Arithmetic.* It was a long book, printed on cap paper, and was wholly on the synthetic plan. Immediately after the caption of any of the divisions followed the rule, directing the process for solution. Then followed the examples, without a word of explanation or induction of any sort. Immediately below each example a blank space was left, sufficient to write down the solution in full. Most of the books to be found in the schools had been filled with these written solutions, so that they were useless so far as any original effort was concerned on the part of the pupil.

When the book came to treat of fractions, it merely remarked that fractions were of two kinds, vulgar and decimal, and gave an example of a vulgar fraction, but proceeded to say that they were of little utility, as vulgar fractions could readily be converted into decimal, and the operations were more easily performed in decimals; and there was not another word about vulgar fractions in the book: so I escaped all bother about numerator and denominator and common divisor and all that. Blessings on Daniel Adams! A few years later Adams published another work under the title of *Adams' New Arithmetic,* which was a very good book in the inductive and analytic method; neither much better nor worse than any of the multitude of books that have since been made upon the subject.

In the spring I returned home and worked on the farm, and in the winter attended the district school at the Notch, with Dr. John Lynde as teacher. The following winter I again spent at my brother-in-law's, doing the chores as before and studying geometry, trigonometry and surveying. Smith was tolerably familiar with these studies and rendered assistance when necessary. The next winter I was again at Cavendish, but went to the district school, taught by Hale Bates. In addition I studied, by Smith's advice, Paley's *Evidences of Christianity,* and recited at home to him.

While at school, near the close of the term, I was exposed to the measles, and, there being a young babe at my sister's, it was thought prudent for me to go to Squire Smith's until the sickness was passed. The old people were absent at Peterboro, N. H., and William Smith, then unmarried, occupied the home, a Miss Eunice Conant being the housekeeper. I had a pretty severe time with the measles, and the kindness of both William and Miss Conant was all that I could wish for.

After again passing the working season at home, I was sent to the Academy at Chester for the last two months of the fall term. Day's *Algebra,* Blair's *Rhetoric* and Burnap's *Astronomy* were text-books I used. A graduate of Middlebury College, Mr. Whipple, was the principal. The pupils numbered some sixty or seventy, mostly young men who were intending to add a little to the accomplishments of the district school. There were a few, however, who were preparing to enter college. I came home with the full determination to prepare for college and get a liberal education. It happened one day, soon after I had come home, that a peddler came along and from among his wares took out a second-hand Ainsworth's *Dictionary,* Adam's *Latin Grammar* and a little Latin reading book, *Viri Romae* and said that William Smith of Cavendish had advised him to call on me as a probable purchaser. The price for the whole was three dollars. Father was not at home and I had not a cent of money, and I was in a quandary. However, I ventured to run over to Mr. John Lakin's, the keeper of the hotel, and try to borrow the funds. This would have been considered a most unwarrantable liberty under ordinary circumstances. I got the money, however, and father gave me the money to repay it.

So, then, I was equipped with the means of beginning the study of Latin, and that evening attacked *Viri Romae,* and was greatly astonished that many of the words could not be found in the dictionary. I soon became aware of the secret of the grammatical changes in the words and took to my grammar to solve difficulties. Before I left Chester, I had engaged to teach the district school in the little town of Baltimore, a little three-cornered piece that had been cut from the town of Cavendish and made a separate township, because it was separated from the rest of the town by Hawke's Mountain. The school was only for two months. This was the winter of 1827-8. At the end of the school I returned home, gave father the money I had earned—twenty-two dollars—and worked on the farm again, occupying every spare moment in reading *Viri Romae* and studying my grammar.

It is difficult to relate, in their proper order, the circumstances and

happenings of a long life years after they occurred. The main thread of the story must be kept from too frequent breakage. Some things are forgotten at the proper point for their insertion, and some are better told at a more convenient time.

It must have been in the year 1818-19 that my mother's brother, Isaiah Parker, made a visit and lived with us a year or more, assisting what he could on the farm, for which father paid him moderate wages. He had been an enlisted soldier in the army, and his time had expired. He was just a soldier and nothing else. Jolly, good-natured, full of anecdote and soldier songs, he was utterly ignorant of any other way of getting a living. After leaving us, he re-enlisted and was stationed at what was then the very farthest outpost, Council Bluffs, on the Missouri River. I don't know how long he served, but he was at last wounded in the knee by an Indian arrow, in a skirmish with the Indians, and then had a long sickness; before his lameness was recovered from, he begged and obtained his discharge, and started on crutches through the immense wilderness that lay between himself and civilization. The officers warned him that he would be killed by the Indians, and that he would never get through if he was not killed. But go he would, living on roots and berries, not carrying even a gun to kill game or protect himself. After long months of travel he reached the Mississippi River, and then made his way to Richmond, Va., where his brother Jabez was then a merchant. His brother clothed him and took him to Washington, where he had a personal interview with President Monroe, told his story, and, I believe, obtained a pension. His death occurred not many years after.

Grandfather Parker also made us a visit of some months, after we had moved to the new home. He was a fine old gentleman, exceedingly neat in person and polite in manner. He disliked anything that would interfere with neatness and gentlemanly leisure. He also had lived with his son Jabez at Richmond.

I omitted to say that when my sister Betsey was married and went to her new home, my sister Lephia, a girl of twelve years, went with her and remained several years. She attended school but little, if at all; but her time was occupied in household work and in caring for little ones of the family. However, she obtained some advantage from the use of what was for the times a valuable collection of books. My father brought her home at last and sent her for a term or two to a ladies' school at Woodstock, where she boarded with the family of General Asaph Fletcher, an old acquaintance and friend of my mother

in her girlhood days at Duttonsville. He was at that time sheriff of the county, and Woodstock was the county town.

About the year 1824 there came to live with James Smith a lad from Peterboro, N. H. His father and mother were dead, and he and his sister were wards of James Walker, Esq., a brother-in-law of Smith, and a prominent and wealthy lawyer of Peterboro. The name of the lad was Alexander Hamilton Scott. He was the son of a young lawyer, David Scott, who, with his wife and son William, went from Peterboro to Franklinton, Ohio, in 1813, and in 1817 moved to Columbus, where he died in 1819. His wife and two younger children, Hamilton and Amelia, went back to Peterboro, where the children were soon left motherless. Hamilton was eleven years old when he came to James Smith's on foot and alone, carrying his little bundle. I was for many years connected with him intimately and variously.

One winter, when I lived at my brother-in-law's, a young man came there and spent most of the winter, who afterward became well known as a scholar and theologian as well as an educator. This was Jefferson Sawyer, whose home was in Reading, a township adjoining Cavendish. He was at that time a student at Middlebury College. During the winter he and James Smith regularly attended and took part in a debating club at what was called "The Kingdom," in the south part of Plymouth, about two miles from Smith's. I remember—for I also always attended the debates—that Sawyer was a pretty ready talker, a little heavy, perhaps, and that he had a pet word—"predicate"—which he made do duty on all occasion. He was a Universalist, and in due time had charge of a church of that denomination in the city of New York, and was afterward a professor of theology in Tufts College in Massachusetts. Harvard University conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and the Leipsic Theological-Historical Society made him one of its members.

That able and eccentric genius, Orestes A. Brownson, also came and spent several months at the "Old Squire's," preparing for the Universalist ministry. While there he came to Plymouth and preached. He was a most able, ingenious and eloquent man. Unstable, he changed from Universalism to Fanny Wrightism, from that to orthodoxy and then to Romanism. He was for a long time the able editor of *The Democratic Review,* a quarterly magazine.

In 1824, the Marquis Lafayette, on his visit to the United States, while making his triumphal tour through the country, came to Woodstock. He was everywhere received with addresses of welcome, firing

of salutes, military parades and every circumstance of honor. I, with two other youngsters of Plymouth, went to Woodstock to see him. We went on horseback, and during every step of the way the rain poured down in floods. About eleven o'clock, just as General Lafayette was coming into town, the sky cleared, the sun shone out, and a cavalcade escorting him passed under an arch of welcome that reached across the street, with a greeting "Welcome Lafayette," formed in large letters with ground pine. At the reception stand on "The Green" an address of welcome was read from manuscript by Titus Hutchinson, a leading lawyer of Woodstock. Lafayette replied with easy dignity, in good English, and with but a slightly foreign accent.

In that same year, 1824, or the next, I am not certain which, my father, James Smith and wife, and my sister Sally and I made a journey to Winchester, N. H., to attend a Universalist convention at that place. James and Betsey went in a two-wheeled chaise, and father borrowed of Mr. Lakin a large two-seated wagon. The old mare was running in the pasture with her colt. The colt was put in the barn and the mare harnessed to the wagon, and we drove to Winchester, passing nearly everything on the road, stage-coaches and all. I had never before been out of my native county, and the journey was full of interest. The preaching at the convention was very able and eloquent. Hosea Ballou and many of the ablest preachers of the denomination were there. I afterward heard Ballou at similar conventions at Bridgewater and Cavendish. I think him the most forcible and eloquent speaker I ever heard on any occasion. Returning home, we spent the night at Keene, N. H., fully sixty miles from home, and starting after sunrise reached Plymouth before sundown. Of such mettle was the old mare.

About this time was running the famous law-suit, French vs. Smith, one of the most remarkable cases that ever occurred in Vermont. It was an action brought by one Calvin French, of Cavendish, against, I believe, both the old Squire and James Smith, Jr., for defamation, or, technically, malicious prosecution. Both Smith and French had applied for the school in the French district, in Cavendish, and Smith had obtained the situation. The rival applicant was angry, and after a variety of annoyances, attributed to that source, the teacher's ink-stand and Gunter's scale were one morning missing. The Smiths prosecuted French for the theft, and failed to prove it. Then French brought suit for damages. The case was in court for years; the Smiths were beaten several times, on one trial French recovering a verdict for six cents and

costs. Many times the jury failed to agree. New trials were obtained for one cause or another, and finally a verdict of no cause of action ended the matter. The result ruined French, and the cost and trouble in one way and another nearly ruined the Smiths. They employed the ablest counsel the country contained; among them was the celebrated Jeremiah Mason of New Hampshire. My father was at Woodstock, attending one of the trials of this case, when my brother James was born, March 12, 1824. On the 18th of July, 1826, my brother George was born. All the other children were born in the old home.

In the fall of 1828, after the fall work was done, I again became a student at Chester. On arrival at the Academy I told Professor Whipple what I had done—that I had studied Latin what time I could get, but entirely without assistance. He assigned me to a class well under way, reading an easy little book for beginners—*Historia Sacra*. At the end of a week I told Professor Whipple that I could read the lesson almost at sight, and wished to be advanced to some other class. He said he had a class who were reading Virgil, one hundred lines a day, and he didn't think I could do it. I got my Virgil and found the lesson, which was in about the middle of the second book of the Aeneid. I had just finished the lesson when the bell rang for the class. The task had been severe, but I read my share as well as any of them. After that the work was easy, and I had no trouble. The last week before the close of the term was given to preparation for an "exhibition," and the Latin was dropped. That ended my schooling and my study except in private. For the exhibition I was assigned the Latin Salutatory, as it was called, which was to be a recitation of the Latin extract—anything I should choose. I selected an extract from Cicero's first oration against Cataline. Why I was chosen for that part, when there were several advanced Latin scholars in the school, I do not know, unless it was because I pronounced the Latin very easily and readily.

I taught school that winter, 1828-9, in the district next south of our own, the locality being familiarly called "Frog City." The school was large and for the most part ignorant, dirty and disagreeable. I "boarded around" and—oh faugh! I returned to work again on the farm in the spring, and a misfortune soon happened that ended all thoughts of going to college, and changed the whole course of my life. One day in the month of March, my brother Joseph, a bright, beautiful lad of just ten years, spent nearly the whole day in sliding down a steep bank, covered many feet deep with a snow-drift that had accumulated and hardened during the winter. The sun was warm and softened the sur-

face, so that in a little while he got thoroughly wet, but with the exercise of climbing up and sliding down he was covered with perspiration. My father and I were hauling wood and frequently passed close by him, and I remarked that I was afraid he would take cold. Father treated it lightly, as he always did everything of the kind. The next morning the boy was sick, with quite alarming symptoms. In a day or two a physician was called, but nothing could arrest the disease. It went on rapidly to quick consumption, and on May 6, 1829, he breathed his last.

The shock to my father was terrible. He had never lost a child before and Joseph was his darling, and in the event of my going away, his hope and reliance in the future. He would not hear a word of my going to college, and the project was definitely dropped.

After the usual work on the farm through the season, I taught school in the Twenty-Mile Stream district, in which my brother-in-law, James Smith, lived. I boarded with him the greater part of the time, and during the winter translated into English verse Addison's Latin poem, "The Battle Between the Pygmies and the Cranes." I have continued the habit of reading Latin more or less from that day to this. I soon read the whole of Virgil, and then began Cicero's orations, writing out some of them in as elegant language and style as I could. I also read some parts of Livy, Sallust, Horace, Ovid, Catullus, etc. I made versions of all of Addison's Latin poems but one—"The Puppet Show"—of a number of the odes of Horace, several of which have been printed and various other little pieces. I have done all this reading and study purely for my own gratification and entirely without assistance.[1]

While teaching the school at Cavendish, I began to think upon some other course of life than what lay before me at Plymouth. I should be twenty-one in the spring. We had received letters from my uncle, Daniel Brown, who had gone to Michigan, and settled at Ann Arbor, speaking in the highest terms of the country, and I finally determined that I would go out there and see the country at any rate. When I talked of my project to James Smith, he ridiculed the idea and said I should never go. However, before my school was finished, he changed his tune and said he would go with me. So, after going home, I made what preparations I could, and a young man, Hosea Huston by name, who had been raised in the family of John Lakin, deciding to go with us, we left on the eighteenth of April for the Great West. We went in

[1] Dr. H. S. Frieze, for many years Professor of Latin in the University of Michigan, to whom my father showed some of his translations of the odes of Horace, spoke very highly of them, saying that my father had "caught the very spirit of the author."—A. A. B.

a wagon to Fort Ann, N. Y. I think John Dix drove the team. From there we took stage to Troy, arriving in the evening. Smith had relatives in business in New York City, and he was desirous of going there before going West, and it was decided that we would take the steamboat to leave in the morning and all go down to the city. We had taken our baggage and left the hotel for the wharf to go aboard the boat, when the stage that ran hourly between Troy and Albany, came along, and the driver, being an acquaintance of Smith, insisted that we should ride down to Albany with him, assuring us that we should get there in ample time for the boat. But we soon saw the boat passing down the river, and when we reached the dock it had gone on to New York. We were somewhat disappointed, but concluded to give up the trip to the city and start for Michigan at once. We engaged our passage to Buffalo on a line boat, which was to leave the next morning, the first boat of the season going west. Before leaving Albany, the news came that the steamboat on which we had designed to take passage to New York, and which we had missed, had caught fire and burned near Newburgh, with great loss of life by fire and water. A fortunate escape for us.

The journey on the Erie Canal was to me of wonderful interest. I had seen nothing outside the range of the Green Mountains, and the marvelous beauty of the Mohawk Flats in the budding spring, and all the varied scenery of town and country on the route, and even the canal, with its series of locks, was a revelation and a wonder. But one circumstance that then seemed pleasant enough would now excite disgust and horror. At short intervals the whole length of the canal, were sign-boards, bearing in large letters the words, "Whiskey, Rum, Gin, Brandy," and, as often as requested, the boat would be laid along the tow-path, allowing the passengers to jump ashore and run along to one of these rum-shops, having taken a drink they would go on board the boat again.

Having arrived at Buffalo, our first purpose was to look up Thaddeus Smith, whom we knew to be in the city. Thaddeus Smith was a near neighbor and friend of the Smiths of Twenty-Mile Stream during his boyhood, but was not related to them. He had gone South, on attaining his majority, and engaged in the clothing business at Petersburgh, Va. My cousin, Eliza, daughter of my uncle, John Parker, was living in Richmond at the time, with her uncle, Jabez Parker. The two became acquainted, came North and married, and returned to Petersburgh. Bad times came; Smith failed in business, and took his wife and young son, Henry, to her mother's in Vermont. He then went

West, and, in the summer of 1829, went up the lake to Detroit, and thence made a foot journey to the West, going by the old territorial, or Chicago road, to White Pigeon and thence to Prairie Ronde, where Bazel Harrison, the first settler in the county, had arrived the previous November. Smith visited Harrison, stayed all night, and went to the "big bend" of the Kalamazoo River, now the site of the city of Kalamazoo.

We found him in Buffalo employed as clerk in an auction store, conducted by Major Crary, a former inhabitant of Cavendish. He had sent for his wife and child and was living in a little house in the outskirts of the city. We remained with him over one day, and heard his account of his journey to the West, and his description of the country; and he urged us by all means to go to Big Prairie Ronde, "the finest tract of land that a man ever beheld." At his advice we took the schooner, *Marie Antoinette,* up Lake Erie. We had a prosperous and pleasant voyage till near the upper end of the lake, when a sudden squall nearly capsized the vessel, breaking a jib-boom square off, and doing other damage. The powerful voice of Captain Blake—an old sea-dog—made everything blue with orders and oaths. The schooner righted at last, when it seemed impossible, but the gale continued, and in the night we were driven back down the lake sixty or seventy miles to find ourselves in the morning anchored in the harbor of Lower Sandusky. It was Sunday morning, and we remained there through the day making repairs, which gave us an opportunity to look about the little village and adjacent country. The south shore of Lake Erie was then an unbroken wilderness, with only here and there a little hamlet or village at the mouth of some creek. We finally ended our voyage happily at Detroit, just at sundown. As soon as possible we went to the Mansion House, then the principal hotel, but found it full, and, after some trouble, we found lodgings at Woodworth's Hotel.

Detroit was then a little town of two or three thousand inhabitants. A little way up Jefferson Avenue was a fine clover-field, enclosed with a common rail fence. Many of the houses on that street were the little whitewashed houses of the French settlers, and in front stood the palisades that had been placed as a defence against the Indians. Great pear trees were growing by the side of the streets in the most thickly settled parts of the town.

The next day we went in a stage-coach as far as Ypsilanti, and from there to Ann Arbor in a little flat-topped wagon. We immediately made our way to the log-house of my uncle, Daniel Brown, about three-quar-

ters of a mile south of the village. This was our objective point when we left home.

After remaining at Ann Arbor a day or two, Smith and Huston started on a journey to the west part of the territory, taking the old territorial road, which, indeed, was the only road at that time; on that road was the only line of settlements. I think they bought a pony and "rode and tied," that is, took turns in riding and going on foot.

I had not been well since coming to Ann Arbor, and, as it seemed scarcely necessary for more than two to make the exploring trip, I stayed at my uncle's. Ann Arbor was then a growing little village. There was a very small tavern, kept by one Van Fossen, and quite a number of stores and mechanical shops. My cousins, Anson and Daniel Brown, were doing an extensive business, they had a large general merchandise store in town, and a distillery not far from uncle's house, and were building a flouring mill on the Huron River, in what was called the Lower Town. Anson was one of the most able and efficient business men in the territory. He died of the Asiatic cholera in the summer of 1833, when that scourge made its first visit to America. His death was a great loss not only to his family but to Ann Arbor, and, indeed, to the whole territory.

I spent the time going about the country. I visited my cousin Maria, who was married to a Mr. Leek and was living on a new farm in the town of Scio. I went to see the salt springs in Saline, a few miles south of Ann Arbor, then supposed to be very valuable. They have never been worked.

In due time Smith and Huston returned. They had been to Big Prairie Ronde, and found that it fully deserved the eulogium that Thaddeus Smith had given it. They found about sixty families settled on the border, between prairie and timber, on the Big Prairie and Gourdneck Prairie. There was one log-cabin in what is now the village of Schoolcraft. A man named Rue or Larue had "squatted" on the East ½ of the S. W. ¼ of Sec. 18, and had built a cabin just in front of what is known as the Dyckman place. Smith and Huston bought his claim for $50, paying down $10. Rue agreed to put up a log building, to be ready by the time they could get a stock of goods from New York and be on hand to take possession. I was offered the option to stay and make a third partner in the venture or not. Huston was to remain at Ann Arbor and find something to do in the interval, and make his way West in season to be on hand when the goods should

come. I decided to return home. Huston hired out to Van Fossen to split rails, and Smith and I started for Vermont.

We took a steamboat, *Henry Clay,* down the lake, and went on together as far as Lockport, where Smith took stage—the noted Ridge Road route—for New York, and I made straight for home. At Buffalo, however, we called again on Thaddeus Smith, talked the events of the journey all over, and made a schedule of the goods that must be had. It was agreed that when the goods should reach Buffalo, Thaddeus Smith and family should go on with them to Prairie Ronde, Thaddeus to have an interest in the affair, and make a home for Huston and whoever might come after. When the goods, amounting to about $700, arrived at Buffalo, Thaddeus Smith and family went up the lake to Detroit, and then across the country. The goods went with them as far as Detroit, but from there went round the lakes to St. Joseph, and then were boated up the St. Joseph River to what is now Lockport, and thence wagoned home. Huston came on in due time and waited for the goods, which, he wrote to Smith, "came like a cat drawn tail foremost."

On arriving at Prairie Ronde, they found, instead of a cabin ready to go into, goods and family, that soon after they had left, an old Quaker, named Bond, had come and offered Rue some advance in the price he had sold for, and Rue had accepted it and run away. Bond had several sons, and they all together claimed the entire section 18, and proceeded to plow a furrow with a big breaking plow around the entire section, except what was included in the timbered land of the "Big Island." When I came here, in the fall of 1831, the furrow was plain and open all the way.

It became necessary for Smith and Huston to find some place among the settlers, where they could stay till further arrangements were made. Abner Calhoun, who had a cabin on the west side of the prairie, offered to let them in, and they passed the winter in his cabin, goods and all, though he had a cabin pretty well filled with children. In the spring, having bought the claim of Nathan Harrison, a son of Bazel Harrison, to the ½ of the N. W. ¼ of section 19, they put up a pretty good-sized log building, and moved over, goods and all. The log-house was just a little west of the house now (1891) occupied by my son Addison.

As for myself, after arriving at home, I went to work again on the farm, taught the Notch school in the winter and worked on the farm again the next summer. By this time I began to long to go West again, and talked the matter over with James Smith, when he proposed that I should go out, and, stopping through the winter with the folks at

Prairie Ronde, should fix on some place to open a separate store, and in the spring, when he bought a new supply for their store, he would also buy for me and take a share in the concern. With that understanding I started on the 10th of October, 1831, with little more cash than barely enough to take me there. When I got to Albany, I found that the railroad to Schenectady had just been completed, and that the first passenger car was to leave in the morning. Upon being taken to the point of departure—there was no station—I found the car was filled with persons who had engaged places for the first trip. I was assured that a horse-car would soon follow, which proved true, and, starting just behind the steam, which, though running very moderately, gained constantly on the horse, we arrived safely a little behind. Then up the canal, and up the lake to Detroit on a crazy little steamer called the *Enterprise,* which—the weather being rough—creaked and groaned all night, a risk I would not like to take again; then on to Ann Arbor, just as we had done the year before.

The question now was, how to get to Prairie Ronde. There was no public conveyance west of Ann Arbor. The country had just begun to be settled. There were settlers, at pretty wide distances apart, all the way to Bronson, as Kalamazoo was then called. I had expected to find persons moving West, with whom I could go; at least to get my little trunk taken along and I go on foot, if necessary. Several movers passed Ann Arbor, but no persuasions would induce any one of them to take my trunk, although I said I would walk all the way and assist them, if I could. There had been some inches of snow and the ground was getting wet and muddy. Eight or ten days had passed, and I began to despair of getting further, for the trunk must go, if I went, when one day Uncle Daniel said: "I'll tell you what, Lake, Anson has got an old Indian pony, and Major Rumsey has a light wagon. I'll take them and go out with you; the pony can't draw us both, but we'll ride and tie." So said, so done. My aunt prepared a large box of provisions, and on a Monday morning we started, in gay spirits. My dear old uncle! I shall never forget how good and kind he was.

At Jackson there was a framed hotel and several log cabins. When we reached Sandstone Creek, a few miles west of Jackson, we found the creek deep and muddy; there was not a bridge between Ann Arbor and Bronson. We drove in, but the pony—he was supposed to be forty year old—floundered and stumbled, and had not strength to get across. There was a house in sight, half a mile away, and I ran for help. I got a man with a yoke of oxen and a log-chain, who came and drew horse

and wagon to the west side of the creek. At Marshall we stopped at a cabin and got dinner. The workmen and family had just dined, and were going out to start for the first time a new saw-mill; so we saw the mill cut the first log. I do not remember any other building, big or little, at Marshall.

At Battle Creek we got dinner—it served for breakfast and dinner—at the log-cabin tavern of Dr. Foster—venison and cranberries, not much else. We stayed at Tolland's Prairie over night, and reached the Kalamazoo River late in the afternoon of next day. At the crossing we found a tin horn hanging on a bush, blew the horn and soon Mr. Nathan Harrison appeared with a boat, a sort of scow, on which we ran the wagon and were poled over in safety, the pony wading and swimming behind.

A half-mile or so took us to Huston's store; for he had, the past summer, built a small two-story building on what is now the corner of Main and Rose streets, and had taken part of the goods from the Prairie establishment and opened store there. In the preceding May, James Smith, with his brother, Joseph Addison, who had been living at Peterboro, N. H., accompanied by Esquire Walker, had visited Prairie Ronde. Addison, who had about $1,500 capital, became a partner in the business and remained; James returned home by the way of New York and sent on a new supply of goods. The prairie lands had just come into market, the land office being in Monroe. Walker loaned money to several of the settlers to enable them to buy their lands. Titus Bronson was the proprietor of the village, called after his name, now Kalamazoo. He was living in a little cabin near Arcadia Creek, and Huston boarded with him. There were not more than three other cabins in the place. Huston took us to Bronson's for supper. Uncle Daniel remained there until next day. Huston had a horse and got another from Bronson, and we rode to the Prairie, getting there about 9 o'clock p. m., November 5, 1831. It was Saturday night, and we had been just six days from Ann Arbor. Uncle Daniel came the next day, and on the day following he started home, going to White Pigeon and taking the Territorial Road. I learned afterward that he had a hard time getting home. The pony tired out; he had to leave him; got another somehow, and reached home quite sick and worn out. When he left, I gave him what money he said was sufficient, and found I had just eighteen dollars left to begin my fortunes with.

I found at the store-dwelling Thaddeus Smith and wife, Eliza, and her sister, Mary Ann, and the five-year-old son, Henry, born in Vir-

ginia, and a little new-comer about three weeks old, now Helen, widow of Mr. Isaiah Pursel. Addison Smith also was there, and a hired man, and a Mr. Edwin Fogg, from New Hampshire, who had that day put up the frame of a little cabinet-maker's shop on the lot now occupied by William Strew. There were no other buildings in what is now the village of Schoolcraft.

The day I arrived at Schoolcraft, Stephen Vickery finished the survey of Schoolcraft. Lucius Lyon, the proprietor of the village, named it after his friend, Henry R. Schoolcraft, Indian agent and author. The survey embraced the whole of the E. ½ of the S. W. ¼ of Section 18; and a number of valuable and costly buildings were afterward erected on Eliza street and near Center street. A very great mistake, as the land adjoining the village on the east, then held as University land, afterward came into market, was platted and added to the village, and the quarter line between them became the main road north and south. The road south, in the extension of Center street, was vacated, and the property became comparatively worthless.

The day after my arrival, Sunday, Addison Smith and I spent at the house of Mr. Johnson Patrick, who was living in a partly finished, framed, story-and-half house on the corner of Section 20. On this corner now stands the brick house built by Mr. Jerome T. Cobb. There we found Mr. Patrick and wife, and a family of young girls, and Miss Betsey Foster, sister of Mrs. Patrick, a young lady whom I came to know very well. She afterward married a Mr. Arnold of Hinesburgh, Vermont, who had settled in Allegan, and she became the mother of Judge Dan Arnold and of the wife of Senator Stockbridge of Kalamazoo. While I was at Ann Arbor, I was inoculated for the kine-pox, and it was working finely that day, so that I was in no condition to converse or to enjoy anything.

The company were about to build a hotel on the corner of Center and Eliza streets, and the timber was on the ground and being framed. The carpenter was Mr. Nathaniel Foster, brother of Mrs. Patrick, and his method of framing was by the old "scribe rule," which was used before the "square rule" was invented. The frame was completed and raised in March, and the building finished the next summer, and Mr. Johnson Patrick installed as landlord.

The winter was not altogether pleasant. There was no fire in the store room—the family occupied the back part of the house with a cook stove—until, some time in January, some bricks were procured and a chimney built in one corner, Addison Smith being the mason. The

mortar was common clay and it was kept from freezing, while being laid, by heating the bricks. I spent a part of the time at the Kalamazoo store, Huston being absent.

Miss Mary Ann Cobb, a daughter of Mr. Nathan Cobb of Virginia Corners, spent a part of the winter assisting Mrs. Smith. She was a bright and interesting girl, whose sudden death, two or three years later, I very much regretted.

In the spring of 1832 occurred the Black Hawk war. One night in April, after all were abed, a loud rap was heard at the door, which proved to be by an expressman from White Pigeon, bearing orders for the militia of the county to be called out; the Indians in Illinois had risen and were slaughtering the inhabitants. They had taken some military posts in Chicago, and the whole country was in danger. A gathering was held as soon as possible in the unfinished hotel, and the people from Virginia Corners, and elsewhere in the neighborhood, assembled. Dr. David E. Brown was Colonel of militia, Hosea Huston at Bronson was Major, and Isaac Barnes of Gull Prairie was Lieutenant Colonel. The first thing was to send a messenger with the express to Bronson and Gull Prairie. A volunteer was called for to go. As no one else offered, I volunteered. Mr. Elijah Fletcher had a big black stallion, which was kept in our barn. I saddled and mounted him and started about midnight, very dark, rode to Bronson, and in front of the store hailed Huston, crying: "The Indians are upon us!" Huston came to the window half dazed. I explained matters to him and went on to Gull Prairie, getting there just at daylight. I left the express with Colonel Barnes, got some breakfast and started home. When I arrived, all the settlers in the neighborhood were collected at Schoolcraft. Addison Smith had been having a pow-pow with old Sagamaw, chief of the Potawatomies in the neighborhood, as it was feared that these Indians might become hostile. I received the formal thanks of Colonel Brown. The men liable to duty were dismissed, with orders to hold themselves in readiness for duty on call. A few days passed and orders came for the Kalamazoo regiment to march at once for Niles. It met at Schoolcraft, organized, and started. Captain James Noyes of Gourdneck Prairie, and Ephraim Harrison of Prairie Ronde, were captains of the Prairie troops, and there were perhaps two other companies from the north part of the county. Thaddeus Smith went as fifer. Addison Smith had just been appointed postmaster in place of Col. Fellows, so he was exempt. Peter Kniss and I occupied the same tent. One Thomas W. Merrill had been occupying a room in our garret, and

had a rifle there. He was away, and I took the rifle, went to the blacksmith's shop and cast two or three pounds of bullets and was ready for Black Hawk. We went on and reached Niles the second day, and there received notice that the army, under General Jacob Brown, was about to start and had no provisions to spare, and that we were not needed; and we were ordered to return home.

For this experience in war, besides a month's pay, I afterward received bounty warrants, first for forty acres of land and then for 120 more. The last I exchanged for a gold watch; thus sacrificing to the sentimental what might have been a very pretty property. In coming home I rode part of the way in the baggage-wagon, driven by Mr. John Howard of Dry Prairie, who drove an ox-team to haul cannon balls for Washington's army at the capture of Cornwallis.

I have omitted an event of prime importance to me, which occurred in the preceding winter. The lists of goods, to be bought by James Smith and sent on in the spring, had been made and forwarded, both for the stores at Schoolcraft and Kalamazoo, and also for the new store I was to open somewhere. I had decided to go either to Comstock, a little east of Bronson, or to Sturgis in St. Joseph county. All at once it was suggested that I should buy Thaddeus Smith's interest in the business, and take his place in the firm.

I talked with him, and he offered to take $600 for his interest. I agreed to give it, although I had not a dollar in the world. But Thaddeus had some village lots which had been given him by Lucius Lyon, and he wanted a house on them, which the company could build. The company also owned the West ½ of the S. W. ¼ of Section 17, which Thaddeus would be glad to take in payment. It was so done. The house was built at a cost of $200, and when James Smith came out in 1833, the deed of the land was made to Thaddeus at $400, the $600 was charged to me and the transaction was complete. The firm name had been, and continued to be, Smith, Huston & Co.

In describing the land platted in the village of Schoolcraft, I omitted to say that there were two tiers of lots laid off the E. ½ of the N. W. ¼ of Section 19, of which all that part lying west of Center street was afterward vacated by order of the Circuit Court.

During the winter of 1831-32, Stephen Vickery, who taught school at Insley's Corners, and Colonel Lyman I. Daniels, a lawyer from Canandaigua, N. Y., who afterward became prominent in the village and county, were frequently at the store, and I became well acquainted with them. Daniels was a jolly good fellow, and Vickery liked fun on occasion.

The Black Hawk War being prosperously ended, and emigration likely to be large, we looked for prosperous times. But with the summer came the cholera, that dreadful plague, not well understood, and proving terribly fatal wherever it appeared. Emigration stopped short, and we plodded on as best we might, till in the summer of 1833 came James Smith and family. My sister Pamela and A. H. Scott came with them; also John Smith, brother of James.

I have said nothing of the sickness incidental to settling a new country. I will only say here that I had my share of ague and fever and other forms of bilious disease. I will add, however, that when it was necessary to employ a doctor, we called in Dr. Nathan M. Thomas, who had settled on the west side of the prairie in 1830, and I recollect that on one occasion, when he had salivated me so that for several days I was unable to speak, and could swallow nothing but liquids, I made the first use of speech, in regard to the doctor, by pronouncing words not usually found in books for the instruction of youth.

James Smith having come, all parties met together for a settlement. The firm of Smith, Huston & Co. was dissolved; Huston took the store and business at Bronson, and a new firm was formed at Schoolcraft, James Smith, Jr., J. Addison Smith and E. Lakin Brown being the partners, under the name of J. and J. A. Smith & Co. On settlement I was found to have cleared, after paying Thaddeus Smith, the sum of $1,300, which now became my capital in the new firm. Early in the preceding spring we had begun building a new frame store on the southwest corner of Center and Eliza streets. In the course of the summer it was completed and the goods moved into it. In 1834, John Dix, an old neighbor of Smith at Cavendish, came on and took charge of the hotel, Johnson Patrick having moved to Bronson. After the loss of his first wife, Dix went to Vermont, in 1835, and married and brought to Michigan my sister Sally.

I omitted to say in the proper place that, when James Smith and family came west, my father's sister Hannah accompanied them as far as Ann Arbor to make her home with her brother Daniel, but she was taken ill and died in a few months. Aunt Hannah was a woman of no ordinary ability. A tailoress by trade, she went with Uncle Daniel when he went to Owego, and after a few years returned to Vermont and worked at her trade, going from house to house; and many were the families whose men-folk wore no clothing for many a year except her make. She was always a welcome and honored guest, wherever she went. At length, being unable to support herself on account of

a partial loss of sight, she came, as I have said, to make a home with her brother, upon whom she had some pecuniary claim.

In the winter of 1833-34 our firm were occasionally remitting sums of money by mail to the Bank of Michigan, at Detroit, and several packages had failed to be received. Addison Smith being postmaster, it was decided to mail a package and follow it up. Mr. E. H. Lothrop was sent for, and came to accompany him. They took a post-bag key, and at the first opportunity, after passing an office, the mail-bag in the stage was opened and examined. All was right until at Jonesville, where they arrived about midnight, on opening the bag soon after leaving the hotel and postoffice, both kept by one Alexander Jones, the package was missing.

They returned and taxed Jones with the theft, and the case was so plain that he owned up and said he had just paid the money to Judge Baxter. Baxter was found and, with some reluctance, he restored the money; but the theft of the former packages of course could not be proved. Jones was taken to Detroit, where the U. S. Court was in session, and in a day or two he was convicted and sentenced. Not long after, by outside assistance, he broke jail, went to Texas, and took part with the revolutionists in freeing that state from Mexico.

In the fall of 1835 Addison Smith married Miss Sarah Proctor of Proctorsville, Vermont. With them came her sister, Isabel, a girl of twelve years. Addison had built a house on the north-west corner of Eliza and West streets. This house was afterwards owned by Mr. Edward Robinson, and was burned.

There was now quite a pleasant circle of friends and acquaintances, mostly from Vermont, at Schoolcraft. Social parties were frequent, but the largest and jolliest gatherings were held at James Smith's who occupied the old log store. He was hospitable to excess, and was delighted to have all the friends he could possibly accomodate at his home on all festive occasions. Asa B. Brown, who had married my sister Lephia in Vermont, removed to Schoolcraft in 1834 and bought a farm two miles north of the village. They were always present at the merry-makings. Thanksgiving Day, in the fall of 1835, was celebrated in the jolliest manner. As many as could get in the house were fed and feasted. I wrote a Thanksgiving Hymn for the occasion, which was uproariously sung to the tune of the "Missionary Hymn," a young lady, Miss Maria Matthews, who taught school or assisted my sister Betsey, as occasion required, being the most accomplished singer.

Business was good these days, and, Schoolcraft being the chief mart

of supplies for a large section of the country around, our trade was very large.

As I have already said, the first goods brought to Schoolcraft, were boated from St. Joseph up the St. Joseph River to a point a little below Three Rivers. But the St. Joseph was a river with a stiff current in many places, and poling a boat up was a slow and laborious business. The Paw Paw River was narrow, crooked and full of logs and obstructions, but mostly with depth of water enough, and but one rapids, at what is now Watervliet. I think it was in the summer of 1834 that one Ackley made a keel boat and brought up a load of goods for our firm, on the Paw Paw. We bought the boat and, the latter part of November of that year, took a load of wheat in bulk to St. Joseph and brought back goods. I went in charge of the affair, having John Smith, Ackley, the former owner of the boat, and four or five more hands. We worked our way down without much difficulty, though often obliged to get into the water and cut and remove logs and other obstructions. The river was in places so crooked that, after poling the boat along for an hour or two, we would come close to the river at the point we had passed so long before. We were several days in reaching St. Joseph, where we unloaded our wheat and took on board a load of goods, the boat being loaded as deep as was prudent. The weather looked threatening, and although it was late in the afternoon the warehouseman warned us that we must get out and across the flooded land at the mouth of the river, as, if a storm should arise, the boat could not live, tied up to the wharf. So we poled out, but the wind began to blow rather hard, the water was deep, and as the land was overflowed, it was almost impossible to keep in the channel. The men disagreed, everyone wanted his own way, and it seemed likely that we should be sunk. It began to grow dark and a violent snow storm set in. At the last moment when it would have been possible to do so, we reached the shelter of the bluff, and were past the threatening sea around us. We tied up to a tree and camped down, tired and wet, on the ground. We poled along very slowly until we reached the rapids at Watervliet, where the rapids were so strong that, pole as we might, the boat would fall back all we could gain. But Delamore Duncan and Isaac Sumner were then building a mill on the rapids; so we called on them for assistance. Delamore took a yoke of oxen into the river, hitched to the boat, and driving up stream, pulled it up the rapids. We knocked out the head of a barrel of sugar and paid for the help in the contents. We then continued our task, poling along until we reached the mouth of

Brush Creek, a few miles below Paw Paw, the river above being unnavigable. We tied the boat up to a tree and walked home, having been gone two weeks, during which time we slept upon the bank of the river, without other cover than a blanket and without taking our clothes off during the time.

There the goods lay unguarded, until wagons could be sent down to haul them home. It was a solid wilderness from Paw Paw to St. Joseph, without clearing or house, except the works at Watervliet, just begun. I think it was in the June previous to this, that we had a large stock of goods of all kinds landed a little above, within a short distance of Paw Paw, and I went down to guard them, as they lay open on shore, until they could be hauled home. Heavy rain fell and injured some of the goods. Albert E. Bull had a lot of wheat in a log storage near the same place, and a most unique character, by the name of Columbia Lancaster, was there to shovel it over to prevent its heating. We boarded with an old man named Agard, who had two pretty daughters, with whom Lancaster had no end of fun. The old man played the fiddle, Lancaster caught fish, and upon the whole, we had a jolly time.

While upon the subject of river-boating, I may as well relate an adventure that happened upon the St. Joseph River, in 1834. Our firm had built a log storage for wheat upon the banks of the St. Joseph, at Three Rivers. We built an ark—a long, flat-bottomed boat of planks—and had it loaded with wheat, about 800 bushels. The crew, Mishael Beadle, captain, had got a barrel of whiskey just at the head of the rapids, called McIntaffer's Riffles, just below Three Rivers, and, to take on the whiskey, laid the ark up alongside the shore, and one man taking a stout rope, that was fast to the stern end, jumped ashore and made fast to a tree. The ark, in the strong current of the rapids, passed on, leaving the entire stern end of the ark fast to the rope. Of course the whole of the wheat was a total loss. Such were some of the disadvantages and losses attendant upon doing business in those days.

There was one element of the population of this county of which I have not spoken, and which was not only picturesque and interesting but was of some importance to the business of the early traders. When I came here the Indians were quite numerous and were frequent visitors to the store, for the purposes of trade. They came frequently in companies of a dozen or more, men, squaws, pappooses and ponies, bringing furs, cranberries, venison and sugar, to exchange for calicoes, blankets, tobacco and whiskey. When they had received their annual

payments from the government, they sometimes had considerable sums of money, always silver half dollars, which they paid for goods. The fur trade was of considerable value, especially at Bronson. We often collected many hundreds of skins—muskrat and coon, as well as many deer-skins—both dressed and undressed. Muskrats were almost always rated at twenty-five cents and coons at thirty-seven and one-half. Sugar was brought in "mokuks," a basket or sack made of birch bark, holding thirty or forty pounds, which the squaws carried on their ponies, one on each side, themselves riding astride.

The Indians were generally pleasant and peaceable enough, and honest in deal, frequently making little accounts, which they scrupulously paid. But sometimes, when they got too much whiskey, they became turbulent, and, though generally cowardly, were occasionally dangerous. On one occasion a drunken Indian entered the cabin of a settler, named Wisner, just south of the Prairie, and, without provocation, struck the point of his hunting knife into Wisner's head, killing him instantly. They sometimes became troublesome and threatening when there were women only in the house. Just before we removed into the new store I remarked to the senior partner that, after we should get into the new store, I did not mean to sell the Indians any more whiskey. "Sir," said he, "you will sell them whiskey." I replied that I had said that I would sell them no more after we got into the new store; "I now say I will never sell them a drop from this time." And I never did. They soon ceased to trouble us, and in 1840 they were removed west of the Mississippi, by the government.

On the first day of January, 1836, Addison Smith and I decided to make a new arrangement, if possible. The result was a dissolution of the firm, James Smith taking the store and business and assuming the liabilities. The settlement showed the sum of $3,300 due to me, for which I took the hotel property at $3,000, its estimated cost, and the E. ½ of the N. E. ¼, Sec. 22, Prairie Ronde, at $300. The firm had not long before purchased the mill power at Watervliet, on the Paw Paw, with considerable land attached, which was estimated at $3,000, retained, I believe, by the two Smiths jointly, and which they sold shortly after to Jesse Smith, a wealthy operator of Jefferson county, N. Y., for $6,000 cash.

The hotel had been rented for some time to John Dix for $300 per year, and he continued to occupy it at the same terms for about two years longer, making money quite rapidly. Then he decided to have a hotel of his own; so he went to Three Rivers and built the hotel

long known as the Fisher House, and kept it a year or two, when he died, March 6, 1843. John Dix was too long and intimately connected with all the Smiths and myself to be passed by without a word of special notice.

His early life was passed in Cavendish, a neighbor to the Smiths, for whom he was always ready to do any favor or service. For several years he operated a little carding and cloth-dressing mill at Smithville, as it was called, where the Smiths lived on Twenty-Mile Stream. He was much the same here; a good neighbor, friendly, helpful, reliable. He and I had much dealing together, I boarded at his hotel a good deal, and we had considerable real estate in common. Intemperate habits gradually produced a change; but he was liked as a landlord, and his death was much regretted. His affairs had become very much involved. Most of his real estate was mortgaged, and his debts were numerous. He owed nearly or quite all his property was worth.

Just previous to the close of the firm of J. & J. A. Smith & Co., the project was started to purchase, in company with John H. Bowman of Three Rivers, the mill power and village site of that place, then owned by one Schnable of Philadelphia, and Bowman was deputed to go to Philadelphia and make the purchase. This he did. After the dissolution of the firm, a conference was held at Schoolcraft to determine what should be done to improve the water-power. The bargain was thought to be a very valuable one, and of course I had an interest in it. James Smith was in favor of proceeding at once to build a large flouring mill, with four run of stones. At that time labor and material were at the very highest point, and I objected and urged the erection of a mill of moderate dimensions, with two run of stones. But James' view prevailed, Addison and Bowman concurring. I then said that, although I considered my interest a very valuable one, I could not agree to the large outlay they proposed, and I would not stand in their way, but would surrender my interest in the property. I need only say that the mill was built at an enormous cost, and was one of the causes that ruined all that were concerned in it.

In February of 1836 there had come to James Smith's an old neighbor of his from Cavendish, Vermont, Captain Abel Baldwin, who had been looking for a place to locate in Indiana, and had selected a point on the Salamonie River, a tributary of the Wabash. After making a brief visit and arrangements for raising a sum of money at the Bank of Michigan in Detroit, for the purpose of purchasing some government land, he proposed to return to the Salamonie, select his land and make

his entries at the land office at Fort Wayne. He urged me most strenuously to go with him. Among other arguments to prove the great value of the point he had selected, he would take a map and show that a straight line from many important places in the country pointed directly to Salamonie, as indeed it did, or to any other place. As I had nothing in particular to do, and would like to see the country, I agreed to go. John Smith, brother of James, living at Three Rivers, was to be married to Nancy Millard on the 25th of February. So all the numerous friends at Schoolcraft were invited, and attended the wedding; and the next morning James Smith and Bowman started for some place in Indiana, to engage a mill-wright to build the flouring-mill, and Baldwin and I accompanied them as far as the village of Goshen on our way to Salamonie. We all stayed over one day at Goshen, where the county commissioners were to offer for sale certain village lots. Nothing would do but we must buy some of them, so we purchased eight or ten lots, deeded to us all in common. After holding my interest in these lots for several years, and also a little fraction of land I bought on the Salamonie, I sold them for a little over the original cost.

From Goshen, Baldwin and I continued our journey to the Salamonie. Having but one horse we "rode and tied." We stopped, however, several days in Noble County, exploring the country in various directions. At a place a few miles beyond Huntington, we passed the night in a log-cabin, and, taking a "corn dodger" in our pockets, started on foot, leaving the horse, as the route through the woods was impracticable for him.

It began to snow heavily immediately after we started, and continued all day. We soon left all sign of road or track, and took our course by pocket compass in a direction that Balwin thought would strike the settlement of one Blount, the only settler near where Baldwin wished to locate. We kept on through a dense forest, the snow growing deeper and deeper.

Night approached, and no sign of a settlement; the dodger was all eaten by noon; it grew dusk and there was nothing for it but to lie down and wait for morning. I had in my pocket a few "lucifer matches," the recently invented first style of matches. They were fired by pinching them in a folded piece of sand-paper, and it was only a small per cent of them that would take fire. We prepared some fine shavings with a knife and I tried to light the matches one after another, till but one was left. Luckily that was a success, and we made a

fire by the side of a big log, and lay down in the snow by it. In the morning we trudged on, wet, cold, hungry, tired; and about eleven o'clock came out into a track that evidently led to some settler's cabin; but which way, was the question. We turned to the left, and in half an hour or so came to Blount's cabin.

I will not attempt to describe the squalid filth and dirt that covered everything about it. I was glad to throw myself on a something that answered for a bed, in the only room in the cabin, and was soon sound asleep. When I awoke the old rooster gave a little startled half-crow just over my head. The clothes on the bed could not be more filthy if drawn a half-mile in the prairie dirt. Dinner was prepared, side bacon and corn dodger, and after the meal the pigs were fed in the same skillet that fried the bacon.

Blount appeared to be a good-natured, friendly fellow, and seemed very glad to see Baldwin, who had been there before. We remained over one day, and started for home by way of Fort Wayne, where Baldwin expected to find the $1,000 which he had sent for to Detroit by a man in White Pigeon, named Brown, leaving word with Mr. Swan, a merchant in White Pigeon, with whom the money was to be left by Brown when he returned, to forward it to Fort Wayne by any trusty person who should be going there. Pretty soon Brown came (he had brought and delivered the money to Swan), and said he was going to Fort Wayne and would take it. Of course Swan thought the man Baldwin had engaged to bring the money from Detroit was a good man to take it to Fort Wayne.

Well, we arrived at Fort Wayne. We inquired of the landlord of the hotel where the money was to be left, and received reply that there was no money there for Baldwin. Further inquiry elicited the fact that a man named Brown had been there and inquired for Baldwin; that he stayed awhile, then bought a horse, saddle and bridle and left. That was the last ever heard of him. After coming to Schoolcraft, Baldwin started to find him, going to various places, including Montreal in Canada, where he heard of a new-comer, a shoemaker (Brown was a shoemaker), named Brown. He got the sheriff and entered the shop, sure of his man, but as soon as he saw him he cried, "Stop, Stop, that is not my man."

The money was never found, and Baldwin returned to Vermont, where I visited him the next summer. He had two nice, marriageable girls. The next November or December he came with his family to Schoolcraft, and, after staying some weeks, went to his new home on the

Salamonie, where in a year or two he died. One of the girls spent the winter at Schoolcraft and her father came in the spring and took her home.

About the 6th of May, 1836, I left for a visit to my old home in Vermont. Dr. Nelson Carter had married my sister Marcia, and was a practicing physician, living near my father's. Their two children, Nelson and Addison, now merchants at Springfield and Chicopee, Mass., were then little lads.

After spending a few weeks at Plymouth and visiting various friends, —my sister Pamela was then at home, having returned from Michigan in the fall of 1834—I returned home, accompanied by Dr. Carter and Charles Deming, who had been for several years a merchant at the old store at the Notch. Dr. Carter went to Three Rivers and practiced medicine there until taken sick with the fever and ague, and, my father having come to Schoolcraft in the fall, he returned home with him, and afterward settled in Bridgewater, where he died in April, 1844.

In the year 1836, the land fever was running high in Michigan. Everybody who could was buying wild land, money was plenty and speculation rampant. So I got of my father $300, to be invested in Michigan government land. I also took of my brother Tom $100, to be invested for him. In the fall of that year the new Land Office was opened at Ionia, in Ionia county. I attended the sales at the opening, and purchased four eighties on Grand River in that county. The next year the tables were turned. The financial policy of the government brought on a general cataclysm. Thousands were ruined, and it seemed as if the whole country was bankrupt. Thousands of purchases of government land were made in 1836, whose owners never paid the taxes on it, and it was sold for taxes and lost to them. I sold my brother's land after several years at a slight advance over cost and sent him the money. The other three lots were dickered away after awhile, and in the end I returned the $300 to the estate, my father having died meantime. The affair was a loss to all parties.

Although the year 1837 was one of gloom and darkness to the country, yet to me it was one of the *anni mirabiles* of my life. In the fall of 1836, James Smith went East to buy goods, and when he returned he was accompanied by my father, who came to make a visit of a few weeks to his children at Schoolcraft, and with them also came a young lady, Miss Amelia W. Scott, of Peterboro, N. H., a sister of A. H. Scott, who had so long been in the family of James Smith and was now a clerk in

his store. Amelia had just left school at Derry, N. H., and with the consent of her guardian, James Walker, Esq., and also at the suggestion of her brother, William Scott of Hillsboro, Ohio, she came to Schoolcraft, to make her home with her brother in the family of James Smith, until some more desirable arrangements could be made for her. An immediate acquaintance sprang up, of course, as she was a member of my sister's family and her brother had long been my intimate friend. An attachment followed, and the fifth day of January, 1837, we were married, and she was the light and joy of my life until her early death in 1848. We boarded at the Big Island Hotel—John Dix, landlord—until about the first of May, when we began housekeeping in the house then owned by me, and afterward owned and occupied by Mrs. Dix. In the fall I built a little cottage, part of my present house, and we moved into it at the end of December.

There will be no better place to give the sequel of my hotel property. John Dix left it the last of December, 1837. I rented to several persons, one after the other, who all failed to make a success. I received little or no rents, and finally it ceased to be occupied as a hotel, and was used as a temporary residence for families. At length I made a contract of sale with one Messenger, who had lived in it about a month when it took fire and burned up. As the doors and windows were nearly all saved, Messenger thought that, with some pecuniary help, he could rebuild the main part of it, and still go on and pay for it. It was so done. I advanced cash when necessary, and, Messenger being a carpenter, a building was put up. Messenger occupied it awhile and quit. It stood unoccupied for some time, and I eventually exchanged it with one Porter Eldred for a small farm a few miles east of Galesburg, and in a year or two sold the farm for about $1,400. I had paid Eldred in the exchange in money, I think, a little over $200. The cause for the reduced, or rather the destroyed value of the hotel property, was the taking up of the highway from Center street, south, and opening one on the quarter line. This rendered all the outlay for hotel and stores on Center street valueless. The history of this transaction is long and vexatious, but it is useless to narrate it here.

In March, 1837, Mr. William Smith, of Cavendish, Vermont, brother of James and Addison, with Mr. Sumner Webber, a former townsman of theirs, were at Schoolcraft. Mr. Delamore Duncan and his father had gone to Iowa and bought property on the Des Moines River, at a place where, I think, is now the village of Keosauque. Smith and Webber decided to go out there and see the country and perhaps purchase.

They wished me to go with them, which I did, as did also a Mr. Winslow, a merchant of Kalamazoo. We went on horseback. At La Porte, Indiana, we spent the night with Mr. Ezekiel Morrison, an old friend and relative from the East. Leaving La Porte, we passed through Joliet, Illinois, then a little village, and struck directly across the state of Illinois, reaching the Mississippi opposite Burlington. The route through Illinois was one vast stretch of prairie, with here and there a little village, the settlers few and far between, scarcely a stream bridged, wide sloughs, as they were called, to be waded through. After crossing one of these sloughs, Winslow's horse was found to have cut his leg near the fetlock joint so as to entirely cripple it. There was doubtless some sharp instrument sunk deep in the mud of the slough. There being a settler near, he left the horse and bought another. We crossed the Mississippi on a ferry boat and, landing at Burlington, Iowa, went to the office of Mr. Anson Burlingame, a young lawyer, formerly a ward of James Walker, Esq., of Peterboro, N. H., and afterward United States Senator and Minister to China. He was, while in Peterboro, an intimate friend and acquaintance of Amelia Scott, who became my wife. We had a very pleasant visit with Burlingame, and were treated with maple sugar, which he said was the strongest article he allowed himself to offer his guests.

The first night after leaving Burlington, we passed with a Mr. Fox, an emigrant from Peterboro, who had settled on Skunk River, and whose wife was, I believe, related to the Smiths and also to the Scotts. From there we went directly west to the bend in the Des Moines River, where our friends, the Duncans, were found, busy as Dido at Carthage, laying the foundations of a city. The new settlement, under the auspices of the Duncans, consisted of one little log cabin, which barely served to accommodate them and such help as they had.

A man named Wetherbee was joint owner with the Duncans. We found lodgings with a family from Missouri, named Purdham. Purdham was a true type of the southern frontiersman, ignorant, honest and self-important. He had a double cabin, or rather two cabins separated by a space of a few feet, one devoted mainly to cooking purposes, and the other the living house. He had three or four tall, well-grown daughters, whom he would not allow to marry, because there was no blood equal to the Purdham blood.

I heard some time afterward that one of them, venturing to risk a union of blood other than Purdham, escaped from the paternal control,

and, going down the river in the night in a canoe, was made one with some common and inferior mortal.

We remained several days, exploring the country in the vicinity and especially examining the property of Duncan & Co.

This embraced a large part of the sharp ox-bow bend of the Des Moines River, a level tract thirty or forty feet lower than the surrounding prairie, and heavily timbered with oak, maple, black-walnut and other forest timber. The bend of the river was rapids, so that by a cut across and a dam, a fine water-power would be developed. As Wetherbee offered to sell his interest, and the Duncans were anxious we should buy, we finally bought out Wetherbee. I do not remember the price, but I think it was somewhere between one and two thousand dollars. I am not certain if Winslow had a share, but Smith, Webber and I did, and I represented also John Dix, for the funds I had were joint funds with him.

The Duncans were to stay and improve the property. The amount of land was at least one section, perhaps more, I do not remember. A dam and canal were to be made, a mill built, etc.

I have said elsewhere what happened in 1837. We had repeated calls for assessments or payments for the work, and Dix and I forwarded the cash two or three times, but at last the condition of things was such that further advances became impossible, and we eventually sold our interest to Delamore Duncan and received in payment a quantity of wild land in the "West Woods" in Prairie Ronde township. In returning home, Webber and Winslow, for some reason, took a different route from Smith and myself. We kept up the west side of the Mississippi as far as Davenport, where we took dinner at a hotel, kept by my old acquaintance, Titus Bronson, formerly the proprietor of the village of Bronson. He had sold his interest there to General Burdick and others, who proceeded to substitute the name Kalamazoo for Bronson; whereat the irate Bronson declared he would not live there, so went West, and here he was keeping hotel at Davenport. A most droll and original genius was Bronson. He hated rum and all its works. He had a quick, sharp way of speaking, often repeating a word or short sentence rapidly. While we were at dinner he told me that Col. Daniels was dead. Col. Daniels was an early and prominent settler at Schoolcraft. He had acquired a property at Dubuque, Iowa, and was out there when he died. I was quite shocked to learn of his sudden and unexpected death.

We crossed the river at Rock Island, and across the country to Chi-

cago. We stayed one night not far from Prophetstown, and were directed to take a course easterly till we came to the "lone tree," and then go so and so. We went as directed, and soon the track, faint at first, gradually disappeared altogether, and we rode until nearly sundown without seeing man or beast, cabin or track of any kind, nothing but the wide, trackless prairie, frequently wading wide and deep sloughs, until it seemed there was no end to the wilderness of prairie. Just at sundown we came to a well traveled road, running straight north and south, and some horsemen, coming along soon, said the road north led directly to Dixon's Ferry on the Rock River, where we arrived just at dark, tired and hungry, having eaten nothing since an early breakfast. Chicago, when we arrived there, presented an odd appearance. It appeared to be a thriving, active little place, made up of all sorts of buildings, the most of them originally built on the natural, level, low ground; but now being graded up, not in regular order, but everyone as the owner pleased, raising his own building and grading up the street to it; so that you passed along the sidewalk, now down at the original level, then up steps four or five feet, past a building or two, and then down again and so on, on all of the principal streets. A dirty, muddy, uncomfortable place it seemed. We started the next morning around the head of the lake, riding mostly on the lake beach. We stayed one night at a log-cabin near the south end or head of the lake, and so by Michigan City and New Buffalo home to Schoolcraft.

There was initiated, in this summer of 1837, a new business which was destined to continue for eleven years. As I have said, A. H. Scott was clerk in the store of James Smith, who had largely increased his stock, enlarged his store room by an additional story and a long extension, was making bricks, conducting blacksmithing, cooperage, etc. I had purchased the store built, and for several years occupied, by Albert E. Bull, just across the street east from the old store. Scott and I decided to open store there. We had but little cash capital, but borrowed a few hundred dollars, and Scott went to New York and bought a fair stock of goods. This was just as the great break-up in business and credit in New York and the country generally had occurred. It was a most difficult and disastrous time to go into business.

This year, also, the system of "Wild-Cat" Banks came into operation. The legislature had passed a law authorizing any company of persons to organize a banking institution, and issue bank-notes, founded upon mortgages of real estate, a certain amount of specie to be paid

in installments. Banks were established all over the State. Almost every little village had its bank, and soon there was little other money in circulation than the money of these banks.

In the latter part of the year a bank was organized at Schoolcraft, called the Farmers' Bank of Prairie Ronde. The necessary amount of stock was subscribed, and the requisite ten per cent was paid in. Smith, French & Co., a new firm, consisting of James Smith, Robert French, Samuel P. Cobb and John Parker, were the largest stockholders. Brown and Scott had some shares, and the farmers on the Prairie were many of them stockholders. When the election of officers occurred, I was elected president, greatly to the disgust of Smith, French & Co., who had confidently counted upon one of their firm holding that office, and, in fact, upon controlling the business. Smith, who was a director, promptly sent in his resignation, and the firm, in whose store the money was deposited, withdrew the money they had deposited on their shares. I wrote Smith a polite note, regretting the withdrawal of a man of his ability and experience from the management of the bank, and of the important aid of the firm from its resources. Smith read the note, and remarked, with evident pleasure: "That's done up in Lake's usual style."

So the thing stood for a while. But it was evident that, if the bank was to go on, it must have the co-operation of the firm of Smith, French & Co. Accordingly, at the next meeting of the stockholders, I resigned, and James Smith was elected president and I cashier.

Everything now being lovely, the business proceeded. H. G. Wells, a young lawyer who had been established at Schoolcraft for some time, was dispatched to New York to procure the engraved bills; the necessary furniture was purchased, and soon everything was in readiness to issue bank-notes to anybody that wanted to borrow.

But, by this time, the "wild-cat" banks were failing all about. Nobody knew what money was good and what was not. Whenever any move was made towards opening the bank and issuing money, I resisted, and insisted on waiting to see what the outcome of it all would be, and refused to sign the notes. And the outcome was that the whole system went by the board. "Wild-cat" money was everywhere refused; the banks were placed in the hands of receivers, who never got more out of them than enough to pay their expenses. After a while the cash in the Farmers' Bank of Prairie Ronde was distributed to the stockholders, less expenses incurred, and the thing was ended. E. H. Lothrop, who for years had been the regular Democratic representative in

the Legislature, used to boast, after the bank law was enacted, that he was the father of the law. I do not remember to have heard him renew the boast after the cataclysm.

I am not writing the incidents of any one's life but my own; but my long connection and relationship with James Smith make it proper that I should give a brief sketch of the close of his career. His connection with French and others lasted but a year or two, when a dissolution took place, Smith resuming the business and assuming the debts. He claimed that his partners had wronged him, and endeavored to get legal redress. But the lawyers to whom he applied were unwilling to undertake the case, and nothing was done. He continued to conduct a large and ill-managed business. He bought a schooner of one Jones of Detroit, determined to do his own shipping on the lakes. He shipped one stock of goods to St. Joseph, had the captain and crew at his house in Schoolcraft all the next winter, and whether the vessel was lost or laid up and rotted, I do not remember, but at any rate it was a dead loss. He made a contract with one William Lee of Buffalo to deliver a large quantity of wheat or flour, I forget which, and being unable to fulfill, gave security, and the security being called on by Lee, he assigned or sold them his large stock of goods. The security were E. H. Lothrop, Thaddeus Smith, H. B. Huston and John Dix. They took possession, and that closed James Smith's business life.

The mill at Three Rivers had also been a loss. After the death of his wife, which occurred May 11, 1841, after a long period of declining health, Smith continued to live with his children in the old log-house until February 4, 1842, when he died, every dollar of his property mortgaged and held in some form to pay his debts, which were never all paid.

With some faults of character, and habits that were fatal to success, James Smith was in many ways a rare man. His sense of mercantile honor was of the highest kind. When his affairs were evidently in a desperate condition and ruin fast approaching, H. G. Wells said to him one day: "Smith, do not you think it your duty to make some arrangement to secure some property to your family? You cannot but see that everything will be lost before long." "Sir," said Smith, with a look of scorn, and pointing to him with his finger, "never presume to suggest such a thing as that to me again. Every dollar that I have belongs to my creditors, and they shall have it to the last cent."

In the year 1837 several accessions were made to the settlement at Schoolcraft, of people from the East.

James and Hale Bates, with their families, came from Cavendish, Vermont. Captain James Bates had four sons, the oldest of whom, James H., was a lad of about twelve years at the time of his arrival in Schoolcraft. It was in the destinies that James should grow up a farmer boy, scholarly and book-loving, become my kind and sympathizing friend in bereavement, and, after some years of rather fruitless endeavor in this Western land, go to seek his fortune in the East and find it there. He has long been known as an intelligent, wealthy and honored gentleman, living in fine style in Brooklyn, and doing business —an advertising agency—in the city of New York. Several years ago he bought the paternal home in Cavendish, Vermont, and at large expense has adorned and improved it, making it a summer residence for himself and family. Our friendship and intercourse have never been interrupted.

This year, also, came Jonas Allen and family; a most valuable addition to the business and social elements of our community. Also John A. Lefferts, from the city of New York, was for several years prominent in social circles.

During these latter years the ferment of a political revolution was working, that was soon to cast headlong from power those who had ruled the country with an arbitrary and overbearing hand. In 1840 came the great contest between the Whigs and the Democrats, with William Henry Harrison and Martin VanBuren as candidates for the Presidency. I took an active and ardent part in the contest in this county. I wrote articles, and made speeches, and, alone, held a political debate on the political question with E. H. Lothrop and his brother, George VanNess Lothrop, a young lawyer, who had recently come from Massachusetts, now for a long time a leading lawyer and politician in Detroit, and lately minister to Russia in the administration of President Cleveland.

Michigan was admitted into the Union in 1837, and I had been elected a member of the board of county commissioners in 1838, a board of three who transacted the county business in lieu of a board of township supervisors. They held their office for three years. In 1840 the supervisor system was adopted. In the fall of 1840 I was elected a member of the House of Representatives over E. H. Lothrop, Democrat. The Legislature met at Detroit. In organizing the House, a novel and most important question arose for discussion.

But the story of the Legislature must wait. There are events of a

personal nature, the narration of which it is not seemly longer to postpone.

My father had been troubled for some years with an affection of the throat, which at length was found on examination to be caused by a polypus. He applied to the ablest surgeons and had the growth removed two or three times, but still it continued to grow and fill his throat nearly to suffocation. In the spring of 1839 I learned that, if ever I was to see him alive, I must not long delay going to him. So, about the 6th of May I left for Vermont. It was a sad visit, and necessarily a brief one. In a few days after my return, Amelia, my wife, gave birth to a son, who breathed but an hour or two, and was gone. My father continued to linger until the 14th day of August, when he sank peacefully to rest.

In November, 1839, my sister, Pamela, came from Vermont, where she had returned in 1824 and had been with my father during his long illness.

With her arrived Mills N. Duncan and family. Mr. Duncan was prominent in business, first at Three Rivers, and afterward at Schoolcraft. Pamela lived with me and taught a school in the village. During the winter a renewal of an attachment took place between her and Dr. Nathan M. Thomas, which had existed before she left for the East, and on March 17, 1840, they were married. Dr. Thomas became too well known during his long residence in Schoolcraft as a kind and sympathizing physician, a constant friend, an ardent politician when a philanthropic end was to be attained, and a successful business man, to need further mention from me.

I will return now to the Legislature. An old, retired lawyer-farmer, Joseph Miller of Richland, originally from Connecticut, had been elected my colleague in this county, and Dr. David E. Deming of Cooper, had been elected to the Senate. John Dix took me in a sleigh to the residence of Mr. Miller, where I stayed over night, and the next day his son, Eli Miller, started with us for Ann Arbor, where we arrived at night the second day. The Central R. R., as yet owned and built by the State, was finished—old-fashioned strap rail—as far as Ann Arbor, and we took the cars for Detroit. My cousin, Daniel B. Brown, was the Captain, as the conductor was then called. There was snow enough for good sleighing, although not very deep, and drifted some, so that the light engine then in use was unable to go through until the drifts were all shoveled away; so there was constant stopping and shoveling, and we did not arrive in Detroit until late in the afternoon.

When the Legislature met, January 4, 1841, this was the condition of things that raised the question to which I have alluded. The County of Wayne was entitled to seven Representatives, and although the State had gone Whig by a large majority, yet the County of Wayne was Democratic by a slight majority, and if the Whig representatives were elected in Wayne County, the Legislature would be Whig by a fair majority, but if the Democrats were elected, then the Legislature would be Democratic by two or three majority. Not only the usual party questions were in issue, but a United States Senator was to be elected. The township of Hamtramck, in the County of Wayne, gave, on the general ticket, about 130 Democratic majority, which, if given to the Democrats would elect their legislative ticket by a small majority; without it, the Whigs were elected. At the close of the polls the election board was in high glee and full of whiskey, and they decided to postpone the canvas to the next day, and to another place. So they put the election boxes into a cart, got in, and started off at a rattling gait, till they arrived at a drinking place by the wayside, and went in and refreshed themselves. In the morning, when they were prepared to count the votes, the cart was found to have lost out the tail board, and the representative box was missing. On further search, the box was found in the road, smashed into bits by passing teams, and the ballots scattered and beaten into the mud, so as to render a count impossible. The township board returned these facts, substantially, to the board of county canvassers, and that board to the State without giving certificates to any. This was the state of the facts on which the Legislature was to decide whether anybody had been elected, and if so, who. These facts were well known throughout the State, and had caused much anxiety and comment among the parties. The Whigs in the Legislature immediately met in caucus upon the matter, but there was much difference of opinion, and nothing definite was arrived at.

When the House met it was the first matter taken up, and, after much discussion, before the election of a Speaker, a resolution was passed admitting the Whig members, subject to the further action of the House, in case there were contestants. Philo C. Fuller of Monroe, was elected Speaker, and in constituting the committees, I was made chairman of the committee on elections. I was, I believe, the youngest member in the House, and it was my first term in any Legislative assembly. Why I was placed in so important a position, considering the questions at issue, I do not know.

When the matter of which I have spoken came up again, it was, after

much wrangling and violent discussion, referred to the committee on elections. The committee had several sittings, and heard all the testimony they thought pertinent, and one evening in my room at the National Hotel, in the presence of Dr. Deming, I wrote the report confirming the Whig members in their seats, which was at once adopted by the Whig members of the committee, without the slightest change, at their next meeting, and being reported in the House was, after discussion, adopted by the unanimous vote of the Whigs and opposed by the Democrats.

The report, however, was generally commended, and it soon began to be noised about that Jacob M. Howard had written it, although I had not seen him since the session opened. A quietus was soon put to the story by the statement of Senator Deming that he saw me write it. The report is to be found on page 43 of House Documents of 1841, which I have in my possession.

I received a good deal of credit for the report, and not long after, when the judiciary committee asked for two additional members, because of the large amount of business, C. I. Walker, a prominent lawyer of Detroit, was appointed one of these members and I the other.

Among the members of the House at the session of 1841, were many able men of both parties. On the part of the Whigs, Philo C. Fuller, the Speaker, was a very clear-headed, strong man. On the 3rd of April, having received the appointment of Second Assistant Postmaster general, he tendered his resignation, and John Biddle was elected in his place. Mr. Biddle was a fine, scholarly gentleman of the old school. He was not specially eloquent, but was a good, forcible speaker, and always illuminated the subject under discussion. He was a brother of Nicholas Biddle, President of the old Bank of the United States.

Grove Spencer of Washtenaw was a sound, able man. He was chairman of the judiciary committee. Mr. Harding, also upon the committee, was from Boston; a very pleasant, gentlemanly, well informed, modest man. Ira Porter of St. Clair was also a sound, good member. But the most original character in the House was Nathan Pierce of Washtenaw. He was familiarly known as "Old Boots," a cognomen obtained because of his wearing on all occasions a pair of long, thick, heavy, cowhide boots. He always went to and from the Legislature on foot. He was a strong Whig, but would oppose any measure, no matter where it originated, which he thought involved improper expenditure, or indicated a job of any kind. He spoke in measured and

strong words, and his constant expression was, "I am not willing that gentlemen should make money out of legal enactments."

On the part of the Democrats, as they long held the majority in the Legislature, there were more experienced and practical members. Among the ablest of these were Kinsley S. Bingham and Charles G. Hammond, and, at an interval, C. I. Walker and O. D. Richardson. There were others who were ready and incisive speakers, but of no very great weight.

In the Senate were some able men in both parties. John S. Barry of Constantine was a leading Senator, a gruff, incisive man, and a most bitter partisan. I remember being in the parlor of the National Hotel the evening after an order had been sent out, requiring members to wear crape for thirty days after the death of President Harrison. Senator Barry and several other members of the legislature were present, and the convesation was naturally upon the sudden death of the President. Barry spoke most bitterly of him, and, with an oath, tore off the crape badge which the clerk had tied upon his arm, and stamped upon it.

John J. Adams of Lenawee, was a young man, clear-headed and able. He was a Scotchman, and in his youth a schoolmate of Gladstone. Of the Whigs, Thomas J. Drake was President of the Senate. Senators Gidley and Bridge, I remember as capable Senators. Dr. Deming, from this county, was a good-natured, well-meaning man and a pleasant companion. James Wright Gordon was from Calhoun county, and he was destined to a most unpleasant political experience. A United States Senator was to be elected, and as the Whigs had a fair majority, it was considered that a nomination in caucus was equivalent to an election. When the caucus was held, Gordon, after considerable opposition, received the nomination. Of course, jollification was in order. Gordon gave a supper, at large cost, to all the members and friends. But when the election was held, the Democrats, finding that by uniting with the most bitter of Gordon's Whig opposers they could elect Governor Woodbridge, although he was one of the ablest and most uncompromising Whigs in the State, they did so, and the governor was elected. Gordon was a genial and an able man and a good speaker. The disappointment and mortification of his defeat completely broke him down. He soon left the State, went West and died.

At this session the judiciary committee of the House, prepared and reported a complete justice's act, which became a law. A special com-

mittee was also appointed to investigate and report upon the affairs and condition of the Bank of Michigan, an old and hitherto wealthy institution, but which, in common with nearly all the banks in the land, had ceased to pay specie, and its notes were falling into discredit. Of this committee I was a member. In consequence of previous mismanagement all the money systems of the country were falling into ruin. The death of President Harrison and the defection of President Tyler, with the change of politics that ensued, put an end to all remedial measures that the Whigs had proposed and were about to inaugurate. For years the country was destitute of a currency not subject to large discount, uncertainty and loss. Then followed the Mexican War, constant contention with the South, the Kansas contest and local civil war, and finally the formation of the Republican party, its national triumph, the rebellion and the great Civil War. After the establishment of peace, a financial and economical policy was inaugurated and sustained, which has been the admiration of the world. Through all these things I have lived to share the evil and the good, the losses and the benefits, the disasters and the triumphs, doing what I could for the right. And now I have to detail through this series of years the happenings of my individual fortunes. When I returned home at the close of the session, about the middle of April 1, I found my dear wife the happy mother of a healthy and promising boy, born the 21st of February. He was named Lakin.

When I left for Detroit, there had been living with us for several months, a young lad, son of John Scott of Detroit, my wife's uncle. Scott was a widower, with two sons, John and James. Scott was one of the Democratic claimants of seats in the Legislature, on whose claims I reported adversely. John was a beautiful boy of twelve or fourteen years. When I came home I found him sick with rheumatism of the heart. His father was sent for, and came and remained until after the death of his son,—a loss that affected us all deeply.

It is not necessary that I should give a detailed history of our fortunes while my brother-in-law, Hamilton Scott, and I were in partnership. We were subject to constant losses which could be endured only by the high prices at which goods were sold. When I was in Detroit, the notes of the Bank of Michigan having become of doubtful value, "wild-cat" issues valueless, and other money either scarce or worse than the old bank's notes, I wrote to Scott, advising him to take all he could get and send them to me. Accordingly I received from him a considerable sum, which I took to the bank, and procured drafts on New York,

which I forwarded to our creditors. These were either received at a large discount or returned to us. When the bank went into insolvency and wound up its affairs, we received from it notes and mortgages to the amount of our loss. A principal claim was on a farm near Kalamazoo. I went to see the man, and received a deed for part of the property, which, after holding a while, we sold to Cock & Thomas of Kalamazoo at a considerable advance on cost, they having discovered a marl bed on the property.

One year we bought pork, barreled it and hauled it to Three Rivers, from whence it was shipped in arks, down the St. Joe, and then around the lakes to New York. The charges just equaled the sales, so the whole was a total loss.

As the result of a new bankrupt law, we had the pleasure of receiving daily notices of the bankruptcy of our debtors. We bought eighty acres of land of Benjamin Taylor, Jr., and raised wheat on it, and soon after our dissolution of partnership sold the land to Willis Judson at some advance. We rented the James Smith farm, which I now own, and raised wheat on it—one year with great success, having a very large crop. We hauled it to Paw Paw, had it floured and boated down the Paw Paw River and to New York. Prices were low and profits light, but better than the goods business. And so we went on, not very successfully, but making a little profit every year.

In the latter part of the year 1847, I purchased of one Dwight of Geneva, N. Y., through his agents, Joy and Porter of Detroit, the old Smith farm, store and lots. Partly in consequence of this it was thought best that the firm of Brown and Scott should be dissolved. The dissolution took place January 1, 1848, Scott continuing in the business, and I becoming a farmer.

I have passed unmentioned some events that occurred in the passing years. Between the years 1842 and 1846, Hiram Moore of Climax had invented and brought to perfection his great Harvester, which at first cut and threshed the wheat, and delivered it in boxes in the chaff, but eventually Moore added a cleaning machine, which delivered it in bags, in much the condition that threshers do now. Brown & Scott had most of the wheat they raised harvested with this machine. Moore came to Schoolcraft and lived for some time in the house formerly occupied by J. A. Smith. Moore was a very ingenious man and a most genial and entertaining companion, and we were very cordial friends, spending much time together. He was a very warm partisan of Jackson and an uncompromising Democrat.

There are persons and families, whose names have not appeared in this running sketch of events, who have been too important factors in business or social life to be omitted. Mr. E. B. Dyckman married the widow of Col. L. I. Daniels a few years after the Colonel's death, and with a large family of children came to the Daniels' homestead in Schoolcraft, where he resided until his death a few years since. His wife lived but a few years, leaving him a daughter, now Mrs. McCartney of Denver, Col. He was again married, and the widow is still a resident of Schoolcraft.

Mr. Dyckman was an active business man of large wealth, and his family was prominent in all social affairs. His son, A. S. Dyckman, has always been a warm friend of mine. He has long lived at South Haven, engaged in the fruit growing business. Within the current year, 1891, he has published a beautiful little poem, "The Light of Life," a most unique and delightful little book.

Of Thaddeus Smith and his admirable wife, although mention has been made in the course of the narrative, yet such mention is quite inadequate to their deserts. Thaddeus was a most kind neighbor and fast friend. He was for many years a justice of the peace, doing nearly all the business in that line, and filling the office very acceptably. His son Henry is a respected citizen, living in the old homestead, and his daughter, Mrs. Pursel and Mrs. Wheeler, both widows, are our very dear friends.

Our well-known citizen, M. R. Cobb, came to Schoolcraft in 1837. His brother, Samuel P., had come earlier, but before many years he removed to Kalamazoo. Their father, Dr. Moses Cobb, and family, arrived from Springfield, Vt., in 1845, and resided in the house built and occupied by Addison Smith, who had removed to Vermont.

During all these early years I practiced land surveying more or less, running the division lines of farms and the lines of public highways. In the fall of 1832 I surveyed a road from Dry Prairie to Climax. Aaron Burson, Judge Bazel Harrison and John Perrine, commissioners. We stopped at Climax with a Mr. Dodge, well known afterwards as landlord at Paw Paw. When the surveys were finished, Perrine and I walked home by the Indian trail from Climax to Gourd-Neck. There was no settlement on the route. We got a late dinner at the cabin of James Armstrong. Mrs. Armstrong was a tall, muscular woman, to whom the toils of pioneer life were as nothing. It was said she could stand on a large log and chop it off as quickly as any man. In the summer of 1833, soon after the arrival at Schoolcraft of James Smith, I

went with Colonel Daniels to Paw Paw and made a survey of the outlines of the intended village. We stopped at the cabin of Rodney Hinckley, so far as I remember the only cabin on or near the site. After returning I made a map of the village under Daniels' direction, which was beautifully lettered by my sister, Mrs. Smith, in imitation type. After the company had acquired the property at Three Rivers, I surveyed and mapped the village.

In the summer of 1837, an act having been passed for the laying a State road from Schoolcraft to St. Joseph, and Dr. N. M. Thomas, Albert E. Bull and Alexander Copley having been appointed commissioners to locate it, I was called upon to survey it. As St. Joseph lies directly west of this place, we began on Eliza street and kept as near the section line as the ground would permit. After leaving the prairie it was thick woods, for many miles without a settler. We had intended to reach the cabin of Abner Mack, on the border of Mack's Lake, the first night. The route was swampy and difficult, and before night it began to rain violently, with thunder and lightning, and soon it was so dark that the compass could not be used. By the aid of a torch to take a slight observation, we managed to keep the general direction, and late in the night came out to the north and south road leading by Mack's, and finally arrived at his cabin. Next day we went back and resumed the line, and continued west until we struck the Territorial Road leading from Kalamazoo to St. Joseph. From that point we merged our survey in that road, going on, however, to the end of the line. Our road lay through a great swamp in Van Buren county, and was not opened for many years.

It will not be without interest to say that, in all my surveys, the compass I used is what is called a semicircle, in which the degrees, instead of counting from North to South, to the extent of ninety degrees East or West, necessarily counted but forty-five degrees, and so, of course, East and West were made points to count from as well as North and South. Thus, if a course on a common round compass would read: North sixty-five degrees West, it would read and be entered in my survey: West twenty-five degrees North; and so in all cases. This will explain that unusual form of entry in all my surveys.

To resume the broken thread of my story. On the 14th of June, 1842, occurred a most melancholy accident. My wife and sister Pamela, with the little boy Lakin, went for a visit to the house of Mr. Wilbur, about two miles east of the village. While there the ladies all went out a little way to pick native strawberries, and the little boy, unobserved,

found a plate in which was sweetened cobalt, prepared to kill flies. Of this he ate, and his mother soon noticed that he was sick, and found the cobalt with the marks of his little fingers in it. I was sent for, and, sending word at once to Dr. Jesse Thomas, I went immediately. But the poison had done its deadly work, and in a few hours we brought the little lifeless body to our now desolate home. Such was the early death of as bright and intelligent a child as ever gladdened his parents' hearts. My wife was long in recovering from the shock. Her health seemed permanently impaired. In December of that year, her brother William of Hillsboro, Ohio, made us a visit. He was building a very fine residence, and was soon to be married, and he wished Amelia to go home with him to assist and advise about furniture and arrangements. But in the precarious state of her health it was not thought best for her to go. On the 23rd day of April, 1844, a little girl was born to us, whom we named Amelia Ada. She was a sickly, delicate child, but afterwards attained a fair degree of health. She still lives with me and is a comfort in my old age.

On the 1st day of June, 1846, was born a son, Edward Lakin, a fine, healthy, beautiful boy. Alas! that I should have to record his early death. In the spring of 1848, my wife's health, which had seemed entirely restored, became very delicate. A cold was followed by a general decline in health. Mr. Jonas Allen and Mr Mills N. Duncan and families were going East, and it was thought advisable for Amelia to take the opportunity to visit her old home and friends, as the most likely chance of recovery. She took Ada and went to New Hampshire, spending a pleasant summer with relatives and friends, so far as declining health would admit of its being pleasant.

But in the meantime a great grief had come to me at home. Edward Lakin, our bright and beautiful boy, was found one day limp and helpless. After a while he came out of his almost deathly sickness, and I hoped for a perfect recovery. But, although he went about seeming pretty well, he was never seen to laugh, although naturally he was full of fun and laughter. In a week or two he gradually sickened, and died on the 3rd of July. The cause of his sickness and death was no doubt as follows: There was living in the old log-house, near by, a man by the name of Reese, who smoked incessantly a little, short, black pipe. He would often get the boy into the house to amuse him, and I learned afterwards that he would put the old pipe into the boy's mouth and endeavor to make him smoke. The child was simply poisoned with nicotine. In these trying scenes I was alone in the house much of the

time, with the boy in his cradle and I watching by his side. Helen Smith, a girl of sixteen, was all the help there was in the house. She slept at her mother's coming to get the meals, etc. When the final sickness came her mother, cousin Eliza Smith, did all she could. My sister, Pamela, was lame and unable to come to help me.

After the little boy's death, the reports concerning my wife's health grew more and more unfavorable, and on the 9th of August I started to go to her at Peterboro. It was evident that consumption had its ruthless hold upon her, and that recovery was hopeless. But she was as bright and cheerful as ever, sitting up most of the time and conversing with her usual interest and animation. Once she said to me, being aware of her approaching end, "I shall not live to enjoy that beautiful farm with you, Lakin; but if I have got to die, I mean to die like a woman, and not make a fuss about it!"

After several weeks spent in visiting in New Hampshire and Vermont, we started for home, stopping a week in Western New York with Amelia's aunt, Mrs. Maxfield. We reached Kalamazoo at night and, knowing that the house would be shut up and in no condition for an invalid to go into, I asked a young man who was going to Schoolcraft that evening to go and inform Mrs. Thaddeus Smith of our arrival, knowing that she would see that suitable preparations were made. He promised that he would certainly do so, but did not. When we arrived we found a house damp and musty from being long closed. The dining-room had been made a store-room for apples in my absence, and they were fast decaying. Of course, the atmosphere was most unfavorable for a sick person.

There was no help to be procured near at hand, and I finally wrote to Phebe Atkins—of whom I will say more soon—who was living with her father in Van Buren county. In two or three days she came, and I will not say how gladly she was welcomed. Amelia continued to grow weaker, and soon was unable to leave her bed, and on the 9th of October, 1848, two weeks after her arrival home, she breathed her last. She had been mine—a beam of light, a pleasant song—and now was not.

When Ada was an infant—possibly before her birth, I do not remember—Phebe Atkins came to live with us awhile. Her father then lived in the old log store on the farm. Phebe was a young girl of most unique and striking appearance. Nearly or quite six feet tall, angular, long-armed and with a foot that required a man's number ten shoe, she seemed about the least fitted for a nurse for a delicate woman or a little feeble baby that could well be imagined. And yet no more tender, no

gentler or more affectionate nurse could be found anywhere. After Amelia's death she continued to live with me through the four years of my widower's life, caring for my helpless child, and of me in those years of loneliness and illness; and after my marriage to my present wife she remained with us until after the birth of Addison, my youngest, and then went with her brother to Kansas, taking up land at Oskaloosa, which at last she was deprived of by other claimants, through fraud or otherwise. She then went to Kansas City, Mo., where she is now living a most useful life as nurse. During all the time of her stay with us she was an invaluable and faithful friend and servant, ready and capable for any service, indoors or out. Uncouth body, but faithful soul! May the green turf lie lightly on Phebe Atkins!

Early in the summer following Amelia's death, my widowed sister, Mrs. Marcia Carter, with her two boys, Nelson and Addison, came from Vermont to Schoolcraft. She made her home with me, and was of much service in caring for myself and little daughter. Her son Addison lived with us, and Nelson made his home with my sister Pamela. In the spring of 1852, they all returned to Vermont, where my sister, who had never been in very good health after the death of her husband, died the following year.

I must also mention another member of my family during these years. John Scott of Detroit, my wife's uncle, died in 1846, and in his will I was appointed, jointly with Abram Canniff, executor of the estate. He left a widow and an only son, James, of whom I was subsequently guardian. The estate was quite large and the labor and responsibility considerable. James came to live with me soon after his father's death, and remained several years.

In the fall of 1850 Miss Mary Ann Miles came to Schoolcraft, to teach in the Cedar Park Seminary, which was under the charge of Miss M. A. Barrett. Miss Miles remained a year, and her health failing, she returned to her home in Hinesburgh, Vt. In September of 1852 I went to Hinesburgh, and on the 21st of that month Miss Miles and I were married and came immediately to Schoolcraft. One of the incidents following and consequent upon this marriage was my intimate acquaintance with Dr. and Mrs. J. A. B. Stone. Mrs. Stone was a native of Hinesburgh, and Dr. Stone had been a teacher in the Academy at that place, and Mary had been a pupil of his. It was through their recommendation that Miss Barrett had procured her as assistant in her school two years before. The acquaintance thus formed has been pleasant and beneficial. The death of Dr. Stone occurred in

1888. He was President of Kalamazoo College many years before and after 1852.

In the same year, 1852, I sold to Jonas Allen the old Smith store and lots, and received of him in exchange—paying a small sum in difference—160 acres of land on Sec. 32 in Brady township. This land I occupied as a sheep farm for a few years, and sold it ultimately to Rishel and Himebach, for twenty-five dollars per acre—a most fortunate transaction for me.

I had little to call my attention from my occupation as farmer, until the overturn in politics with the rise of the Republican party in 1854. The success of the slave power in the Mexican War, and the acquisition of Texas and the Californias, had increased its arrogance and aggressiveness, until finally, the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and the determined efforts to establish slavery in all the territories, aroused the North to a sense of the impending danger. It was becoming apparent that the country was to be all slave or all free.

In the election of 1854, the State of Michigan and a large part of the northern states were overwhelmingly Republican. I was elected to the State Senate from Kalamazoo county. The session was a short one, the constitution at that time allowing pay for but sixty days, but in that brief time much important legislation was enacted. Among the laws passed were a stringent prohibition liquor law; a law establishing the Agricultural College; the general railroad law; and a law appropriating money for building the Asylum for the Insane at Kalamazoo. To all of these I gave hearty support. Kinsley S. Bingham, the leader of the Democrats in the Legislature of 1841, was now a thoroughly converted Republican, and the Governor of the State. George A. Coe, of Coldwater, was Lieutenant Governor, and was a very able presiding officer. Among the most active and able of the Republican Senators were Austin Blair, of Jackson; Bills, of Lenawee; Boise, of Lenawee; Conger, of St. Clair; Hussey, of Calhoun; and Upson, of St. Joseph. Blair became afterwards the noted war governor of Michigan; Conger was for many years a prominent and influential member of Congress, and Upson a well known Judge of the circuit court. Among the Democratic Senators I remember Alvord, of Lapeer, as a most persistent obstructionist, and Sullivan, of Cass, as a man of good sense and ability.

I had a serious attack of erysipelas during the session, which confined me to my room two weeks. I was chairman of the Committee on the Asylum, and on the Committee of Towns and Counties, and on Printing.

On the 21st day of July, 1854, was born to us a son, whom we named

Edward Miles. In the fall of that year my wife's brother, Dr. J. F. Miles, and sister Helen came to Schoolcraft. During his stay I went with him to visit Dr. Deming in Cooper. Helen remained with us until December, 1855. In the fall of the latter year Mrs. Brown and I made a visit to our old homes in Hinesburgh and Plymouth, Vt., taking Edward with us. I had the satisfaction of hearing his great grandfather, John Miles, who had looked askance on me, at the time of my marriage to his granddaughter, as not a Christian believer, according to his notion, say: "You may well be proud of that boy," as he evidently was. He made himself very social and friendly with me, satisfied that I was not such an ogre after all. Mary's father and mother as well as my own mother were then living, and we were warmly welcomed and entertained. We also visited friends in Cavendish; and in Chicopee and Springfield, Massachusetts, we visited my sister, Mrs. Woolley, and my nephews, Nelson and Addison Carter.

On the 27th of March, 1856, another son was born to us, George Lakin, a fine, healthy, promising boy, who fell a victim to diphtheria, October 12, 1860.

Soon after my return from the Legislature, in the spring of 1855, the Schoolcraft and Three Rivers Railroad Co. was organized, for the purpose of building a road from Schoolcraft to Three Rivers, to which place a branch of the Michigan Southern Railroad was then running. Edward S. Moore and I attended a meeting of the directors of the M. S. R. R. at Toledo, for the purpose of getting aid in some form from that company, and we obtained a written agreement to the effect that, upon our completing the road to Schoolcraft, the M. S. R. R. would relinquish and convey to us the road from White Pigeon to Three Rivers. From White Pigeon to Constantine the road was T-rail, the remainder strap-rail. We thought the terms favorable, and a commission of stock solicitors was appointed: A. H. Scott, Henry Bishop and myself. We went about the country and got all the subscriptions we could. We called on Gov. Barry, at Constantine, who was one of the directors of the M. S. R. R., and who, at Toledo, had been warmly in favor of our project. After a little pleasant chat, we told our business and requested him to subscribe something. Not a word of reply. We waited a while, talking of other matters, and then again reminded the governor of our object, and the importance of his name to the success of the undertaking. Not a word. And so, this was repeated, until, wearied and disgusted, we left him without his having uttered a word, good or bad, with regard to our request.

E. H. Lothrop was elected president of the Schoolcraft and Three Rivers Rail Road Company; and we proceeded to have the line surveyed and located, and right of way secured as far as we could, and then we graded it and procured ties. And there we stopped. Iron was $60 per ton, and the large sum required could not be obtained, and so the project slept. After a while Lothrop got discouraged and resigned the presidency, and I was elected. Still the iron could not be procured, after having tried every device we could think of. At length an agreement was made with Ransom Gardner, an old railroad man, by which, for a certain bonus to be given by the townships of Schoolcraft, Prairie Ronde and Flowerfield, and the free surrender of all our interests and rights, he was to build the road, which he did, the first passenger car coming into Schoolcraft, January 1, 1866. The amount of stock which had been subscribed was $40,000, and $30,000 had been expended in grading and ties. The amount of bonus from the towns mentioned was $60,000.

Previous to the building of this road, all the surplus produce from the Prairie was hauled to Kalamazoo for a market. When asked why we did not make a road to Kalamazoo instead of to Three Rivers, as Kalamazoo was our county town and where our interests and habits of trade were centered, I replied that was just what we were doing, building a road to Kalamazoo by the shortest and cheapest way; for as soon as we had one to Three Rivers, it would build itself to Kalamazoo, without our assistance. And this is exactly what happened, for in May, 1867, the road was completed to Kalamazoo, and was going on rapidly to Allegan and Grand Rapids. Had the road to Three Rivers remained unbuilt, we might be hauling our produce to Kalamazoo to this day. The road cost me about $1,000 in cash, besides a great deal of time and trouble. Some of the principal stockholders and aiders in the undertaking were E. B. Dyckman, Delamore Duncan, Henry Breese, M. N. Duncan and Wm. Wheeler.

On the 21st day of June, 1854, the Ladies' Library Association of Kalamazoo celebrated the Quarter Century Anniversary of the Settlement of the Village and County of Kalamazoo, and I was invited to read a poem on that occasion, and the poem "Kala," was written and read. The occasion was one of much interest, Col. Curtenius delivered the address and Gov. Ransom presided at the public dinner, which was given with toasts and speeches.

In the spring of 1857 I was elected one of the regents of the University, for a term of six years, beginning January 1, 1859. I found the

service, the meetings of the Board, and all the incidents interesting and instructive. Our meetings were generally harmonious and pleasant. Towards the close of the term, however, an unfortunate controversy arose with the President of the University, Dr. Tappan, mainly in regard to the extent of his powers and authority, which at length became a bitter one; so that, at the meeting in June, 1863, resolutions were passed, removing Dr. Tappan from the presidency, and making other changes in the officers and faculty. The vote of removal was unanimous, with the exception that Regent Baxter, although he agreed to the change beforehand, either was silent or voted "no," I do not remember which. Dr. E. O. Haven was elected to fill the vacancy, under whose care the University nearly doubled its numbers and resources, and has since become one of the greatest in the land, with an enrollment this present year—1891—of 2,800 students. The removal of Dr. Tappan produced great excitement throughout the State, as well as among the students, with whom he was generally popular. But the faculty nearly all favored the removal. Dr. Tappan, with many admirable qualities, possessed some that were incompatible with his position at the head of a great university.

I was for several years one of the trustees of Kalamazoo College. In 1859, my daughter, Ada, entered that institution and graduated from it in 1863. During the whole period she boarded in the family of Dr. Stone, the President of the College. In 1860 I was invited to deliver a poem, "To-day." This poem was largely political, dealing with the John Brown episode and other affairs with which the nation was vexed and disturbed. In recognition of this poem, Dr. Stone, who visited Greece and the Orient that year, procured and gave me on his return a beautiful agate-headed cane; the staff, a black thorn cut from Mount Parnassus, was carved by a Greek with a vine, illustrating the Greek line of beauty. A most beautiful present with which I was greatly pleased.

In September, 1857, I began building the front addition to my house, and also made some repairs and alterations in the old part. The new front was finished the next spring.

In May, 1858, the Rev. Howard M. Jones and wife came to board with us and remained until the fall. Mr. Jones was the pastor of the Baptist church at Schoolcraft. Mrs. Jones was the daughter of Rev. S. F. Smith, author of the National Hymn, "America." They were refined and pleasant people.

On the 15th of February, 1859, was born the youngest of my children,

Addison Makepeace. He now has charge of the farm, and the care of our old age. Both my sons are graduates of the University of Michigan; Edward having been a member of the class of 1880, and Addison of that of 1883. Edward, after his graduation, was Principal of the High School at La Porte, Ind., for two years. There he formed the acquaintance of Miss Mary Adkins, of Milford, Delaware, whom he afterward married, April 25, 1883. At the time of his marriage, he and Addison were carrying on the farm together, but, the following year, Edward and his wife returned to La Porte, and both taught there again for two years, Edward as Principal of the High School, and his wife, who was a graduate of Smith College, as an assistant.

In 1886 they went to Germany, where Edward entered the University of Strasburg, and continued in several of the Universities of Germany, until, in the summer of 1889, while at Göttingen, he received an invitation to an assistant professorship in Cornell University, for one year, to supply a vacancy caused by the absence of Prof. Corson. He accepted the invitation, and at the end of the year returned to Göttingen and soon received the degree of Ph. D., *magna cum laude,* in that University. Being offered a professorship in the University of Cincinnati, he accepted it, and is now Professor of the English Language and Literature in that institution.

Addison was married on October 29, 1885, to Miss Mollie Earl, daughter of John Earl of this place. They have three as pretty children as make happy any household in the land, and they live, as I think I have said before, in a house which stands very nearly on the spot to which I first came in 1831.

It is fitting that I should speak, in this life history of mine, of the great era of 1860.

In 1856 James Buchanan had been elected President of the United States. In the presidential canvass of that year, a great meeting of Republicans was held at Kalamazoo, at which there was speaking by noted orators from several stands. I attended the meeting and, going upon the ground, I had decided to give my attention chiefly to the address of Governor Bingham, with whom I was well acquainted. But as I passed on, looking for the different speakers, my attention was attracted by a tall, black-haired, awkward-looking man who was speaking in strong, earnest tones, and I caught the words—"Mr. Buchannan," as he was explaining the views and exposing the errors of the Democratic candidate. I thought I would listen to this long, lank orator, who, I learned, was "Abe Lincoln," of Illinois, a minute or two,

and then pass on to the stand of my old friend, Governor Bingham. But I need hardly say that Governor Bingham and his oration were utterly ignored and forgotten as I listened to the masterly oratory of Abraham Lincoln.

I attended the Republican National Convention at Chicago, in May, 1860, which resulted in the nomination of the immortal Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency. Wm. H. Seward was a prominent candidate; and the contest between his friends and those who opposed his nomination was most bitter. Horace Greely was a most determined opponent, incited by a desire, no doubt, to pay Seward off for some personal slights and injuries; and most bitterly was his opposition resented by the friends of Seward. Great, burly ruffians would follow Greeley about the public room of the hotel where he stopped, cursing and threatening him, while he would slowly back away from them, calmly, but forcibly replying to them.

At the conclusion of the convention, an excursion trip was given by the railroads to all the members and officers of the convention, and all state officers who had attended it. As a Regent of the University I was permitted a seat, and we had a most enjoyable trip, going by way of Rockford to Dubuque, where we stopped over night, then down the Mississippi to Clinton, where we dined; and thence by rail to Chicago. The trip down the Mississippi was with two steam-boats lashed together, side to side, called a catamaran. My companion at the convention and on the excursion was my old friend, Erastus Hussey, of Battle Creek.

Everybody knows the result of the election as to its candidate, and also as to its effect upon the fame and fortunes and life of the nation. All that belongs to another history. It had no bearing upon this history except as it had upon the life of every citizen of the United States, each in his lot. The Rebellion, the Civil War, the long contest, and the final victory of the North, with the attending circumstances of trials and costs and deprivations and sufferings, were shared by all, but not by all alike.

I have not thought it necessary, in the history of my life as a farmer, to give details of farm business, of favorable seasons and good crops or the reverse, of purchase and sale of land or sale of crops. All these are minor incidents, and I pass them by. I have been able to meet all obligations, and educate my children.

Soon after the organization of the First National Bank of Three Rivers, I acquired a few thousand dollars of the stock, and was soon

thereafter elected a director in the institution, which office I continued to hold for many years, until increasing age rendered it a burden to attend the meetings. Edward S. Moore was President of the Bank from its inception until his death, and Chas. L. Blood was Cashier, and after the death of Mr. Moore was President. It gives me pleasure to record the uniform friendliness and courtesy shown me by these officers, as well as by my fellow directors.

When the Peninsular Rail-Road Company was organized, (this road has now become a part of the Chicago and Grand Trunk Railroad), I subscribed $400 to the stock. The company proceeded to build the road and soon became involved in debt and unable to liquidate. The general railroad law provides that individual stockholders shall be liable for labor done and performed for the company. While the road was being built, one A. J. Johnson, who kept a little shop at Vicksburg, hired men to do certain work, which he had contracted to do for the railroad company, and paid them in trade at his shop. The company failed to pay him for the work, and he brought suit for $10,000 against Dr. N. M. Thomas and myself to recover for the work. The matter was in court several years, without coming to final trial, but a decision of the Supreme Court, in a case involving the same principles, was decided adversely to the claimants, and as a consequence, the suit against us was withdrawn.

In the year 1878 I was elected to the State Senate, and my attendance at the session of 1879 was one of the pleasantest episodes of my life. The Senate was composed of a body of most genial and agreeable gentlemen, and nothing occurred to mar the general harmony and good feeling that prevailed among the members. Hon. Thomas W. Palmer was a member. He has since been a United States Senator, Minister to Spain, and is now President of the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. He invited me to his residence in Detroit, during the session, where I spent several days very pleasantly. I would mention and characterize other individual members, but that might seem partial, where all were my friends. A most agreeable and pleasant incident took place in the month of March in that session. I was presented by the Senators with a beautiful gold-headed cane. Senator Ambler, the youngest member, made a pleasant speech, to which I, the oldest, responded. On this occasion my sons were both present, Edward from the University, where he was a student, and Addison from home. My wife accompanied me to Lansing at the opening of the session, and remained until the first of April. We boarded at a hotel kept by

Mr. John Bush. Mr. Jonathan Parsons, a member of the House, from Kalamazoo, was a guest at the same place, and was a most agreeable gentleman. After the first of April Mr. Parsons and I boarded at the Lansing House, lodging at the house of Mr. E. H. Porter. All the incidents of that session, legislative and social, were of the most agreeable character and left pleasing remembrances that will last as long as life remains. I was chairman of the Committee on the University, and on the occasion of the visit of the Committee to the University, I read an address, to the President and Regents, on the then much agitated matter of the Rose and Douglass controversy, which received the warm approval of the friends of Dr. Rose. I soon afterwards received a letter of thanks from Professor Boise, formerly Professor of Greek at Ann Arbor, and at that time a Professor of Divinity in the Chicago Baptist Theological Seminary, at Morgan Park.

An autobiography is necessarily egotistical. The play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out is as supposable as an autobiography without the *ego*. I shall, therefore, make no apology for any minute detail, given or to be given, of the incidents in which I am the principal or only figure. My senatorial service, already detailed, closes my political life,—my official connection with public affairs. It will be noted that I have been but three times elected to the Legislature, and these at wide intervals. If a reason is sought for this, I say that from first to last I never sought office. I never intimated to any living man that I desired a nomination to any office or a vote for it. If any man wants office, he must do as others do, and use the means to get it. But I would not, that is all. And in truth I never desired it. There is much that is pleasant in acting with and knowing public men. But I abhor the methods often employed to obtain office. Besides the public offices I have specified, I held the office of supervisor of the township of Brady, then consisting of the entire south half of the county, in 1837. Then came the county commissionership, of which I have made mention. Afterwards I was supervisor of Schoolcraft township once or twice. The office of school inspector, and of member of the school board I held almost uninterruptedly, from the first organization of schools in the township to the building of the new High School building, in 1871, in which I took prominent part.

Among the events I have witnessed and not related in order in this history, is the celebrated River and Harbor Convention, held at Chicago in 1847. The party in power had steadily resisted appropriations on the part of the general government for the improvement of the rivers

and harbors, except for harbors on salt water or rivers flowing into salt water. This was in the interest of the South, where there are no bodies of fresh water whose commerce required aid in that way. In the meantime the great fresh-water seas of the North West, had become the scene of commerce nearly equaling all the salt-water commerce of the country. Wrecks of vessels and loss of lives and property were constantly occurring, and not a dollar could be had to improve the harbors that so much needed it, because the water was not salt. Finally the North became indignant, and a convention was called at Chicago to devise measures for a remedy.

It was a great and notable convention of great and notable men. Asa Brown and I drove, in the night time, to Benton Harbor, arriving at the little log tavern of Mr. Morton, just at sunrise. We left our horse and buggy there and crossed Lake Michigan on a schooner, to be at the convention on the last day of the session. We heard some able speaking, by Horace Greeley, Anson Burlingame and others. But the convention was taken by surprise, charmed and delighted when Edward Bates, the President of the convention, on the motion for final adjournment, arose and delivered an oration that gave him, at once, a national reputation. He was afterward Attorney General in the Cabinet of President Lincoln. The deliberations of the convention had a great effect upon the country, and the doctrine that the water must be salt to entitle the commerce upon it to the care of the government was soon after abandoned.

I remember that when I came home I found a portrait in oil had been painted, during my absence, of Ada, who was then three years old.

One summer I received a free pass and an invitation from the M. C. R. R. to attend the close of the trial of the conspirators, for burning the depot at Detroit. William H. Seward was counsel for the conspirators. The case had been on trial for several months, and Governor Seward was to make his argument for the defense. I went, and heard the masterly plea of Governor Seward. He spoke two days, giving the history of the case and the testimony in all its details, with the utmost minuteness and accuracy, without the slightest note of any kind. The legal and oratorical display was wonderful. But the hard facts in the case could not be controverted. The leader of the conspiracy had died in jail during the trial, and the others were convicted and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment.

A year or two previous to the burning of the depot, I had been on a train, which was derailed by a wooden wedge, placed on the track in

such a way as to throw the engine off from a high embankment, a few miles east of Albion, killing the engineer and badly scalding one or two others. The breaking of the coupling alone saved the whole train from being thrown down the embankment, to the destruction, probably, of many lives. This was in the neighborhood of the disaffected parties, who had a grudge against the road for killing cattle, and refusing to satisfy their demands for damages.

In May, 1868, I attended the convention at Chicago, that nominated General Grant for the Presidency. There was nothing remarkable at the convention except the enthusiasm for Grant; and even that was less than his growing fame would seem to justify. But there was then some lack of confidence in his ability to fill the office to which he was nominated. General Grant has not been without detractors even in his own party, but the greatness of his name and fame have been steadily growing, and those doubted then who would now admit his great abilities.

In February, 1869, my brothers, James and George, of Plymouth, Vermont, made us a visit at Schoolcraft, and I accompanied them to Pana, Illinois, where my sister, Susan—Mrs. Woolley—was living; and from there we went to Moro, to visit my niece, Mrs. Sally Flagg, and nephew, James Smith. Mr. Flagg was attending a session of the legislature, of which he was a member. He was then owner of a large farm of 1,400 acres about three miles from Moro. His death occurred not long after. Ada had gone there the fall previous, at the invitation of Mrs. Flagg, to instruct her young daughters, and remained until the following May. About the time that she went to Moro, Miss Orpha Baldwin of Hinesburgh, Vermont, an old friend of my wife's, came to us and stayed with us during the winter and spring. She was a most delightful person, who brought a charm to life wherever she was present.

About the last of November, 1877, the remains of my sister, Mrs. Woolley, were brought here from her home near Pana, for interment. The funeral was held at my house. Susan was a most lovely woman, possessed of every quality that could render home happy and prosperous.

In September, 1870, with my wife and son Addison, I made a visit to friends at the East. After spending some time at Hinesburgh, we went to Plymouth where were my brothers, James and George, and other friends. My mother had died in the month of August,[1] the preceding year, at the great age of eighty-six years. It would be idle for me to attempt here to give my mother's memory the praise it deserves. Able, gentle and loving, with a knowledge of books and literature far

[1] This is a mistake. She died, June 8, 1869.—A. A. B.

beyond the condition and circumstances in which she lived, she was a good mother and a noble woman.

After a good visit at Plymouth, we visited friends at Cavendish, and from there went to Springfield and Chicopee, Mass., to visit Nelson and Addison Carter and their families. From Springfield, I made a journey to New York and Brooklyn, to visit my old friend, James H. Bates. After a most delightful visit of several days, I returned to Springfield for a day or two, and then we all came home.

In March, 1874, I went to Lansing as member of a committee to prepare a constitution and by-laws for the State Pioneer Society. The other members of the committee were J. Witter Baxter of Hillsdale, and J. Webster Childs of Washtenaw county. After getting through with the business of the meeting, Mr. J. T. Cobb and my wife and I, made a visit to the State Agricultural College. On the 22nd of the next month I went again to Lansing to attend a meeting for the adoption of the constitution and by-laws, and for the inauguration of the Society. The meeting was held in Representative Hall, and was attended by a large number of men from all parts of the State. The Articles of Association, as they were called, were adopted, and Albert Little, of Bay City, was elected President, and other officers and committees were appointed. After the pioneers present had signed the Articles, general speech-making was indulged in. The President, Mr. Baxter, Mr. Levi Bishop and others, made speeches. I see by a report of the meeting in the Lansing Republican, that "E. Lakin Brown related a little unwritten history of Wild-Cat Banking, or, as he said, 'How the cat was not let out of the bag.'"

In the spring of 1883 I gave a life lease of the farm to my two sons, and they entered into a contract for conducting it. At the end of the first year of the joint farming, Edward transferred his interest to Addison, who assumed all the liabilities in the contract.

On the 4th of August, 1886, my wife and I, accompanied by Mrs. Helen Pursel, started for a visit to New England. Mrs. Pursel stopped at Rutland, and my wife and I went on to Burlington and Hinesburgh. At the end of a pleasant week, I left Mary, and went to Plymouth, to spend as much time at the old home as I could. I found the big farmhouse of my brother, James, full, as usual, of summer visitors—relatives and friends. All his children and grandchildren were there at one time or another during my visit. Also my brother Tom was there whom I had not seen for more than thirty years; and my cousin, John Page Brown, a cripple, but the cheerfulest soul alive. During the five or six

weeks I spent in Plymouth, no pains were spared on the part of all to make my visit pleasant. We drove about the country and neighboring towns, and visited everything of interest to be found in the vicinity. But except my own relatives, almost everybody was a stranger. It was fifty-five years since I came to Michigan, and there was scarcely a living soul remaining that I knew before I left.

After remaining with her friends at Hinesburgh three or four weeks, my wife came to Plymouth, and after staying a few days we went to Cavendish, making our home with my niece, Mrs. Bigelow. We also visited at Mr. William Smith's, meeting all those who were the daughters of John Proctor—Sarah, widow of Addison Smith; Lorette, widow of Joseph White; Elizabeth, widow of Levi Churchill of St. Louis; Ada, Mrs. Alex. Smith, also of St. Louis, and Isabel, Mrs. William Smith.

While in Cavendish we made a visit of three days to my old friend, James H. Bates, who was spending the summer at the old homestead, which he had purchased some years before, and improved and ornamented at great cost. He was living in most delightful style, and he and his admirable wife made the time a perfect holiday for us. Their daughter, Elizabeth, was there and a young lady, Miss Stokes, of New York, making a most charming family.

After a day or two at Bellows Falls, at the house of my nephew, George A. Brown, and a few days in Massachusetts, we left for home on the first day of October. I had seen the old home and the scenes of my childhood for the last time.

And here I close for the present this record of the events of my life.

Note.—After closing the account of the events of his life in this way, my father added some incidents of early days, evidently as after thoughts. These I have inserted, as nearly as possible, in their proper places in the narrative. Nothing which occurred between the years 1886 and 1892 is set down. But in March, 1892 my father began a kind of diary containing entries, mainly of family interest, inserted at irregular intervals. The last of these, is dated December 9, 1898, a few months before his death.—A. A. B.

HON. ALFRED MEADS.

HISTORY OF ASCENSION CHURCH AT ONTONAGON.

BY HON. ALFRED MEADS.

For the Jubilee celebration of Ascension Church I have been requested by your rector, the Rev. Thomas Datson, as one of the few survivors of its early members to write its history from its organization. Please bear in mind that the disastrous fire which destroyed our beautiful town and all our homes burned all my books, papers and memorandums as well as records of the church, so that I will have to depend entirely on my memory for dates, names and data for the material for this address. I shall only give the history of the church from its organization in 1854 down to its destruction by fire in the great conflagration in 1896, at which time I left Ontonagon.

The history of Ascension Church dated back to 1854, when an organization was effected mainly through the efforts of two devout churchmen, General Daniel Pittman and Mr. James Burtenshaw. Gen. Pittman came to Ontonagon in the fall of 1851 from Detroit, to take charge of the work at Douglas Houghton Mine and lived at the mine. He was the father of the well-known Pittman family of Detroit, identified with the Episcopal Church in that city. He removed to Ontonagon in 1853, and in the fall was elected county clerk by a large majority. Mr. James Burtenshaw was born near my native home, Brighton, on the south coast of England, and during his residence here was my dear and intimate friend. He came to Ontonagon in the spring of 1851 and engaged in the mercantile business with the Honorable Augutus Coburn, under the firm name of Coburn and Burtenshaw. Messrs. Pittman and Burtenshaw found several other devout churchmen in the city who by their zeal undertook this noble work.

The Church took its name from the Church of the Ascension, New York City, of which Dr. Bedell, afterwards Bishop of Ohio, was rector, and he and his congregation were liberal contributors towards the erection of the building. The people of Ontonagon were appealed to for aid to erect an edifice that would be a credit to the town and responded liberally. Gen. Pittman headed the list with a donation of his residence and lot, adjoining the ground which had been purchased for the church at a cost of $6,000, where the church now stands. Mr. Pittman's house afterwards became the rectory and was used for many years for that

purpose until a new one was built. He built a new residence on the corner opposite, which was afterwards purchased by the Diamond Match Co., for a residence for their superintendent. The donation of the house and lot was a very generous one for those times and inspired the residents of Ontonagon of all and no denominations to aid not only in the building of this church but for other enterprises that promised to add to the prosperity of the town in which they had cast their lots.

In 1855 Mr. Burtenshaw went to Detroit and engaged the services of Mr. Waterman, an architect and builder of first-class reputation, who had had considerable experience in church and other buildings, to draw plans and make estimates. These were approved and Mr. Waterman hired to superintend its erection. Mr. Burtenshaw then chartered the schooner *Seaman* to go to Detroit. Captain Daniel Beaser was master, and on the *Seaman* all the timber and material for the building was sent to Ontonagon, arriving safely in the fall of 1855. Mr. Waterman came, and during the winter of 1855-1856, got all the material necessary for the interior and exterior of the building, and in the spring of 1856 commenced its erection. It was completed during the summer under his direction, and he considered it the handsomest church edifice in Michigan at that time, and this was the general opinion of all visitors.

The window frames were sent to Detroit to be filled with stained glass at the request and expense of ex-Gov. Baldwin and C. C. Trowbridge, at a cost of $300. These devout churchmen always took great interest in the building, not only of this church, but at other places in the diocese of Michigan. The windows afterwards became much broken and dilapidated from storms and reckless stone throwing, and I had them taken out and sent to Detroit, where they were repaired and returned as good as new, free of cost, by the same generous churchmen and Mr. Burtenshaw. The handsome marble front was the gift of Mrs. Sarah H. Boardman, of Boardman, Ohio, and the Oxford red-covered Bible and prayer book for the pulpit, and reading desk, were the donation of Miss Cornelia Boardman, of New Hartford, Conn. Both of these ladies were relatives of Mrs. James Burtenshaw. The silver communion service and altar-cloth were the gifts of Mrs. A. P. Pipor of London, England, who also sent a check for sixteen pounds, five shillings, English money, as a donation towards the building fund. This was a family friend of Dr. Walbank, who was then a resident of the village, and who took great interest in the establishment and building of the church, and was one of the wardens.

Thus after much delay and many tribulations Ascension Church was

complete and ready for service at a cost of $4,200. As there was no debt upon it, it was ready for consecration, August 10, 1856, when Bishop McCoskry of Michigan performed the consecration services, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Kelly. A very large audience of people coming from all parts of the country participated in the services. It was a gala day for Ontonagon, and the old residents have often described to me the happy event. All the houses were thrown open and everybody was made welcome. The church building was the pride, not only of our own denomination, but of the town. It was beautiful, and considered one of the handsomest in the State of Michigan at that early date.

Before proceeding further I wish to say a few words on the question on the oldest Episcopal church building in the Upper Peninsula. Generally speaking, Ascension Church has been given this distinction. This honor, however, belongs to Grace church at Clifton (the Cliff Mine), in Keweenaw county, but only occasional services were held in it. It was built mainly through the efforts of Mr. C. Harvey Parke, a devout churchman, then a resident of Eagle River, and afterwards for many years a member of the well-known drug manufacturing firm of Parke, Davis & Co., and a resident of Detroit. When I came to the Lake in 1859, Grace church was in charge of Rev. Mr. Long, who came to Ontonagon in the fall and held services. I do not remember what became of him. The Rev. Mr. Johnson succeeded him shortly, and later moved back to Connecticut, and I think is now located at Colorado Springs, Colo. No rector has ever had charge of Grace church since, and I presume the building has long ceased to exist or has been converted to other uses. The Bibles and prayer books used in it were packed and sent to me by Bishop McCoskry for use in Ascension Church. There is hardly any doubt in my mind but that Grace Church at the Cliff Mine, Keweenaw county, was the first Episcopal church building erected and used in the Upper Peninsula; but they lacked an organization and a stated rector, the services only being performed occasionally when some church clergyman happened to be passing up or down the lake on some of the steamers visiting Eagle River. But to return to our history of Ascension church at Ontonagon, the first wardens were Daniel Pittman, senior warden, and Dr. Samuel S. Walbank, junior warden. The first vestry-men were James Burtenshaw, Augustus Coburn, Martin Beaser, Henry R. Close, John L. Mullowney, John R. Livingston and William W. Dickinson, not one of whom, I believe, is now living. The Bishop, the first rector, the builder and all the first wardens have gone to their reward.

Among the early parishioners on the church record for 1855 to 1860

we find the names of Daniel Pittman and wife, James Burtenshaw and wife, Dr. Walbank and wife, William Condon and wife, Dr. Brunschweiler and wife, Rev. William Kelly and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Livingston, John Love and wife, Henry Selby and wife, Algernon Merryweather and wife, Mr. and Mrs. William Pitt, Mrs. Portia Hitchcock, B. L. Rogers and wife, Daniel Cash and wife, Mrs. Lucy Ann Bliss, Mrs. Emily Chibnall, Mrs. Jerusha Brown, Jay A. Hubbell and wife, Mrs. Harriet VanAnden, Mrs. M. F. Harris, Mrs. C. Davis, James Mercer, Mrs. S. Johnson, Charles B. Hawley and wife, Peter Mitchell and wife, Alfred Meads and wife, Henry Meads and wife, Dr. Godfrey Vivian, George D. Emerson, Judge Allan, Samuel O. Parker, William E. Dickinson and wife, Dr. Pratt, Dr. Cameron, Miss Rachel Ann Cook, Miss Jessie Clark, Mr. Osgood E. Fuller and perhaps others whose names have escaped my memory. Look over the list and see how many of them are still living to take part in or read of our Jubilee services today. The only ones to my knowledge are: Mrs. James Burtenshaw of Detroit, Mrs. Dr. Walbank of Duluth, William Condon and wife of Hancock, Mrs. John Love, who is still a resident of Ontonagon. Mrs. Portia Hitchcock of Houghton, Charles Merryweather of California, Mrs. Harriet VanAnden of Detroit, B. L. Rogers of Appleton, A. Meads and wife of Marquette, Henry Meads of Platte City, Mo., Mr. Peter Mitchell of California, Charles B. Hawley of Alberquerque, New Mexico, and George D. Emerson of California. The others, as near as my memory serves, have gone to their reward, but in nearly every instance the children of many of the list of old communicants have remained faithful members, aye and good workers in the church of their parents, not only in Ontonagon, but in the different sections of the country in which they are located, and they have never forgotten the Church of the Ascension or its Sunday school in the home of their youthful days.

Rectors. The first rector of the Ascension church was Rev. William Kelly of Michigan, who came highly recommended by Bishop McCoskry. He arrived in Ontonagon in the fall of 1856 and immediately set about the work of the parish. He was an eloquent preacher and a devout worker, and as usual met with opposition to his plans from some of the residents of the town. He remained until 1858, when he removed to Dexter, Michigan, and took charge of the church there until, I think, 1871, and his remains lie in the cemetery there. His wife died in Mt. Clemens in 1877 or 78, and her body reposes beside her husband's. After the resignation of Mr. Kelly the parish remained vacant for ten years, but the services of the church and Sunday school were kept up

by Mr. James Burtenshaw, and here we may say that in all the church career of Ascension Church, whenever the parish was without a rector in the early years, the services of the church were continued by the lay readers, Messrs. Pittman, Burtenshaw, Lasier and Meads.

In the early part of 1860, Mr. Burtenshaw took the overland trip to Wausaw, Wis., and visited the church theological seminary at Nashota, Wis., and engaged the Rev. Edward Seymour, a graduate of that college, who had just been ordained to the ministry, to become rector of the Ascension church. He arrived here in the spring of 1860. He proved a very energetic and acceptable rector. The records showed that he did a very large amount of work, not only in Ontonagon, but throughout the whole country. In 1862 I erected a building in Rockland and fitted up a second story for a chapel for Mr. Seymour, where he held frequent services, and laid the foundation for what afterwards became St. Thomas Mission, which has since been nurtured by Mrs. B. F. Rogers, Mrs. Dillond, the Misses Hoyt, and other devout members of the church. Mr. Seymour preached his farewell sermon on Sunday, May 7, 1865. He moved to Negaunee and Marquette for a few years, and as missionary visited the church here in September, 1868. He then removed to Ashtabula, Ohio, and was rector of a church there, removing to Carlyle, Ill., where he is rector of a church now. I am in hopes of meeting him at Ascension Church Jubilee.

After him the Rev. Mr. Williams took charge of the parish for a short time, but he was unpopular and went from here to Superior City, Minn., and is now, I believe, at Hastings, Minn.

After this the church was without a rector for nearly seven years, but lay services were kept up by James Burtenshaw, Thomas J. Lasier, now of Washington, and myself. In the fall of 1871 the Rev. Dr. DeLaw took charge of the parish, but remained only one year. He was an eloquent preacher and a converted Jew, for which he was cast off by his parents and friends, who were titled and wealthy people in Germany. He afterwards had charge of a church in Woodlawn, Cal., where, I believe, he died a few years ago. Bishop McCoskry filled the vacancy by sending the Rev. Mr. Beaulieu who remained rector one year, and is now located at Wausaca, Minn.

The next rector was the Rev. G. W. Skinner. He arrived here with his family and took possession of the parsonage in August, 1877. Mr. Skinner was an excellent reader and an eloquent preacher, but being an elderly man, the rigid climate of Lake Superior was too severe for him and he resigned May 22, 1880, and is still living in Detroit.

There was a vacancy until the summer of 1883, when the Rev. Henry Safford of Milwaukee, took charge of the parish for one year, when he resigned and is still living in Topeka, Kansas. Mr. Safford was the first Episcopal clergyman in Marquette, Michigan.

During the summer of 1885 the parish was in charge, (at the request of Bishop Harris, who succeeded Bishop McCoskry,) of the Rev. G. M. Williams, now Bishop of the Episcopal diocese of Marquette, and he and his family have always retained pleasant recollections of his summer spent in Ontonagon and Rockland. The next rector was Rev. S. K. Miller, who took charge of the parish September 20, 1885. He was an elderly man and in poor health. He did not improve and was compelled to resign in consequence in 1886. Shortly after his removal he died.

The next rector was the Rev. W. Macauley Tooke, who took charge of the parish in November, 1886. He resigned in December, 1887, and took charge of general mission work throughout the Upper Peninsula, and died a few years ago at Iron Mountain, Michigan.

In 1888 the parish was in charge of the Rev. W. B. Cross for the summer months, when he accepted a call to Trinity church, Houghton, removing from there to Chicago, and is now located at Evansville, Ind.

In the fall of 1888, the Rev. Edward Warren arrived from Flemington, New York, and took charge of the parish, remaining until December, 1890, when he went to Superior. From there he went to England, and, returning to the United States, was assigned to the church at Gladstone, Mich., and is now residing at Port Whitby, Ont. During the summer months of 1891 the Rev. H. C. Goodman, of Nashota, took charge of the parish at the request of the Bishop, remaining there until December. He is now located at Clarendon, Texas.

The next rector was the Rev. Percy G. H. Robinson, of the diocese of Algomah, Canada, who took charge of the church in February, 1892, and remained in charge until November, 1894, when he resigned to take charge of Christ Church, Calumet, Mich. Afterwards he was appointed general missionary for the Upper Peninsula, with headquarters at Marquette. He was Archdeacon of the diocese from May 1, 1896 to June 30, 1899, and rector of St. Paul's church, Marquette, which parish he resigned to take charge of St. John's, Washington, Conn. Mr. Robinson was a fine reader and preacher and very popular with all classes of his parishoners in Ontonagon and the people of the country. It was mainly through his efforts that a new rectory was built and many improvements made to the exterior and interior of the church building.

He was much beloved and respected by all classes of people in Ontonagon and very general regret was expressed when he left the town. In his present location he is much esteemed, and his people would regret any circumstances which might arise to call him to another field.

The next rector was the Rev. W. A. Mulligan, who took charge of the parish July 5, 1895, and remained until after the fire of August, 1896, when he removed with his family to Beatrice, Neb., where he now resides. He was a young man and was doing very efficient work, especially among the young, with whom he was very popular: He did heroic work among the people who were burnt out of house and home at the fire, and many families tonight in Ontonagon rise up and call him blessed. Verily he will have his reward.

The next rector was the Rev. William Poyseor, whom Bishop Williams sent to take charge of the parish after the fire. Fortunately there was insurance on the church for $2,500, with which Mr. Poyseor started to build a new church, superintending its construction from start to finish, giving his own labor and time. He also built a very comfortable rectory, and furnished the church in a churchly manner. He proved himself a hard worker, a conscientious adviser, and was well liked by the people, not only of Ontonagon, but those of Rockland and Greenland, where he held frequent services. He is now stationed at Crystal Falls, Mich., where he has built a very handsome church edifice. May he continue long to be an active, zealous worker for the church of his choice.

The next rector, and the last upon my list, is the Rev. Thomas Datson, who resigned the rectorship of the new church at Greenland to become rector of the old Ascension Church at Ontonagon, in succession to seventeen as earnest, hard-working and devoted rectors as ever presided over Episcopal parishes. Of his abilities and services I need not speak, for you know and appreciate them well. May he long continue as your rector, shepherd and spiritual adviser and faithful minister of the church.

I have given you, as far as my memory serves me, the names of the seventeen rectors and missionaries who have had charge of Ascension church from the organization of the parish in 1854 to the present time, 1904. If I have made any omissions or errors in dates, I should be pleased to correct them before this historical sketch is made part of your Jubilee record. I call your attention to the fact that of the seventeen clergymen who have served as rectors of Ascension church only four are dead. The Rev. Mr. Kelly, Dr. DeLew, Rev. Samuel H. Miller

and Rev. W. Macauley Tooke. All the others, as far as I know, are alive. Also the fact that the builder of the church, Bishop McCoskry, who consecrated the church, Rev. Mr. Kelly who assisted in the consecration, and, I think, every member of the first vestry, have gone to join the church of the Archangels, not made with hands.

I will now recount some reminiscences of its life and history, especially of its early life, leaving the others to relate its more recent events. This will lead me to speak somewhat personally in connection with the church. I arrived in Ontonagon on the steamer *Iron City* on the evening of May 8, 1859, and bought the jewelry business of Mr. J. H. Woolnough, and removed with my wife and brother, Thomas D. Meads, from Cleveland, Ohio, to Ontonagon in June the same year. All being members of the church, we naturally found our way to the open door of Ascension church, which we found to be without a rector, but the services were kept up by the lay reader, Mr. James Burtenshaw, who also was superintendent of the Sunday school. I well remember the service as it made quite an impression upon me for its novelty, as I never had heard it read by a layman, either in England or America.

I was also surprised at the large congregation, the hearty responses, and the singing of the well-trained choir. I at once identified myself with the active work of the parish and became one of the vestry, and was elected secretary and treasurer to succeed Mr. William Condon, and to the best of my knowledge, Mr. Condon and myself are the only two living members of the vestry of 1859 and 1860. I continued an active member of the church in all its work until the time I left Ontonagon in 1896, filling the position of senior warden, junior warden, vestryman, secretary and treasurer, lay reader and Sunday school teacher and superintendent and member and leader of the choir. For eighteen years I was the licensed lay reader, holding my commission from Bishops McCoskry, Harris and Davies. All my family were baptized and confirmed within the sacred walls of the old church. I did not always meet with the approval of my people and associates, and very often made errors, but they were errors of the head not the heart. As I look out on the audience assembled in the walls of this beautiful edifice which has been erected on the spot where the old church stood, I can see many faces, both men and women, who were members of my Bible class or Sunday school of years gone by, and I am proud to learn that they are still active and consistent churchmen and women, and all of them rearing their children in the church and faith of their fathers and mothers. May God bless them.

A remarkable fact has often been brought to my attention of the continuous membership of the worshippers of our church. I have traveled much over the northern part of the American continent, during the past twenty-five or thirty years and have come across many of the old residents of Ontonagon or their children, and in about every instance I have found them still active and consistent churchmen and women, never having forgotten the lessons they had learned in the church and Sunday school of Ontonagon.

Within the walls of the old church it became my duty, as Warden, to assist and entertain the Bishops of Michigan, McCoskry, Harris and Davies, and several visiting Bishops of other dioceses, including Bishop Whipple of Minnesota, Bishop Wells of Milwaukee, Bishop Brown of Fond-du-Lac, Bishop Talbot of Indiana and Bishop Brooks of Oklahoma, all of whom have preached within the walls of the old church. When I went to Ontonagon in 1859, I found the church organization as I have recorded. At the Sunday services Mr. James Burtenshaw was the lay reader. Mr. Charles B. Hawley, who, I think, is still living in Alberquerque, New Mexico, was the leader of the choir and continued in that capacity until he left the village in 1864. Mrs. Brunschweiler was the organist, or rather player on the old melodeon, and they were assisted by a good choir. In the Sunday school Mr. Burtenshaw was the superintendent and teacher of the Bible class, and was assisted by a very able corps of teachers, among whom was his wife, Mrs. Cornelia Burtenshaw, who was a sister of Mr. Hawley, the leader of the choir. Mr. Osgood Eaton Fuller, superintendent of the public schools in Ontonagon, Miss Rachel Ann Cook, Miss Jessie Clark of Ann Arbor, another teacher in the public schools, and others whose names I do not now recall.

Later in the autumn of 1859, the Rev. Mr. Long of Eagle River paid a visit to the parish, preached morning and evening, and baptized Miss Rachel Ann Cook, who immediately after her baptism stood as one of the sponsors for Mrs. Burtenshaw's daughter Caroline, who is now Mrs. Henry Campbell, of Detroit, Mich. Under the churchly instructions of Mr. and Mrs. Burtenshaw, Mrs. Fuller and Miss Cook became much interested in the church. After her baptism by the Rev. Mr. Long, Miss Cook was confirmed by Bishop McCoskry in 1859. Mr. Fuller became a candidate for Holy orders, and in 1861 was ordained deacon. In the following year he was admitted to the priesthood, and for forty years proved a most devout and earnest missionary in the service of the Master in Lower Michigan, his last charge having been relinquished on

account of failing health but a few months prior to his death, which occurred in Caro, Mich.

In May, 1861, Mr. Fuller and Miss Cook were married in Ascension church by the Rev. Edward Seymour, the afternoon of the first Sunday Mr. Seymour spent in Ontonagon. Miss Agnes Cash and Miss Clara Merryweather were bridesmaids, and Daniel Clark and Charles Van Anden groomsmen. Mr. James Burtenshaw gave the bride away. On the same Sunday afternoon Mr. Seymour baptized my daughter Hattie. This was his first work as rector of the Ascension church of Ontonagon. A few words about the choir. In 1862 or 3 the Johnson family left Ontonagon for Kansas and Miss Clara B. Hawley and my brother, Henry Meads, for Platte City, Mo., taking with them their wives, thus eventually breaking up the choir. I took hold of it, and by the assistance of Miss Sarah Van Schaik as organist and her sister Beulah, the Misses Ella and Emma Mitchell, Clara Merryweather, Agnes Cash, the Misses Dickens, Emma Schneider and others whose names I do not recall, got together a creditable choir, who aided in the Methodist and Presbyterian churches also. In later years I presented the church with an organ, and the old melodeon, which had done service for so many years, was disposed of, but I do not remember what became of it.

The organ, with the Bible, prayer book, lectern and the pulpit, the records of the church, the register of births, deaths, baptisms, marriages and funerals were all destroyed by the fire. During the absence of a rector I kept up the records, recording all the important events of the parish. During my active life as lay-reader for many years I was frequently called upon to visit the sick and read the funeral services over the remains of young and old who were members of or associated with our church, as well as members of other denominations.

After the close of the war in 1864 and 5 there was almost a cessation of mining in Ontonagon county, consequently a collapse of business in the village, compelling all who could to leave and seek other homes; by these removals and some deaths, Ascension church suffered severely, and we lost the families of the Pittmans, Mr. James and William Burtenshaw, Algernon Merryweather, Drs. Platt and Cameron, Charles D. Hawley, Henry Meads, the Johnsons, the Closes, the Clarks, the Hubbels, the Doolittles, the Mitchells, the Rogers, the Lathrops, Mr. and Mrs. Dickens, and many other prominent families of the village belonging to other denominations, but during all their gloomy periods I could not see the dark side, so I stuck to the old ship until the disastrous fire of 1896 fired me out and left me without a home or resources, to seek a new

start in the world, for the support of my family. And now, as I look over the thirty-eight years spent among you I count them as the happiest of my life. It was my home. All my family were born and raised here, and within the walls of the old Ascension church my children were all baptized and confirmed.

During my long residence among you I have endeavored as a citizen, a business man, an office holder, and in every capacity to live an honorable life. For twenty-eight years as editor and publisher of the Ontonagon Miner, the oldest paper of the few published on Lake Superior, I endeavored to be fair, honorable and just to all parties and factions, fearless in expressing my opinion on all local questions, endeavoring, to the best of my ability, to promote the mutual interest, not only of the village but the whole of Ontonagon county, and although at variance with many of my fellow citizens, I had malice towards none. I can now, from my calm declining years, look back over this eventful period, and truly say that I fought for Ontonagon first, last and all the time. Pardon me, my friends and old neighbors, for thus ingrafting in this historical sketch what may seem to some of you my own personal matters and feelings, but as I stand before you tonight I feel the weight of my seventy-three years of strenuous life and realize that I may never meet or see any of you again on this earth, but I hope to see you all in that better land above.

Thus our history of Ascension church is complete for the fifty years of its existence, forty-six of which I was closely identified with it as a member, and in various official capacities, and some of the pleasantest and saddest memories of my life have been linked with its history. We leave it now for other hands to make its history and write its future. May the beautiful edifice that has been erected on the foundation of old Ascension church long stand as an emblem of the Christian faith of our fathers and within its sacred walls may meet and worship as true and loyal churchmen and women as in the past.

"The following letter is taken from *The Pathfinder,* published at Crystal Falls, Mich., March, 1905.

"I heartily endorse all Mr. Alfred Meads has said regarding Grace church, Clifton, and supplement it as follows:

"I gave up the charge of the Church of the Redeemer at Superior, Wis., and took charge of Grace Church, at the Cliff mine and other points in Keweenaw county in September, 1864. My family at that time, consisting of my wife and two boys, joined me on the 18th of October. Mr. Petrie, the Superintendent of the Central, gave me the

use of a house on the Northwestern mine, a location just east of the Central mine. From him and the other officers of the Central mine I received many kindnesses that cheered me in my work. My schedule of work at this time was to give two services on alternate Sundays at the Cliff mine. On each of the other Sundays I would hold a service at Eagle Harbor in the morning, at the Copper Falls mine, three miles distant, in the evening. The schoolhouse at this place had sittings for seventy-five scholars. On Sunday evenings when I officiated there, the building would be crowded to the very door. There was a choir of Cornishmen that sang all the chants and hymns. But I distinctly remember that they *exaspirated* their *haytches*. I would leave home on one Saturday for the Cliff mine and on the next Saturday for Eagle Harbor. I also held a few week-day services at Eagle River. Col. Wright, proprietor of the hotel, kindly opened the ballroom and warmed it for these services. In the month of May, 1869, I moved to Houghton and gave some services there and continued to give services at the Cliff mine until the month of August, 1869.

"The Parish Record at the Cliff mine was kept in the church. I lived six miles from there, and it was not practicable for me to keep it. The last services in this church were held in August, 1869. Mr. John Senter held a claim against the church for premiums of insurance which he advanced to the amount of seventy-five dollars. To cover this claim, with the permission of the few members of the vestry, he took the organ at the valuation of one hundred dollars, and assumed the payment of two or three claims against the church. Under the circumstances this was the wisest provision that could have been made. To Mr. Senter we were indebted for many kindnesses which we remember to this day.

"In the month of January, 1872, Capt. Joseph Paull wrote to me asking for a lease of the church to the Odd Fellows, giving as a reason that the church building was being injured because it was not occupied. This letter was referred to Bishop McCoskry, who gave his permission for them to occupy the building, provided they would keep it insured. This condition was accepted and the building was used by them for several years. It certainly served a good purpose while it was standing; but it is doubtful if there is a need for a church building at the Cliff mine. Wherever it is practicable it is better to build a church at the county seat. Yet I think if the property at the Cliff mine had been vested in the Bishop it would not have been lost to the Church.

"Sincerely yours,

"Edward Seymour,

"Missionary."

HON. WILLIAM E. QUINBY.

REMINISCENCES OF MICHIGAN JOURNALISM.

[A paper read before the Michigan Press Association at Battle Creek, Feb. 5, 1903.]

BY HON. WILLIAM E. QUINBY, DETROIT FREE PRESS.[1]

"Thou unrelenting past,
Full many a mighty name
Lurks in thy depths, unuttered, unrevealed."

Saith Rip Van Winkle, "how soon we are forgot." I remember an illustration of this. One of those exaggerations characterizing American humor and yet carrying its moral. At one of the famed Gridiron Club dinners years ago, witty Dick Merrick, the noted Washington counsellor, was talking with Senator Sherman. He said: "We fade away like a tale that is told, so soon, alas. The other day," said he, "ex-President Hayes came to Washington to attend a chicken convention and he walked the entire length of Pennsylvania avenue with his linen duster in one hand and his luncheon wrapped up in a newspaper in the other and not one man saluted him. Finally he entered the grounds of the White House and there but one man spoke to him. He was a policeman and he said "please keep off the grass."

To me has been given the pleasing task of calling up from the bygones of Detroit Journalism some brief reminders of the olden times. Necessarily they must be brief and scrappy for the time would fail me to enter into details. And one must be mindful of the anecdote of the railway conductor. He had not been a regular church-goer, but one Sunday he drifted into the place of worship and the minister knowing him full well and thinking here was a chance to make an impression, after finishing his sermon, took up its salient features and flung them at the railway conductor. This made the services uncommonly long. On coming out of church some one asked the conductor how he liked the minister. "Well," was his reply, "he seems to be a mighty good preacher, but he lacks one thing. He lacks terminal facilities." Let me be mindful of my terminal facilities.

Detroit was founded in 1701. The earliest printing press known in

[1] William Emory Quinby, editor-in-chief of the *Detroit Free Press* since 1872, was born at Brewer, Me. Dec. 14, 1835. He went to Detroit when only fifteen years old. He graduated from the University of Michigan in 1858, and received the degree of LL. D. in 1876. He married Adeline Frazier in April, 1860. He became connected with the *Free Press* in 1861. President Cleveland in 1893 appointed him Minister to the Netherlands where he served until 1897. He resides in Detroit and is still associated with the *Free Press*.

the territory of Michigan was brought hither over 100 years later, in 1809, by Rev. Father Gabriel Richard, a priest of the order of St. Sulpice, and he published a small gazette called the "Michigan Essay, the Impartial Observer. Father Richard was a very public spirited man, and his kindness and sense of justice endeared him to Protestant as well as Catholic. His quaint humor and shrewd sense appealed to all who knew him. His prayer for the Legislature that they might make laws for the people and not for themselves, was a very comprehensive summary of sound political philosophy.

In 1817 the Detroit Gazette, the first regular newspaper, made its appearance. It was conducted by John P. Sheldon and E. Reed, and was an able, but caustic journal.

Not until 1825 was the second paper started, the Michigan Herald, by Chipman and Seymour. The Detroit Free Press weekly was first published in 1831 and was followed by the daily in September, 1835. The Detroit Advertiser, also a morning paper, was started in June, 1836, by George L. Whitney. The Detroit Tribune, an evening paper, first appeared in 1849, under the management of Henry Barnes. The editor was Joseph Warren, who came here from New York under the auspices of Governor Seward.

My personal acquaintance with the press began in 1858. During the next decade several papers were started, all of which were merged or submerged, dropping, like McGinty, to the bottom of the sea, among them being the Free Democrat, by the Rev. S. A. Baker, the Detroit Inquirer and the Times. In February, 1853, Wilbur F. Storey came to Detroit from Jackson, where he had been engaged in journalism, becoming editor and proprietor of the Detroit Free Press. He was stern and silent, oftimes morose, and very reticent of speech, working sometimes for weeks alongside of his staff with scarcely a word spoken. He was extremely precise as to make-up of the paper; credits, punctuation, capitalization must be exact; in short, the whole style and make-up of the paper was as inflexible as the laws of the Medes and Persians, unchangeable. He gave few directions to his staff, trusting to their knowledge of his methods to carry them out and so long as things went well, one heard nothing of him, either in the way of censure or commendation, but if at the end of years, one who had done faithful work all that time, made a solitary mistake, he was censured no less vigorously than one who had erred every day in the week. Gratitude with him was a lively sense of favors yet to come. He made a deep impress upon Detroit journalism during the eight years of his stay there. Soon after

the breaking out of the Civil War he sold his interest in the paper to Walker, Taylor & Barnes, and went to Chicago, where he bought the almost defunct Chicago Times, and made of it one of the great journals of the country.

The breaking out of the war was in many ways the making of the newspaper. The appetite for news was enormous. Special dispatches began to be taken. Storey availed himself of these to the fullest extent. In fact, he might be called the father of them. The interview had its birth. One of the most striking of these was by Tom Cook, who had been employed by Storey on the Detroit Free Press and who followed him to Chicago. Cook became the army correspondent of the Times and subsequently of the New York Herald. He was a versatile, dashing, daring Bohemian, who made his way anywhere and everywhere. After the surrender of the Confederate army at Appomattox, he obtained from Gen. Robert E. Lee an interview, which he wrote up to the extent of a page in the New York Herald. This was one of the first and most notable interviews in the country and obtained for Cook the lifelong friendship of the elder Bennett. Storey's later life was clouded, for several years he being little better than an imbecile. The paper which under his vigorous management had been a force, fell away, and after his death it seemed impossible to resuscitate its failing fortunes. This was done by your brilliant townsman, Willis J. Abbott, but finally it was merged with the Herald under the versatile J. W. Scott, then its name disappeared from the list of papers on the consolidation of the Record and the Herald.

Mr. Storey was succeeded by Henry N. Walker, and I was turned over to him as one of the assets, in the purchase, preferring Detroit to Chicago. Mr. Walker took possession of the paper in June, 1861. He retained control until August, 1872. I served with him as city editor and managing editor during that time. Of him I have the most pleasant memory. A kindly sweet soul, in all those years I cannot recall from him a single even impatient word. A remarkable record for a life connected with the daily paper with all its harassing details. In 1872 Mr. Walker retired to the comforts of a home full of domestic peace and affection, where he spent his last years.

"And never did the aster gleam
Or through the pines the night winds roll
To soothe in death's transcendent dream
A sweeter or a nobler soul."

One of those who long since went to his reward, was Horace E. Purdy, who was on the Free Press from 1866 until 1872, when he left to engage on a newspaper in Albany. He was tersely summed up in a sketch by my brilliant friend, the dramatic editor of the Free Press, Mr. Geo. P. Goodale. "He was in private life," said Mr. Goodale, "a tender, poetic, kindly man, the embodiment of personal honor, a self-sacrificing father, a husband without reproach, and a friend to the last gasp. In politics he was a shagbark hickory democrat, who could never reconcile his conception of religion with the derelictions of an overruling Providence that permitted a single damned republican to live."

Joseph Warren, of the Detroit Tribune, was the exact counterpart of Purdy, save that he was his opposite in politics, and he could never understand how God in his all-wise Providence, suffered a single democrat to live. He was a stern, solemn man, genial in his family, lovable to his friends, but caustic in the last degree to democrats, to whom he applied the names "locofocoes or dough-faces."

In those days the compositors used to keep these and a few other choice epithets standing on their cases to be "picked up as phat." Warren was a man of exceptional ability and took a deep interest in the rising anti-slavery sentiment which culminated in the Republican party. He wrote the first call for a mass meeting in the city of Detroit and vigorously advocated the formation of another party in the columns of his paper, and from this sprang the famous meeting under the oaks at Jackson. The credit of the name of the Republican party is probably due to him. He applied to Horace Greeley for an appropriate name and he suggested "Democratic-Republican." "Democratic" was dropped and "Republican" retained. After many years service in Detroit he relinquished journalism and was appointed to an office in one of the departments in Washington, where he lived and died.

"But like a Phidian marble
Stands the memory of him."

Another noted character connected with the Advertiser was Frederick Morley, a man of English birth, apt to be dyspeptic in the morning and genial in the afternoon. More a publisher than a writer he was a careful conductor of the paper which he had leased from its owners, and from which he retired with a competence at the end of the lease. Subsequently he renewed his connection with journalism on the Post, which was established in 1866 by Republican officials led by Sen. Zachariah Chandler, who had taken umbrage at the Advertiser.

Possibly the most widely known of the old editors was John Harmon, long connected with the Free Press. He was a man of striking, commanding presence, with long hair, straight and black as that of an Indian, swarthy complexion and piercing eye, a famous raconteur, universally popular. He was the leader of the Democratic party in 1852, having been appointed Collector of the Port of Detroit. The most striking episode in his career was his participation, when a callow youth, in the Canadian Rebellion, so called, in 1838. He crossed with the ill-trained, badly armed force into Canada from Detroit. The expedition, as you know, failed miserably. The little band was met just below Windsor by the British forces and fled at the first volley. Several were killed, more were wounded and some were captured. One of the pathetic incidents connected with this tragedy was that of a farmer who had come to Detroit from a neighboring town with a load of produce. Leaving his team hitched in the street, he crossed the river with the others, curious to see what many evidently thought would be a picnic. He was taken prisoner and sentenced for twenty years to Van Dieman's Land. He returned a broken old man, to find his old home in the possession of a stranger, his family dead or scattered beyond finding and the grave soon covered him. Harmon took great pride in the fact that he knew every public man of note in the country and his fund of personal reminiscences was remarkable. He could have written a book of as great interest as Blaine's or "McCulloch's Half Century." In his later years his generosity to his friends so impaired the fortune he had made that he sought occupation on the paper of which he had been proprietor, and it was my good fortune to see that his yoke was easy and his burden light. His geniality made him his own worst enemy, but at seventy he became a total abstainer. When rallied about the change, he jocosely replied that he had had his share.

The editor of the Advertiser in the 50's was Rufus Hosmer, an able writer, a large framed and large souled man, bubbling over with wit and humor, who could be as caustic as he was brilliant. I remember one of those jangles between the Advertiser and the Free Press which sometimes ran into continuous performances, was finally terminated by Mr. Hosmer in these lines: "Storey is a living illustration of one of the cardinal doctrines of his own church, total depravity." Hosmer was a genial companionable man and had many friends, who were not confined by any means to the members of his own political party. One of these was the witty and ever to be lamented William Gray, of whom it has often been said, "it was a pity that Gray had not a Boswell as

Johnson had." One day in conversation with Hosmer, he said, "Rufe, there was a man out from New York today who wished to place some advertising and I told him the best medium for advertising was in the Detroit Advertiser." "Well, I'm much obliged," says Hosmer, "you being a democrat, I should have supposed you would have sent it to the Detroit Free Press." "No," said Gray, "I told the man that the Advertiser was the best medium because there was nothing in the editorials that would detract from the interest in the advertisements."

In 1849 Henry Barnes established the Tribune, an evening paper. This was not Mr. Barnes' first advent in Detroit. And here comes an illustration of the progress of and the change in transportation.

"For new ways opened, iron-shod,
Now bind the land from west to east."

In the autumn of 1836 he had bought an outfit for a paper to be started at Niles. How was he to reach Niles from New York whence he came? He traversed that state by the Hudson River and Erie Canal to Buffalo, there he shipped his type and press on a schooner which was to sail around the lakes to Lake Michigan, thence he was to proceed to the point of his destination. The season that year closed very early, and Mr. Barnes found his vessel frozen in at Detroit, unable to proceed until spring. Subsequent to his arrival at Detroit the Free Press had burned. The proprietors had just been awarded the State printing, a fat plum in those days, and were at their wits' end to know what to do. They made Mr. Barnes an offer for his type. This he declined, but offered to make a deal if he could be taken into partnership. This was done. So successful was the enterprise that at the conclusion of the State printing contract, Mr. Barnes had sufficient means to begin the carrying out of a long cherished intention of becoming a gentleman farmer. He returned to New York and concluded negotiations for a large domain with a handsome home. But ill-fortune came. The bank in which were all his funds failed and he was left penniless. He subsequently became connected with a Syracuse paper and after many ups and downs came again to Detroit and started the Tribune. Of his long connection with that paper, his subsequent career, his appointment as pension commissioner and his tragic death you are all no doubt familiar. As a newspaper man he was aggressive and earnest in his work.

"Fierce for the right he bore his part."

Among the names of the editors of the olden times are those of John N. Ingersoll, John S. Bagg, Editor, Postmaster in 1844, United States Marshal in Buchanan's administration, Geo. Dawson, Simeon M. Johnson, W. S. George, afterward State printer, James F. Conover, who subsequently entered the church and who passed away but a year since, R. J. Johnstone, one time publisher of the Advertiser and for many years the Secretary of the Michigan Agricultural Society and editor of the Michigan Farmer, on which he succeeded the venerable Warren Isham, and the genial Charles K. Backus, of the Advertiser and Tribune, of whom it might be said, "none knew him but to love him, none named him but to praise."

In 1866 the Detroit Post was started and was edited by that noted journalist and statesman, Carl Schurz, who brought with him a brilliant staff from the east, including E. G. Holden, now connected with the Chicago Tribune, Wm. Stocking, now of Detroit, John I. Davenport, who became famous in New York City as Federal Inspector of Elections. This staff was supplemented by local talent, including H. M. Utley as city editor, who has been, since 1885, the well-known and capable librarian of the Detroit City Library. I have spoken at length only of those who have gone before. It will not be invidious to name one who is still with us. The oldest living newspaper man in Detroit is Henry E. Baker, who came from Adrian to take the place of city editor on the old Detroit Tribune under the management of Henry Barnes. He was one of the best known and most facile writers connected with the Detroit press and is still able as of yore, to make copy, although for several years he has not been connected with any paper.

In the last half century what changes have occurred in the newspaper world. The power press, the telegraph, the Webb press as it was first known, the typesetting machine, stereotyping, the half-tone, the long distance telephone. Of all these have I seen the advent. I remember well the old single cylinder press, the first that ever came west of Buffalo, in the Free Press, propelled by two sturdy Germans. Old Peggy Ann, as the press was named, later ran by steam and after many years' service left the newspaper and joined the ranks of the job room, where for aught I know it is still doing valiant service.

In the fifties the telegraph had just begun that service which now girdles the earth. At the breaking out of the Civil War the telegraph news was often comprised in less than half a column. On the arrival of foreign steamships with a batch of interesting news this was sometimes increased, but very rarely reached three columns.

The paper was a four-page publication, the local occupying the post of honor on the first page, followed by the telegraph, that by the financial and commercial and reprint, which formed a large part of the reading matter. The second page contained a column and a half of editorials, and the remainder of that and the third and fourth pages were given to selections and advertising. The total of the reading matter, local, telegraph, reprint and editorial, rarely exceeded ten columns. The telegraph arrived early in the evening and the paper was ready for the press by eleven o'clock. I remember very well on one occasion I reported a meeting of the Common Council which a long discussion dragged out until eleven o'clock. On my return to the office with the copy, I found the compositors in the news room, variously disposed, taking their siestas, two of them jeffing for refreshments, probably liquid, on the imposing stone, and the foreman sitting at his desk with his head resting on the unabridged dictionary fast asleep. On my awakening him he protested vigorously about the lateness of the hour. He said he would set the matter this time but he swore like the Army in Flanders that not again would he hold the paper open after eleven o'clock for Common Council proceedings or anything else.

The Detroit press was largely and prominently represented in the Civil War. From the three papers went Gen. A. S. Williams, who had been one of the editors of the Advertiser, Col. Brodhead, ex-editor of the Free Press, raised and took to the field the Michigan First Cavalry. Henry Barnes, of the Tribune, raised a colored regiment which did most effective service though his connection with it was but brief, his trend not turning to military affairs. You all know the distinguished career of Gen. Williams, old "Pap Williams," as his men loved to call him. He was, after the war, elected to Congress and served his country as faithfully and ably in civil life as he had done as an officer in the army. Col. Brodhead, brave soldier that he was, was wounded at the head of his regiment, and his dying, patriotic words, as he lay on his hospital bed in the darkest hours of that great struggle, still ring in the ears of his countrymen, "the old flag shall triumph yet."

When the gallant Henry A. Morrow raised the Michigan 24th which became one of the famous Iron Brigade, the Free Press employees officered and largely filled the ranks of one company. Of these the brave Captain Malachi O'Donnell fell in the fierce combat at Gettysburg. The Advertiser sent its city editor, H. Rees Whiting, who also did noble service at the front, and all the press was, as I have said, strongly represented. And many, alas, never returned.

"The bugle's wild and warlike blast
Shall muster them no more."
"Nor shall your glory be forgot
For deathless song shall tell
The story how ye fell.
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of glory's light
That gilds your deathless tomb."

Of late years the telegraph has been the handmaid of the press. A brief anecdote of its early days may interest you. At the breaking out of the war, Mr. George W. Balch was manager of the Western Union Telegraph in Detroit, and from his lips I have the anecdote which I am about to relate.

Mason and Slidell, as you all know, had started for England as Commissioners of the Confederacy, on a British ship. It was overhauled by an American man-of-war and Mason and Slidell were taken off and brought back to this country. Of course the British government took umbrage at this measure and there was grave danger of war breaking out between the two countries. It was a critical time, for with the English forces in Canada on the one side and the southern forces on the other, the north would be between two millstones with danger of being ground to powder. Filled with apprehension of this danger, Mr. E. A. Brush, an old resident of Detroit, went to Gen. Cass and asked him to use his influence with the United States and Slidell. Gen. Cass, as you remember, had been Secretary of State, in Buchanan's administration, and disagreeing with Buchanan's policy, had resigned and returned to his home in Detroit. As a War Democrat, Mr. Brush knew that Gen. Cass' influence would be most potent. He went to him on Sunday afternoon, and urged him to write a letter to the President which should be read at a cabinet meeting to be held on Monday morning, at which meeting this grave question was to be decided. Gen. Cass, somewhat irresolute, hesitated about doing so, but after long discussion, yielded to the solicitations of Mr. Brush, and penned a strong letter. By this time it was Sunday evening and mark the difference between the telegraph of 1903 and the telegraph of 1861. Now it is a continuous performance, day and night. Like the temple of Janus, in days of old, its doors are never closed. For twenty-four hours at that time on Sunday the commercial telegraph offices all over the country were shut. Mr.

Brush took the letter to Mr. Balch. "Here," said he, "is a most important document. It must be sent to Washington tonight for the cabinet meeting to which it is written will be held early on Monday morning. Possibly the fate of the nation depends upon its reception in time to be read at that meeting." Mr. Balch, the only one in the office, took his station at the key. The only hope of getting the message through lay in this, that some young operator, who slept in the office on the line of the road running from St. Joe to Indianapolis, might be out visiting, perhaps his best girl, and returning late, he could possibly reach him. Hoping to get from St. Joe to Indianapolis and from thence to Louisville, where already Gen. Carlos Buell was stationed with United States troops to foster the union sentiment and over-awe that of the rebels, and from Louisville to Washington, the line was kept open day and night. Mr. Balch sat tapping the key. Time wore on. It seemed a hopeless task. Mr. Brush, fatigued beyond endurance, left in despair. Mr. Balch, with the insistence prompted by a good cause, still stuck to his desk. And at twelve o'clock that which he anticipated might happen, did happen. He reached an operator in St. Joe, from there the despatch went on to Indianapolis, to Louisville, to Washington. We all know the result of the cabinet meeting. What effect the despatch had was only known after the close of the war. After the war Secretary Seward made a tour of the world. He returned *via* San Francisco and on his way east stopped at Detroit where he was well known, having been the chief counsel in the famous Michigan Railroad conspiracy case which lasted for months. He was given a general reception by the citizens. Mr. Brush came to the reception a little late and Secretary Seward, by no means a demonstrative man, seized him by both hands and said with great impressiveness, "Brush, you saved the nation."

For a short period that sturdy, able, forceful man, James F. Joy, was president of the Detroit Post. A brief anecdote will illustrate his rapid fire action. The Post and Free Press had been indulging for some days in a newspaper wrangle. One morning the telephone bell in the editorial room of the Free Press rang. I answered the summons. "I am Mr. Joy, I wish to speak to Mr. Quinby." "He is here," said I, "don't you think, sir, that the wrangle between the Free Press and the Post is disgraceful?" "I do, sir. Will you stop it in the Free Press if I will in the Post?" "I will, sir." "All right, sir, good day, sir." "Good day, Mr. Joy." And peace reigned in Warsaw.

It is a great pleasure for me to greet my brother and sister editors here today. These meetings are fraught with good. We can indeed say

with St. Peter of old, " it is good for us to be here." It is well for us to get away from the daily grind to meet congenial souls. The warm hand-clasp, whose touch is companionship, the cheery, kindly greetings, remain and abide with us an inspiration and a benediction. They broaden our horizon, they make us better, happier men, and we go back to our work, fired with the enthusiasm that good-fellowship always brings.

The noblest profession on earth is that of the Editor. Affording the opportunity for noble deeds, for beneficence, for aiding all good works, it carries with it also great responsibility. No man should have or does have, a greater sense of this responsibility, than does the conscientious editor. So believing I take to myself also that which I say to you, as St. Paul said to Timothy, "Oh, Timothy, keep that which is committed to thy trust." It is indeed, my friends of the press, a goodly heritage that we have, a sacred trust.

LEGAL REMINISCENCES.

BY CHIEF-JUSTICE JOSEPH B. MOORE.[1]

[An address read by Chief-Justice J. B. Moore, before the joint meeting of the Michigan State Judges Association and the Michigan State Bar Association, held at Lansing, June 8th, 1904.]

Mr. President, Members of the State Judges Association, and Members of the State Bar Association:

When honored by the President of the State Bar Association with an invitation to read a paper before the two bodies of eminent men congregated here to-day, I put the question to him upon what subject

[1] Joseph B. Moore, A. M. LL. D., was born at Commerce, Oakland county, Michigan, Nov. 3, 1845. His early education was acquired in the common schools, supplemented by part of three years at Hillsdale College and one year in the law department of the Michigan University. In June, 1879, Hillsdale College conferred upon him the degree of A. M., and in June, 1903, the degree of LL. D. At the outbreak of the civil war an elder brother enlisted. The two boys who were left at home also decided to go to the front; the family could spare but one of them, so on one December morning in 1864, they drew cuts for the privilege of serving their country. The lucky number fell to Joseph B., who went at once to Detroit, where he enlisted. He was in the barracks but ten days when, much to his disappointment, the surgeon in charge refused to accept him and sent him home. He was nineteen years when he made this attempt. The next day after the surgeon's edict his brother went to Detroit, where he enlisted to serve faithfully until the close of the war. Mr. Moore moved to Lapeer in 1868 and engaged in the practice of the legal profession. He was elected mayor of Lapeer, prosecuting attorney of Lapeer county for two terms, was a prominent member of the State Senate in 1879. He served as Judge of the Sixth judicial circuit for eight years. He was elected Justice of the Supreme Court on the Republican ticket, in the spring of 1895.

shall I write? In reply he said to me in part, "The papers here are printed and preserved. In a few years you and I shall have gone off the stage, and a new generation will be turning with increasing interest to these proceedings as history. I know that any facts, or group of facts, in our experience touching the Bar or the Jurisprudence of the State, will be received with great interest, and will be preserved for others." Acting upon this suggestion, for the brief time I shall speak to you, it will be from the reminiscent standpoint.

In reply to a query put by me to a prominent member of the Ingham County Bar, I was informed that in the trial of cases in Justice's Court, the interest of the parties litigant are now attended to by men who have been regularly admitted to practice of the law. When my recollection of the trial of law-suits first began the practice was very different. I then lived in southwestern Oakland county. The country was comparatively new. There was a disposition upon the part of the individual to assert his rights and to resent any interference therewith. Brawls and personal encounters were much more frequent than they are now, and trials growing out of these occurences, as well as civil cases before justices of the peace were very frequent, and attracted wide attention. The interest of the respective parties were usually attended to by bright, clever men who were not however, regularly trained in the law, and who had not been admitted to practice and who were frequently called pettifoggers. I remember one of these men with feelings of gratitude and respect. He was by occupation a harness-maker who lived in the village of Walled Lake. He had a serious lung trouble, and was advised by his physicians to relinquish his trade and get out into the air and sunlight if he hoped to live. He was a bright, quick-witted man, with an excellent vocabulary, a musical voice and a clever way of putting things. He got together a few law books and devoted himself to them with assiduity. He bought himself a gun and a dog, and tried what law-suits he could get before the local magistrates in three or four townships, and spent what time he could in the open air. He was afterwards elected county clerk, was regularly admitted to the Oakland county Bar, and died after I became presiding judge of that circuit. He was a kind man, and while I was yet a boy at work in my father's saw-mill, he suggested to me to become a lawyer and placed at my disposal his little library of law books. While working twelve hours a day, I read the two volumes of Blackstone loaned me by James D. Bateman, for that was his name. There was great rivalry in the trial of cases before justices of the peace, between

Mr. Bateman living at Walled Lake, Mark Arnold living at Farmington, and Elias Woodman living in Novi. Mr. Woodman was a man of considerable property who had served in the legislature of the State and was a member of the convention which framed the Constitution of 1850. His son Hamilton, had an excellent record as a soldier in the war of the Rebellion with the rank of captain. Mr. Woodman took a great deal of pride in referring to that fact, and the fact that he was a soldier in the Mexican war; that his father was a soldier in the war of 1812; and that his grandfather was a soldier in the Revolutionary war. Mr. Bateman thought Mr. Woodman made an undue use of these facts in his arguments to juries and slightingly referred to the harness-maker Mr. Bateman, who presumed to know something about the honorable profession of the law.

After reading Blackstone as stated, and attending Hillsdale college a few terms, and teaching school three winters, I became deputy county clerk of Lapeer county, and as such attended the sessions of court, making up the court journal, reading law as I could and familiarizing myself with the pleadings which were filed, and the court entries which were made. After a year or six months, as it then was in the law-department of Michigan, I applied for admission to practice in the court over which Hon. Josiah Turner presided. Hon. William T. Mitchell of Port Huron, then in attendance upon court in Lapeer, was chairman of the Committee who conducted the examination, and much to my gratification in October 1869, I was admitted to practice. When I contrast my preparation, or lack of preparation rather, for the practice of the law, with the very rigid and searching examination to which the applicants are subjected by the State Board of Law examiners, and the three years course of nine months each, now required by the law schools before a student can secure his diploma, I am reminded that an evolution has been going on in the law quite as marked as that in other callings.

At the time I applied for admission to the Bar, Robert J. Taylor a graduate of the literary department of the University of Michigan was also admitted to practice. He was afterwards elected prosecuting attorney, and state senator, each of which offices he held for two terms, the duties of which he discharged with marked ability. He was a man of some means and preferred the peaceful avocation of growing fruits, and the work of an apiarist, to the contentions of the court room, and for some years has not been in the active practice of his profession.

The practicing lawyers at that time in Lapeer county were Mr. An-

drus, Egbert W. Cook, Hon. William Hemingway, who had been a member of the Michigan legislature, Hon. Silas B. Gaskill who was later circuit judge, Hon. William W. Stickney who succeeded Judge Gaskill upon the circuit bench, Phineas White, Hon. Jonathan R. White, Harrison Geer who was the junior member of the firm of Gaskill & Geer and whom you all know as the very successful and able trial lawyer now living in Detroit, Calvin Thomas, Stephen Thomas the father of Calvin, now an honored professor in Columbia University, and John M. Wattles who later established the bank still doing business as John M. Wattles and Company. These men have all gone into the life beyond, except Mr. Geer and Judge Stickney. Most of them were men of ability and character, and did much to so shape events in that county as to make it one of the most intelligent and law-abiding in the State.

It is a singular and to me a gratifying circumstance that the chairman of the examining committee before whom Senator Taylor and myself appeared, the genial and learned Judge Mitchell of Port Huron, though now upward of eighty years of age, is yet in the active practice of his profession, and within the present year argued a case before the court over which I have the honor to preside, with a degree of learning and energy that would have done credit to a much younger man. It is also a source of pleasure to know that the presiding judge, Josiah Turner, is still living and within a comparatively short time read a very interesting paper before the annual meeting of the State Association of Judges.

The judges who have presided over the circuit court for the county of Lapeer within my recollection are, Josiah Turner, James S. Dewey, Levi B. Taft, Augustus C. Baldwin, Silas B. Gaskill, William W. Stickney Joseph B. Moore and George W. Smith. The list for the Oakland County Circuit is the same as the above except that the name of Sanford M. Green should be substituted for Josiah Turner. All these gentlemen are dead except Josiah Turner, William W. Stickney, Joseph B. Moore and George W. Smith.

On Friday, May 20th, the last session of the court was held in the Oakland county court-house, previous to tearing it down to make way for a one hundred thousand dollar building which should be more in keeping with the growth and prosperity of that great county. As I had been presiding judge of that circuit for eight years, I was honored with an invitation to be present. The local paper reproduced the address which had been made by Hon. Michael E. Crofoot at the dedication of

the building in March, 1858. In that address it was stated that while nearly all of the country was yet a wilderness such was the regard of the people for law and order, they deemed it necessary to provide a building in which the law might be administered, and as early as 1820, Chief Justice Thompson and associate Justices Bagley and Bronson met in a court-house built of logs and where, because of the poverty of the people, those modern appendages, doors, floors and windows were entirely lacking.

Judge Crofoot made a most masterly address, tracing the origin of our system of laws, and insisting upon it that in the adoption of the common law of Great Britian, and in the organization of the government into three distinct departments, the executive, legislative and judicial, the fathers had formed a government possessing all of the good qualities of the three ancient forms of government which he described, namely pure democracy, where sovereign power was lodged in the aggregated assembly of all the free members of the community to be exercised in person. Second, aristocracies where it is lodged in an assembly of delegates, and lastly in monarchies where it is lodged in the hands of one whose will is law with power to decree, design and execute. Judge Crofoot insisted then what is equally true now, that no profession demands higher integrity, honor and uprightness than the legal profession; that no position in society requires higher moral and more thorough education, and no calling in life more honorable dealing. He insisted that the men of eminence in the legal profession are men of integrity who are not disposed to stir up law-suits for trivial and imaginary wrongs, but men who are inclined to dissuade from unnecessary litigation and to take only meritorious causes.

As I listened to the able and scholarly address of Hon. Aaron Perry prior to adjourning court for the last time in the old court room, a flood of recollection came to me. My mind ran back forty-seven years to the first time I ever saw the old building. In company with my father and mother who lived in the village of Commerce, I, a mere boy, visited the then village, now city of Pontiac. The workmen were engaged in what seemed to me, the hazardous occupation of putting in position the iron figures of four large American eagles with out-spread wings, which were placed upon a tower arising from the center of the roof of the building.

It was stated by Mr. Perry that the active members of the Oakland county bar at the time of the dedication of the building were Thomas J. Drake, William Draper, Morgan L. Drake, Moses Wisner, Randolph

Manning, Augustus C. Baldwin, Charles Draper, A. B. Cudworth, Loren L. Treat, Michael E. Crofoot, Jacob Van Valkenburg and Junius Ten-Eyck. It was my good fortune to know all of them except William Draper and Randolph Manning, the last of whom was a justice of the supreme court. For all of these men the door on noiseless hinges has swung wide and ushered them into what we call eternal life.

Among the greatest lawyers I have ever known were Moses Wisner, Augustus C. Baldwin and Michael E. Crofoot. Had the last named lived in the metropolis of the State, he could have divided the honor which was held for so many years by the able and learned George Van Ness Lothrop of being recognized as standing at the head of the legal profession of Michigan. Augustus C. Baldwin was a member of the Legislature, a member of congress and circuit judge, and lived until a little more than a year ago. Moses Wisner, as you all know, was Governor of the State, and died while colonel of the Twenty-second Michigan infantry. His handwriting was of such a character as to be almost indecipherable. Judge A. H. Wilkinson of Detroit, an Oakland county boy who was admitted to practice in Pontiac, related an occurrence which happened in the old court room. Thomas J. Drake, who usually wore a silk-hat, was a spare, thin man, very careful of his personal appearance. Morgan L. Drake cared little for matters of dress, and one day when Thomas J. Drake came into the court room to present a motion to the judge and placed his silk-hat bottom side up on the table near Morgan L., he picked up an ink-stand and emptied its contents into the head covering. After completing his argument, Thomas J. Drake took up his hat and, with a dignified air, started to leave the room. Just before getting to the door he put his hat upon his head, with the result you might expect, and while the ink was running over his face he turned to the presiding judge and said, I desire to solemnly protest against the report of Mose Wisner to write his name in my hat.

Upon the occasion of bidding farewell to the old court room, it was recalled by Judge Jacokes, that in the old room Horace Greely had delivered an address, and the citizens had from that rostrum heard the political issues of the day discussed by such eminent men as Schuyler S. Colfax, Thomas M. Hendricks, John C. Breckenridge and Cassius M. Clay.

It was also recalled that when fighting Dick Richardson, a favorite not only of Oakland county, but of the commonwealth of Michigan, who laid down his life that the nation might be saved, his body lay in state for three days in the old court room and was visited by thousands of

people who had respected and loved him. It was also recalled that when the war was brought near to its close by the surrender of the confederate forces under Robert E. Lee to General Ulysses S. Grant at Appomattox, that upon the evening of the day of the receipt of the news, a light was placed behind each of the small panes of glass, and the building was brilliantly illuminated and congratulatory speeches were made to the many men and women present, some of whom had given their best beloved to their country, and all of whom rejoiced that the end of the war was in sight. It was stated by Judge Smith, the present presiding judge, that the last court business done in the building was to sign a decree of divorce, and it was estimated by the learned judge that twelve hundred couples had in that room received decrees that legally separated them; while a procession of two thousand, made up of boys, men and a few women, criminal, had stood at the bar of the court and received sentence, while many thousands of civil cases had been decided. A striking commentary upon the part occupied by the courts in the life of a community.

I cannot do better in closing this discursive paper than to quote from Mr. Perry's address: "The sources of justice must be guarded and kept from pollution and the courts must be respected, dignified, honored and obeyed. When, if ever, our courts shall become corrupt, disrespected, dishonored and disobeyed, anarchy will have arrived and ruin will follow. It is a mere truism to say that the peaceful settlement of disputes is necessary to the perpetuity of any government.

"But important as it is that courts should be furnished and preserved for the peaceful settlement of disputes, that is not the only important function they perform. The importance of the educational functions of the courts of justice, in connection with our jury system, cannot be over estimated or excessively magnified. This court and this court-house have constituted, for forty-six years, the greatest educational institution in the county of Oakland. During that time nearly five thousand jurymen and many more spectators, from all parts of this country have sat and listened day after day to the exposition of the law; the necessity of obeying it and the inevitable penalties that must follow its breach. Not only that—they have listened day after day to the testimony of experts and other witnesses as to how things ought to be done. They have learned the wrong way and the right way. But still more important than all—those jurymen themselves, have sat as judges between man and man, and have learned to listen patiently to both sides, and not to decide or act until they have learned all the evidence on the question.

They have been given judicial minds. That is the great safeguard to this community and to this Republic. Men so educated do not act hastily. They do not act first and then think afterwards. They have learned to marshall facts, weigh arguments, reason logically, foretell consequences and to respect and obey the law. Mob violence cannot flourish in such a community. Maintain the purity of the judiciary, the present jury system, and the present efficiency of the public schools and the Republic is safe."

TWO EARLY EFFORTS TO FOUND COLLEGES IN MICHIGAN, AT DELTA AND AT MARSHALL.

BY REV. WOLCOTT B. WILLIAMS.[1]

The decade between 1830 and 1840 was prolific in schemes by Christian men for settling the newer parts of our country by colonies of families of kindred religious sympathies, who should go prepared at once to organize churches and establish schools for the educational and religious welfare of their own families, and that of the neighboring settlers. It was in 1832 that Rev. John J. Shipherd and Philo P. Stewart conceived the plan of the Oberlin colony, manual labor school and college. In 1835 the Rev. George W. Gale started in Illinois the town and colony named in his honor, Galesburg, and Knox College is the result. College building seemed to be a slight task, and in 1836 the colony and college at Oberlin seemed to be so thoroughly established that the founder could pass on to establish other colleges.

From Leonard's history of Oberlin, and a historical paper prepared

[1] Wolcott Bigelow, son of Herbert Williams, was born in Brooklyn, Conn., August 13, 1823. In 1836 his father was attracted by the stories of rich agricultural lands in the west, and sold the homestead used for two hundred years, and turned his face westward, by way of stage to Norwich, steamboat to New York, another to Albany, canal boat on "Clinton's Big Ditch," to Buffalo, and a steamer that coasted along the south shore of Lake Erie to Detroit, a trip requiring several days. From Detroit teams were hired and bought to take the party to Michigan City. This was a very small place of about 500 or 600 inhabitants. The family moved into a new barn built for them on the prairie about sixteen miles from the city. When seventeen years old he taught district school at eleven dollars a month and board. In the spring and fall he attended a select school in Michigan City, boarding himself and working for his board in the light-house. There was no harbor at that time, but there were half a dozen large warehouses for the storage of grain and other produce. Vessels would run over from Chicago in the night, anchor half a mile from shore, stretch a cable to the dock and the wheat would be put into bags on scows and pulled out to the vessel, taking about twenty-four hours, the boys receiving about three dollars for helping which made them feel very rich. In the spring of 1844 he started for Oberlin, about 306 miles distant, on foot, with eighteen dollars in his pocket, his books, clothes and a bag of doughnuts for lunch in his satchel. The first eight months he traveled 600 miles paying out twenty-four dollars, (twelve for tuition). Such

in 1869 by Erastus S. Ingersoll, and another paper in 1876 by Mrs. Ingersoll, of Delta, Michigan, the following facts are chiefly gleaned:

"In 1835 Father Shipherd was pastor of the church in Oberlin, and Rev. Elihu P. Ingersoll was professor of music in the college there, and also principal of its preparatory department; while an older brother, Erastus Ingersoll, who sympathized with the Oberlin experiment, and was living in Farmington, Oakland county, in Michigan, determined to push into the wilderness and make a new home. He thought that the time was not distant when the capital of the State would be moved from Detroit to a point nearer the center of the State. With the intention of locating near the future capital he purchased in the northeast corner of Eaton county, six contiguous eighty-acre lots of wild land, midway between Detroit and Lake Michigan. How well he judged, is shown by the fact that twelve years later the capital was located where it now is, six miles from his purchase. In the spring of 1836 he built a log-house upon the land into which he moved his family, and thus he became the first settler in the township of Delta.

"In April, 1836, George Whipple, a member of the first class in theology at Oberlin, but later a secretary of the American Missionary Association, was apparently prompted by some of the wealthy men in New York who had made large promises to Oberlin, to write to Mr. Shipherd a letter, which shows in detail how this colonizing business was to be managed and we here present a part of the letter:

" 'Three or four of the brethren will furnish the money needed to purchase a township six miles square containing 23,040 acres, whenever a suitable location can be selected. This tract will be divided into thirty-six sections, of which the central one, containing 640 acres, will be reserved for the college, to be used for building, houses for the professors,

a desire for study was awakened that he remained at Oberlin nine years instead of two, and came out a preacher instead of farmer. He graduated from the theological department in 1853, and on the fifth day of October married Mary A. Thompson, in the city of Buffalo. He preached his first sermon in Charlotte on New Year's day, 1854. At that time there were only two frame meeting-houses in the county, one at Olivet and another at Bellevue, and none nearer to Charlotte than ten miles. The next year Charlotte, which contained about fifty houses, erected a frame church in which they worshiped until the close of the war. He spent two years in work for the colored schools of the south, and visited those in Nashville, Chattanooga, Macon, Atlanta, Andersonville and Memphis, delivering the dedicatory address for the Storr's School building at Atlanta, which was the first school built for the colored people in the state of Georgia. As superintendent of missions for the Congregationalists he has assisted in paying off the debts of and dedicating eighty-four churches, including the one at Charlotte, and where he selected the site for the beautiful cemetery. After twelve years of this service he was the agent for Oberlin Seminary, and for a year and a half at Olivet College. Appointed as agent for the Presbyterian College at Alma, he raised $80,000 in a year and a half, when he fell and fractured his knee-cap, and this placed him on the retired list. He has written several pamphlets on educational matters, a history of Olivet College, and one of Eaton county. He served fourteen years as trustee for Oberlin, and longer in the same capacity for Olivet than any other person.

etc., as well as for the production of vegetables, small fruits, etc. Two roads, crossing each other at right angles, will cut this section into quarters, and at the point of meeting a park will be laid out, within which the colonial chapel will stand. Also further away, to the north, south, east and west, the college will possess four additional sections, upon which grass and the larger grains will be grown, making a total of 32,000 acres. The charge for village lots will be $75 to $300, and for farms from $4 to $10 an acre, according to location. The total cash value of the township is figured at $185,035. Of this sum they are ready to donate $10,000 to Oberlin, of the first money received to help her out of her financial troubles, and $80,000 for the endowment of the Illinois institution. Cannot you (Mr. Shipherd) or somebody else, go soon to Illinois, and make choice of an eligible tract, or at least come here to get the details of the undertaking proposed? After that some one should proceed to sell the lots, either to such as will remove to the township, or to those who are willing by making a purchase, to aid in founding a seminary in the far West. A profit of two hundred per cent will accrue to the investors. The New York brethren do not propose to put a dollar in their own pockets, but as soon as the township is sold, will purchase another and another, continuing *until the whole western country* is supplied with the means of obtaining a good Christian education.

"'Is not this feasible? Is not this the way to secure a right influence in that great valley? Is not this the way in which God means to keep it out of the hands of The Man of Sin, and to convert it to the true faith? Will not this hope warrant you in coming here to mature the plan and then at once set about pushing it forward? The location should be fixed immediately, for the most desirable sections will soon be appropriated.'

"It is impossible to tell how much influence this letter had upon Mr. Shipherd, but in June of that year he resigned the pastorate of the Oberlin church, giving as one reason, that he could do more good in supplying the church with 'effective laborers through the Oberlin Institute and kindred seminaries, which under God he might aid in building.'

"Very soon after his resignation, apparently in company with Mr. Elihu P. Ingersoll and some gentlemen from Massachusetts, he visited the land purchased the preceding year by Mr. Erastus Ingersoll. Those who are familiar with frontier hospitality and the elastic properties of log-houses, will not find it difficult to believe the statement of Mrs. Inger-

soll, that during the visit of these gentlemen their log-cabin furnished lodging and entertainment for twenty-six persons.

"Mr. Shipherd was much pleased with Mr. Ingersoll's purchase and proposed to establish there a manual labor school to be called 'The Grand River Seminary.' Accordingly Grand River city was platted, lying partly in Delta township in Eaton county, and partly in Watertown, in Clinton county. About the middle of the tract, and in Watertown, Mr. Ingersoll set apart forty acres known on the maps as 'Franklin Square,' for the use of the college. The first work to be done was to clear the square of the timber, and Mr. Shipherd tried to make arrangements to have this work begun at once, and Rev. E. P. Ingersoll went to the eastern states, and spent the fall of 1836 and the winter following in soliciting funds for the enterprise. He was received with so much favor in the form of subscriptions, 'that a large building for the accommodation of pupils was formally commenced.' In the early part of June, 1837, Dr. Isaac Jennings, of Oberlin, visited Grand River city, but the bare fact of the visit is all that is known of it. Franklin Square lies about six miles northwest of the capitol in Lansing, but Grand River city was surveyed and platted ten years before the capital of the State was located in the woods, where it now is. It appears to have been laid out somewhat in accord with the letter of Mr. Whipple. Various documents establish the fact that about three years were consumed by Revs. Ingersoll and Shipherd in securing a site for the seminary, and in a canvass for funds and settlers with which the foundations could be laid. Things went on swimmingly for about a year. More than $10,000 had been subscribed, but it was the intention to keep on until $30,000 were promised, and fifty families were ready to go as pioneers to occupy the land already secured. Moreover, an indebtedness of $3,000 had been incurred, 'money advanced by friends to buy a part of Grand River City.' But the crash of 1837 came and checked the work; no more money could be had, though for a year longer, subscriptions, that is, promises to pay some time, were secured. By May, 1839, however, all prospect of immediate success vanished. A circular was therefore published and sent to all subscribers, reporting what had been done, and explaining the existing situation. It bore the signatures of J. J. Shipherd, Isaac Jennings and E. P. Ingersoll, 'executive committee of Grand River Seminary.' The whole amount pledged was $10,488.91. The amount collected $3,779.77; 'expended to pay our loan, $1,448.97; traveling expenses, $480.10; agent's salary for three years,

$726.08; expended in improvements, $1,123.62; a total expenditure equal to the receipts. We wish our patrons distinctly to understand that we intend to resume operations just as soon as their ability and willingness will permit us to do so.' The resumption, however, never took place, and Grand River city is now known as 'Delta Mills,' and besides the mills has a Methodist and a Congregational church, a schoolhouse, two or three stores and perhaps forty or fifty houses."

MARSHALL COLLEGE.

At an early day the boundary lines between Congregationalists and Presbyterians were not very sharply defined. There was a wide-spread opinion that the Congregational policy might do well in the old settled sections of the country, but was not adapted to the mixed population found in the newer parts of the land, hence young men who were graduated from the Congregational seminaries of New England were advised by their professors that on coming west they should unite with some Presbytery. Rev. J. E. Roy furnishes this sketch for *The Interior:*

"Rev. John Millott Ellis was born in Keene, New Hampshire, and educated at Dartmouth and Andover. He began study with a view to becoming a missionary to the heathen; but turned to the home work, writing to his father, 'I am persuaded that I have the prospect of contributing to the success of the gospel in India more effectually by laboring in this country, than by going there in person.' He was ordained in the fall of 1825 at the Old South Church, of Boston, by a council in which Revs. Elias Cornelius, Matthias Bruen, S. H. Cox, B. Emerson and Justin Edwards participated.

"Coming by the Ohio river, the great highway of the times, he reported himself to Salmon Giddings, at St. Louis, who sent him to Kalkaskia, as the most important opening in Illinois, with St. Genevieve, Missouri, as an outpost. In two years Ellis had organized a church of twenty members in Kalkaskia, and had assisted in organizing two or three others.

"Ellis came west under a charge from Elias Cornelius: 'Build up an institution of learning which shall bless the West for all time.' His mind labored under the idea. He got the indorsement of the Missouri Presbytery in the appointment of a committee—Ellis, Giddings, Chamberlain and Elder Thomas Lippincott. Giddings died; Chamberlain opposed the scheme as a 'magnificent humbug;' Ellis got a good offer

from Shoal Creek, in Bond county, where he found some interesting young men, who were afterwards graduated from his institution, to become the Revs. Robert Stewart, A. M. Dixon, D. D., and R. W. Patterson, D. D. He got his first subscription from Deacon William Collins, to whom, on leaving Litchfield, Connecticut, his pastor, Lyman Beecher, said: 'You are going on a wild goose chase.' But Ellis and Lippincott, making an exploration far up on the frontier, came to Jacksonville, and there they stuck the stake for their seminary. To this place Mr. Ellis at once removed, to take charge of the young First Presbyterian church, and to push along his college idea. In his first report from this field he announces thirty-six persons received to the church, and divulges his plan for an educational institution, and for more missionaries.

"Now, as God would have it, just as that report comes to hand in the *Home Missionary* for December, 1828, a divine ferment is going on in the Divinity school of Yale College in behalf of evangelizing the West. Ellis' report quickens the leaven. Seven young men bind themselves as the 'Illinois Association' to go out and take up that enterprise. Ellis goes on, helps them to raise ten thousand dollars at the East. And so Illinois College comes to be, with the names of Baldwin, Sturteyvant, Jenney, Kirby, Asa Turner, Carter, Hale and Bascom as household words in Illinois.

"Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, the latter an accomplished lady of French lineage, became the founders of Jacksonville Female Academy—her qualities attracting pupils from Kaskaskia, St. Louis and Prairie du Chien. It was an hour of agony, in the year 1833, when Mr. Ellis, returning from a week's absence on one of his missionary tours, met a neighbor who told him that his whole family—wife and two daughters—were dead and buried, having been stricken down with cholera. Mrs. Ellis' monument is 'The Female Seminary.' Her memory is as fragrance in the hearts of many yet living.

"Leaving the pastorate in Jacksonville he was still keeping to his educational idea in becoming the agent of the American Education Society in Illinois and Indiana. In the latter State, becoming painfully impressed with the necessity for a Christian college, in which to raise up young men to preach the gospel, 'after conversation and correspondence with all the brethren for six or eight weeks,' he joined in a conference in Crawfordsville, in November, 1832, which resulted in the founding of Wabash College. Rev. James H. Johnston, in his 'Ministry of Forty Years in Indiana,' says: 'This college owes its origin to the

counsels and efforts of five home missionaries, who early selected the upper Wabash valley as their field of labor.' These he names as Revs. James Thomson, James A. Carnahan, John S. Thomson, Edmund O. Hovey and John M. Ellis, with three elders. These going out to the selected site, in the primeval forest, kneeled in the snow and dedicated the ground to God. The president of Wabash says: 'The name of John M. Ellis is held in great reverence by the founders of the college who still survive.'

"In the line of his work, Mr. Ellis offered and paid three premiums of two hundred dollars each for essays. One was upon 'The Comparative Merits of the Jesuit and Puritan Systems of Education,' won by Rev. Noah Porter; one on 'Primitive Piety Revived,' by Rev. H. C. Fish; one on 'Prayer for Colleges,' by Prof. Tyler, of Amherst. By his will he gave $3,300 in equal parts to Illinois, Wabash and Wittenburg Colleges."

Rev. John P. Cleaveland, a Congregational minister, pastor of the Tabernacle Church in Salem, Massachusetts, and in 1833 a scribe of the Massachusetts General Association at its meeting held in Dorchester, the next year accepted a call to the First Presbyterian church, of Detroit. Of him, Rev. D. M. Cooper, of Detroit, in his "Plea for the Smaller College," says:

"Dr. J. P. Cleaveland was no ordinary man. I think I may say that next to Henry Ward Beecher he was the most eloquent preacher to whom I ever listened. Between the two, indeed, there was much similarity, especially in silvery speech and play of the countenance. His whole soul seemed to shine in his face when he spoke. His Sunday evening lectures on temperance gave an impetus to that cause, scarcely realized now, since the subject has become so hackneyed and threadbare. The whole city was stirred. He was a great favorite at the May anniversaries in New York City, and whenever it was announced that he was to lecture before 'The Young Men's Society,' at that time the most noted organization in the northwest, the house was sure to be crowded. Coming to Detroit in 1834, he at once united with the Presbytery of Detroit."

Rev. Mr. Ellis came to Grass Lake in 1835, and became the first pastor of the Presbyterian church of that place, which in 1842 became a Congregational church. He remained its pastor four years, and united with the Marshall Presbytery. Thus both of these men became members of the Synod of Michigan, which was organized at Ann Arbor in 1834.

Mr. Cleaveland was its stated clerk in 1834-7, and was its moderator in 1835, and again in 1843.

The General Association of the Congregational Ministers and Churches of Michigan was not organized until 1842. Mr. Cleaveland, after a few years' service in Michigan, accepted a call to the Second Presbyterian church in Cincinnati, as successor to Dr. Lyman Beecher, and after some years returned to New England to become pastor of what is now the Beneficent church in Providence, R. I. Seven years of a most blessed ministry followed, full of the richest spiritual work and growth. Eighty members were set off at one time to form another parish. A brief residence in Northampton, Mass., over the church early ministered to by Rev. Jonathan Edwards, was followed by Mr. Cleaveland's last pastorate in Lowell, Mass., with the church now known as the Elliot. Mr. Ellis, in 1840, accepted a call to the Congregational church in East Hanover, New Hampshire, and was dismissed from Marshall Presbytery, and commended to the Grafton Association.

It is not strange that Mr. Ellis, after having initiated a successful movement to establish a college in Illinois and another in Indiana, should have felt impelled to perform a like service for Michigan, and at the second meeting of the Synod, held in Adrian in 1835, it was *Resolved,* That more systematic arrangements ought to be immediately made in this territory to secure the advantages of a thorough literary and evangelical education, and we are not surprised that Messrs. Beach, Ellis and Hallock were appointed a committee on nomination to report a suitable Committee on Education, or Board of Trustees, whose duty it shall be to consult on the best location for a college for this territory; to use all proper means for securing the necessary funds for the commencement of the institution, and in case they find it practicable, and in their judgment important, to determine said location, and proceed as Providence shall direct in the organization of the institution, with instruction to report at the next meeting of the Synod.

The following named persons were selected as the said committee or board of trustees: Rev. John P. Cleaveland, Detroit; Rev. John M. Ellis, Illinois; Eurotas P. Hastings, Esq., Detroit; Col. Oliver Johnson, Monroe; Robert Stuart, Esq., Detroit; Rev. Ashbel S. Wells, Tecumseh; Rev. Ira M. Wead, Ypsilanti; Rev. William Wolcott, Adrian; Rev. Alexander M. McJunkin, Plymouth; Rev. Alexander B. Brown, Niles.

While neither the name of Rev. John P. Shipherd nor of Oberlin is mentioned in connection with the Michigan college, there is much evidence to show that the effort to establish the college was molded by the

Oberlin experiment. Mrs. William Hosford, a sister of Mr. Ellis, went to Oberlin with her husband in May, 1834, and in February, 1844, went with her husband and Mr. Shipherd to Olivet, and died there. Seth B. Ellis, the only brother of Rev. John M. Ellis, went to Oberlin in 1840. These were all from Jaffrey, in New Hampshire. Josephine Ellis, the wife of John M. Ellis, was one of the first pupils of Mary Lyon, and was a classmate and warm friend of Mrs. James Dascomb, who arrived in Oberlin with her husband in May, 1834. Hence Mr. and Mrs. Ellis had personal friends and correspondents in Oberlin, and knew of its affairs. Mr. Cleaveland was a strong abolitionist and thus acquainted with it. Then the plan of the two colleges embraced similar features. A large tract of wild land was to be secured for the college, which was to be located upon it; a Christian colony was to be gathered around it, and we conclude it was to embrace the feature of manual labor, as there was to be a college farm. To furnish employment for young women, Oberlin proposed to go into the cultivation of silk, and to this end bought 60,000 young mulberry plants, and Mr. Cleaveland paid six dollars for mulberry seed for Michigan college. Subsequent events served to modify these plans. Messrs. Ellis and Cleaveland were clearly the prime movers in the scheme.

The college committee evidently entered upon their work with great enthusiasm, as is shown by their frequent meetings. Their record shows that after personal examination and enquiries, such members of the committee as were resident in Monroe, resolved on entering at the land office in Monroe a parcel of public land situated in the northwestern part of the county of Hillsdale. On Tuesday, October 13—just ten days after their appointment—Messrs. Cleaveland and Ellis accordingly entered 4,000 acres, with money obtained at the Bank of Michigan, Messrs. Hastings and Stuart being endorsers.

Subsequently, Mr. Ellis, with the advice of members of the board, and other judicious persons, entered for the college 3,385 acres more, contiguous to the above, with money obtained at Monroe, gentlemen of that village being endorsers; making 7,585 acres in all. These lands were all entered in the names either of Robert Stuart or Oliver Johnson for the benefit of the college.

During the years 1835 and 1836, the tide of emigration set strongly from New York and New England toward Michigan, Illinois, and Wisconsin, business in those territories was booming, and there was a prospect that the land would rapidly increase in value.

The first regular meeting of this committee or board of trustees was

held at the counting room of E. P. Hastings, in Detroit, October 21, eighteen days after their appointment. The following members were present: Rev. J. P. Cleaveland, R. Stuart, A. M. McJunkin, E. P. Hastings, O. Johnson, J. M. Ellis, I. M. Wead. The committee was organized by the choice of Rev. J. P. Cleaveland as chairman; Rev. J. M. Ellis, general agent; R. Stuart, secretary; E. P. Hastings, treasurer. Messrs. Ellis and Cleaveland reported all the preliminary steps taken and the entries of land already made, and their action was approved.

On the fourth of November another meeting was held at the house of Mr. Cleaveland, in Detroit, and resolved that "the name of the college shall be 'Michigan College,' and that the location of the college shall be fixed upon lands already entered in the county of Hillsdale." At this meeting an executive committee was appointed, consisting of the chairman, secretary and general agent, and the following duties were assigned them: 1. To select a suitable site for college buildings; 2. To set off a suitable portion of land for a college farm; 3. To report a plan for settling colonists on the land; 4. To raise funds for the endowment of the college; 5. To make enquiries respecting suitable instructors; 6. To report a plan for college buildings; 7. To report a system of government and instruction.

Almost immediately after this meeting Mr. Ellis went to New England to raise money, apparently to buy more wild land for the college. From Jonas Melville, in Jaffrey, New Hampshire, he received two thousand dollars, as we learn from the following receipt:

NEW IPSWICH, FEB. 2, 1836.

Received of Jonas M. Melville, a draft of two thousand dollars, to be appropriated to the purchase of lands in the territory of Michigan, in his own name, and to be employed for five years, under the direction of trustees appointed to organize and establish a college in Michigan, or the executive committee of the board, viz: Rev. John P. Cleaveland, Robert Stuart and Rev. John M. Ellis, in such a way that at the end of five years from the purchase, the avails of the lands, after deducting the principal and interest, shall go one-half for the benefit of the college, and the other to the said Melville, with the privilege of employing a portion of the same for three or six months previous to such purchase.

(Signed) JOHN M. ELLIS,
Agent of the Board of Trustees of Michigan College.

It appears that he had similar offers from some Boston men. He reported progress to the members of the board in Detroit, and Messrs. Stuart and Hastings wrote him advising him to return, as better terms

than those of the Boston gentlemen might probably be made with capitalists in Michigan. On his return, however, owing to changes in the money market, no funds could be raised here. The board was therefore convened March 29, 1836, at the house of Mr. Cleaveland, in Detroit. At this meeting the salary of the agent was fixed at $800, and traveling expenses.

The subject and form of a "religious colony" connected with the college was fully considered, and at length indefinitely postponed. In reference to a *new location*, raising funds, and carrying forward the enterprise, the executive committee were re-empowered to proceed with their enquiries and surveys as fast as practicable, subject to the revision of the board. Rev. William Page was requested to act with the board.

April 29, 1836, the board met in Monroe. Messrs. Ellis and Page made a detailed report of a very laborious tour of survey and inquiry in reference to a better location and the further investment of money in public lands, and of subscriptions by the inhabitants of Marshall, on condition that the location of the college be fixed within the bounds of that village. With the exception of Ann Arbor this was said to be the largest town between Detroit and Chicago. The following proposition was presented:

"MARSHALL, APRIL 26, 1836.

"GENTS: We forward, by Rev. J. Ellis, a copy of a subscription paper that has been circulated here to raise funds to secure the location of your contemplated college at Marshall. You will perceive that between thirteen and fourteen thousand dollars have been subscribed. We feel confident the people here fully appreciate the importance of such an institution, but owing to the absence *at this time* of a number of our citizens much interested in the establishment of the college, we have not been able *on so short* notice to raise the amount we shall be able to in a few days. Knowing as we do the feelings of the people here on this subject, we have no hesitation in saying, we believe the subscription will be raised to twenty thousand dollars, and that by such persons that a sufficient number of our citizens would guarantee the amount of the whole to be paid, agreeably to the terms of the subscription, that it might be relied on.

(Signed by)
"SIDNEY KETCHUM,
"JOHN D. PIERCE,
"JOHN H. MONTGOMERY,
"A. L. HAYS,
"L. W. HART.

"To Rev. J. P. Cleaveland, E. P. Hastings and others."

It seems that Mr. Page had entered several thousand acres of government land in Eaton, Ingham, Clinton and Shiawassee counties in the name of Isaac M. Dimond, of New York. Of this land Mr. Page owned an undivided fourth, and Abel Beers, a brother-in-law of Mr. Dimond, had also an interest in it. Mr. Page stated that he had made favorable investments on behalf of another person in the county of Eaton, and that he was at liberty to offer the same at cost as a site for the college, provided the board deemed the location suitable. The offer, however, was declined. At this meeting the agent was authorized to sell the land entered in Hillsdale county, but that the minimum price be fixed at $15,000 for the whole.

On July 26 the board met in Detroit, and transacted a large amount of business. Mr. Ellis resigned his agency and Mr. Cleaveland was appointed agent to collect funds on his visit east. Of his success we know nothing. On this very day, Mr. Pierce was in Detroit and was appointed State Superintendent of Public Instruction. He was also invited to sit with the board as a corresponding member. Mr. Page was appointed agent to adjust and secure forthwith a legal title to the college site in Marshall. Rev. John D. Pierce and Sidney Ketchum were made a committee to complete the collection of funds in Marshall and vicinity. Messrs. Cleaveland, Ellis, Page, A. L. Porter and Hastings were a committee to procure an act of incorporation for the college from the next State legislature. The board also *Resolved,* That an effort be made to raise in this State fifty thousand dollars within the next six months, payable in four semi-annual installments.

The purchase of government lands for the college seems to have been made with the intent of giving the college the benefit of the rise in price of the land, as the men who furnished the money were to receive only the cost of the land, and simple interest on the money used.

At this meeting the board voted to pay to Mr. Ellis twelve hundred dollars, the amount to be invested in the Hillsdale lands for the benefit of the college, and simple interest thereon from the time the investment was made, and that he be paid the cost of an eighty-acre lot he had purchased near Marshall, with interest on the money he paid for it.

At the same meeting Mr. Page made this offer: "I hereby offer to the Board of Trustees of Michigan College all my right, title and interest to the lands which I lately purchased in behalf of Isaac M. Dimond, of New York city, at simple cost, meaning ten shillings per acre, together

with my own traveling expenses and the wages of the men whom I employed while making the purchases.

(Signed) "WILLIAM PAGE.

"Detroit, July 24, 1836."

The board accepted this offer, which embraced the undivided fourth part of the aforesaid land entered in the name of Mr. Dimond. (The quit claim deed conveying it to the college was not made until after the legal incorporation of the college and was executed October 8, 1839, and is on record in the proper office in Charlotte.) Rev. Edward N. Kirk, then pastor of a Congregational church in Albany, New York, was called to the presidency of the new college with a salary of fifteen hundred dollars. A communication was presented from Messrs. Halsted and Haines, of New York, in reference to the establishment of a theological seminary. Messrs. Cleaveland and Ellis were requested to confer with these gentlemen, to see if they would not vary their offer so as to give to Michigan College instead of the proposed theological seminary.

November 15, 1836, the board met again in Detroit, and a letter from Dr. Kirk was read, in which he made some inquiries about the college, and an answer to his inquiries was formulated. A letter from Messrs. Halsted and Haines was read, in which they declined to vary the conditions of their offer, but renewed it. What these conditions were is not recorded in full. The board, however, acceded to their proposition, and Mr. Ellis was directed to inform them of this, and to draw on them for the funds they have pledged, and agreeably to their proposals invest them in lands. We find no record of the outcome of this effort. Mr. Cleaveland was requested to make arrangements with the people of Marshall for the opening of a primary school in that place, and to secure a suitable teacher for the school with the least possible delay.

February 2, 1837, the board met in Marshall at the public house kept by A. Mann. At this meeting it was learned that Dr. Kirk declined the offer of the presidency of the college. James P. Greeves, M. D., then presented this written pledge:

"I will give five thousand dollars to the college if Mr. Cleaveland will accept the presidency of the institution."

(Signed) JAMES P. GREEVES."

After mature deliberation, the board unanimously elected Mr. Cleaveland president, with a salary of $1,500 per annum. It also voted that

a sum not exceeding twenty thousand dollars be expended as soon as practicable in the erection of college buildings.

The next meeting was held in Detroit, October 20, 1837, at which a letter from Mr. Cleaveland was read, in which he reluctantly accepted the presidency of the college. Four days later another meeting was held in Detroit, and *"Resolved,* That in the opinion of this board, it is expedient for the friends of our enterprise to engage in advancing the interests of the University of Michigan, or of its branches, by pecuniary patronage or otherwise."

Mr. Cleaveland moved to Marshall, and entered upon his duties there in 1837, taking charge of the preparatory school.

At a meeting of the Synod, held in Detroit, October 23, 1837, (it will be noted that the Synod was in session between the two trustee meetings) the college committee presented the following report, which was accepted and adopted, viz: "That they have endeavored to push forward the enterprise as far and fast as possible; that a preparatory school is in operation in Marshall; that a president has been appointed and accepted the office, and that they have secured funds to the amount of several thousand dollars, and that they are now striving to devise further means to accomplish the object of their appointment."

During the fall of 1838 an academy building, 36x24 feet, and two stories high, was erected, and was ready for use on Thanksgiving day, November 29. A circular had been issued November 20, announcing that the second term of the academy would begin November 30, with Nathaniel A. Balch, a graduate of Middlebury College, in Vermont, principal. Chemical and philosophical apparatus had been bought at an expense of $400, and the price of board including food, fire, lights, lodging, washing and ironing was to be at the very low rate of two dollars and a half a week. Tuition in English branches $4.00 per term; in Latin, Greek and French, $6.00. Gratuitous instruction in sacred music was to be given by an approved instructor, and we are told that daily stages pass through Marshall, east and west.

February 25, 1839, John P. Cleaveland, Robert Stuart and E. P. Hastings, in behalf of the trustees of Michigan College, petitioned the Legislature for an act of incorporation. When the scheme of having a college in Marshall was first broached, Rev. John D. Pierce took a lively interest in it, and made some pledges, and some effort to raise funds to secure its location there. But after his appointment as Superintendent of Public Instruction he matured his plan for a State system of education, and incorporated in it a university and preparatory

schools. Fearing that the granting of charters to denominational colleges would detract from the success of the university, he opposed the granting of such charters. So on the fifth of March a remonstrance against granting a charter to the Michigan College was presented to the Legislature, signed by 205 citizens of Marshall, and among the remonstrants was John D. Pierce. The objections were that it was unwise to grant charters to private institutions, and that Sidney Ketchum, John D. Pierce and others had subscribed and guaranteed nearly $20,000 for the proposed college, but that the conditions on which these pledges were made had not been met, and that it would be unjust to hold them.

There was evidently much excitement on the subject in Marshall and its vicinity, for on March 16, a counter petition was drawn up and signed by 110 citizens of Marshall. It expresses the fear that the remonstrance sent to the Legislature will leave the impression that the citizens of Marshall are opposed to the college, which they affirm is not the case, and especially as the agent magnanimously offers to relinquish the subscriptions already made to Michigan College to all who desire it. They state that the primary department of the college is now in successful operation, and that funds to its endowment to a highly respectable amount had been obtained, and a large loan upon very advantageous terms had been secured, and the services of several distinguished scholars were now entirely devoted to the enterprise, therefore, they ask for its incorporation. Another petition for its incorporation was presented, signed by 190 citizens of Calhoun county; and still another signed by 194 citizens of Marshall, states that it would be an unwise policy and injurious to the cause of sound learning to restrict the education of the youth of this State exclusively to legislative supervision, or to instruction in the university. Fifty-two citizens of Grass Lake and Leoni asked for a charter for the college. Fifteen citizens of Marshall, ten of whom had signed the remonstrance, sign a paper stating that in view of overtures made by John P. Cleaveland, their objections, so far as the manner in which subscriptions were obtained, are entirely removed. Ypsilanti also sent a petition for the incorporation of the college, with 108 signatures. The final outcome of the contest was that the Legislature passed a bill, approved April 16, 1839, incorporating Marshall College; but it contains the provision that the act should not take effect until all the subscribers to the Michigan College who may request the same shall have had an opportunity of withdrawing their subscriptions, and a guarantee for $20,000 for said college, given by Sidney Ketchum, John D. Pierce and A. L. Hays, shall likewise have

been released. The college was to have sixteen trustees, besides the president, and the following persons comprise the first board: John Payne Cleaveland, James Porter Greeves and Sidney Ketchum, of Calhoun county; John Millott Ellis, William Page and Marcus Harrison, of Jackson county; Ira Mason Wead, of Washtenaw county; Ashbel G. Wells, of Oakland county; Robert Stuart, Eurotas Parmelee Hastings and Arthur Livermore Porter, of Wayne county; Austin Enoch Wing and Oliver Johnson, of Monroe county; George Washington Jermain, of Lenawee county; Elisha Powell Champlin, of Hillsdale county; Phannel Warner Warriner, of St. Joseph county; and Mitchell Hinsdill, of Kalamazoo county. This was the first college charter granted in the State, and it was sixteen years before another could be obtained.

The college became a legal corporation April 16, and on the sixth of May following Mr. Ellis left a second time for New York and New England to raise money for it. He secured for the college the cordial endorsement of Justin Edwards, Leonard Woods, Moses Stuart, Ralph Emerson, of Andover; William Cogswell, S. Aikin, N. Adams, Geo. W. Blagden, A. A. Phelps, H. Winslow, Pliny Cutler, of Boston; R. S. Stone, of Braintree; E. Hitchcock, H. Humphrey, of Amherst; Absalom Peters, William Patton, Thomas H. Skinner, Samuel H. Cox, Thomas McAuley, S. V. S. Wilder, of New York; Jeremiah Day and B. Silliman, of Yale College.

It will be observed that the list embraces nearly all the leading Congregational ministers in New York City and in New England, and these endorsements were secured within six months, beginning July 27, 1839.

Owing to the severe illness of his wife and subsequently of himself, Mr. Ellis was able to devote only about seven months to a canvass for funds, in New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Connecticut. In that time he secured subscriptions to the amount of $2,564.72, of which he had collected $1,616.67 in money. He also had received donations of a box of boots and shoes, a box of bonnets, and one of scythes and hoes, some paper and $100 worth of hardware.

The great commercial prosperity of the country in 1835-6 was followed by a severe financial depression in 1837, from which it took the people several years to recover. Men who had made liberal pledges for the college were unable to meet them. On March 10, 1840, money was a little easier in the cities, but not in the country, and Mr. Ellis was advised to postpone his canvass for six months, which he did, and accepted a call to the church in East Hanover, New Hampshire, about an hour's drive from Dartmouth College. Here he buried the two small

children of his second wife; and the health of Mrs. Ellis was so poor that he was obliged to remain with her. He tried, however, to collect by letter the subscriptions already pledged, but the expenses of the college were constantly going on, and men were unable to pay the subscriptions they had made. Instead of the large profits anticipated from the sale of public lands in which the college invested so heavily, there was no demand for them, and they brought the college only taxes, and Mr. Cleaveland was at his wits' end to know how to meet the bills presented to him. The State University was opened as a thoroughly Christian college, and the local interest in Marshall College seemed to be on the wane. It was difficult to secure a quorum of trustees to do business. A meeting called for June 16, 1839, to accept the charter was adjourned until August 1, and then to the call of the committee, which was for September 18. This was adjourned until November 1, and this was adjourned to meet in Detroit February 24, 1840, date of meeting of Detroit Presbytery. A quorum was present and the act of incorporation was accepted, Rev. John P. Cleaveland was chosen president of the college; Austin Wing, vice-president; James P. Greeves, secretary, and Jabez S. Fitch, treasurer. After the legal incorporation of the college the principal business of the trustees seems to have been to wind up its affairs. The president was authorized to execute a bond for a deed to Jonas M. Melville, of Jaffrey, New Hampshire, for money lent by him to the trustees agreeably to conditions proposed by him. This bond was executed by Mr. Cleaveland May 14, 1840. At the solicitation of William Dawes, Mr. Melville assigned this bond to him in trust for the Oberlin collegiate institution. The assignment is dated December 8, 1843, but it should probably be 1842, for on June 3, 1843, Mr. Dawes visited Marshall. The $2,000 of Mr. Melville and interest at that date amounted to $2,750, and Mr. Dawes surrendered this bond to the trustees of Marshall College and received in return a quit-claim deed to the undivided fourth part of government lands entered by William Page, and deeded by him to the college for the $2,000 received from Mr. Melville. Mr. Melville had also paid $181.20 to take up a note given by Mr. Cleaveland to the Ocean Bank, of Boston, and a question arose whether the lands were to be held as security for the payment of this money, and Messrs. Cleaveland and Dawes signed a paper agreeing to leave the decision to Mr. Melville. It was in this way that the Oberlin Institute became interested in lands in Eaton county, but the title was found to be defective, as it had not been properly entered in the United States land office, and some had been sold for taxes. It was in relation

to this land deal that Mr. Shipherd, later in the season, visited Marshall and the Eaton county lands and in passing back and forth selected the site for Olivet College.

Owing to the defective title to the aforesaid lands, Mr. Dawes sold the Oberlin interest in them in 1845 to Abel Beers for $800. President Cleaveland was authorized to sell any land belonging to the trustees for the purpose of liquidating all college debts.

The trustee meeting in Detroit was held in close connection with that of the Detroit Presbytery, which *Resolved,* That in the opinion of this Presbytery no action of civil government on the subject of education, however liberal, can fully meet the moral wants of a community, and that voluntary institutions, sustained and controlled by the church, are imperiously demanded; *Resolved,* That this Presbytery do accordingly recommend to the prayers and charities of the church under their care the *college recently incorporated at Marshall* by the exertions of a committee heretofore appointed by a *unanimous vote of the Synod of Michigan.*

Dr. George Duffield was in Detroit at this time and on the fifteenth of this month was appointed one of the regents of the university.

Rev. John D. Pierce was a New England man, and knew that the New England colleges were not under any ecclesiastical control, and when he realized that the trustees of the proposed Michigan College were to be appointed by the Synod of Michigan, he saw his opportunity and urged the sectarian objection with great force. This feature encountered opposition in the Legislature, and also hindered the securing of subscriptions for the college. Messrs. Cleaveland and Ellis were also from New England, and were familiar with the practice there and knew that leading educators there were averse to any ecclesiastical control of colleges, and that the recently founded Wabash and Illinois colleges were not under such control, for the sister of Mr. Ellis, living in Jacksonville, Ill., copied the charter of Illinois college and sent it on evidently to be used in framing the charter for a college in Michigan. Therefore in Mr. Cleaveland's anxiety to secure a charter, it is not strange if it did not occur to him that in dropping this feature and accepting a charter changing the name of the college to that of Marshall College, and adding to the board of trustees several gentlemen not named by the Synod, and empowering them to fill vacancies as they might occur in their number, he was in danger of losing the support of the Synod. But two or three years later, a committee of Synod, consisting of Messrs. Duffield, Nichols and E. P. Hastings, was appointed

to inquire into the condition and history of Marshall College. They reported to the Synod at its session in Detroit, in October, 1842, that "the college committee of Synod met with serious embarrassment, both in their attempt to obtain a charter from the Legislature and subscriptions from individuals, in consequence of the erroneous impression and belief that an institution under the patronage and care of the Synod of Michigan would of course be sectarian. The committee, therefore, in the prosecution of their application to the Legislature for a charter, waived the peculiar feature of the Synod's fostering care contemplated in the Michigan College, which it had been proposed to establish at Marshall, and having associated themselves with other gentlemen, accepted a charter from the Legislature of this State granted for a college located at Marshall called Marshall College, and that from that time the object of the Synod to establish a college under their immediate patronage and care had ceased to be prosecuted. The committee, therefore, presented the following resolution, which was adopted: *"Resolved,* That the college committee of Synod, or the so-called trustees of Michigan College, appointed by the Synod of Michigan were entirely superseded by the action of the Legislature of the State, incorporating a college under the style and title of the Marshall College Corporation; and that the Synod, as such, are not and never have been in any way, committed to the character and plans of Marshall College, nor in any way responsible for its movements, failure or success." It is worthy of note that during this period, from 1840 to 1848, Rev. George Duffield, D. D., was one of the regents of the University.

At the same session of the Synod it adopted the following resolution: *"Resolved,* That Synod take a deep interest in the prosperity of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, and while we gratefully recognize the equal rights of all religious denominations and citizens of the State to avail themselves of the University, and while we disclaim all desire to exercise any ecclesiastical influence and control over its government, we cherish strong confidence in the present management of the institution, and earnestly hope that it will continue to be conducted as deservedly to possess the confidence of the Christian community in the State."

This action of the Synod tended strongly to divert the sympathies, the contributions, and patronage of the churches from the Marshall College, and to concentrate them upon the University. This was a serious obstacle to the success of the college. Mr. Cleaveland was present at this meeting, and whether the college continued in operation until his

resignation, which occurred a year later, we have not been able to learn.

Sometime in the spring of 1841, Mr. Cleaveland, in a despondent mood writes to Mr. Ellis, and speaks of the college as an "abortive enterprise." June 3, 1841, Mr. Ellis writes: "And now my dear brother, one word for the 'abortive enterprise,' spoken of in your last. Why such a phrase? If now at however great sacrifice the debts of the institution are about all to be paid from the avails of the sale to Dimond, and if THE PRESSURE is closing up ITS concerns, and 'good business times,' as is universally acknowledged, is now only waiting to work its way from the cities to the country—why say 'abortive?'—especially as Brother Cleaveland is not committed in any permanent engagement. You stare! and ask, 'Why, Bro. Ellis, what is to be done?' I answer, Why, a new set of arrangements, just as if it were a new enterprise. You have advantages over an entirely new enterprise. Your house—your charter—the subject has been thoroughly sifted—acknowledgment of its fundamental evangelical importance from just the men in New England and New York—just the men whose judgment and sympathy are desirable on such an undertaking. 'But the funds!' Well, the funds, my dear Bro. C., if you will take hold of the matter of raising funds in *propria persona,* in good earnest, the funds would be yours!

"I have paid out as follows:

For the Erection of Boarding House Academy	$2,700 00
For Expenses of the Boarding House	2,200 00
For Salary of the Principal	670 00
For Labor, Repairs and Contingent Expenses	550 00
	$6,120 00
From	$6,990 00
Deduct	6,120 00
	$ 870 00

"Divide $870 by three years, the time I spent in the service, and it gives only $290 per annum left for my support. It cost me not less than $600 per annum, which would be $1,800. For the remaining $930 I have only to say that it came out of my own pocket.

"When I engaged in the work I had $400 laid up, in the hands of Horace Hallock, of Detroit. Over $300 of this I expended for the col-

lege. Two protested drafts of $100 I also paid out of my own funds. I earned about $300 in preaching and lecturing and expended it in the same way. The young men of Marshall gave me a purse of $100 in gold. I paid it away immediately for a college debt. The people gave us over $50 in provisions which we gave to the boarding house. Deducting all that I earned, from my salary, there would now be due me at least $3,000, exclusive of interest. Interest added would make it nearer $4,000. I could not have put the support of my family so low as $600 per annum, had we not had our board in the boarding house *one year.* But for all Mrs. Cleaveland's SEVERE services during that time, and the services of two girls, both of whom I paid myself, I charged not a cent beside our board. All our furniture was used to supply the boarding house. The *avails* of what belonged to the boarding house when sold were less than the damages done to our own. I have literally sacrificed everything, *family, property, time* and *strength,* and made myself a poor and lonely man in the world to sustain the enterprise, and after all, God and man have frowned and it has failed.

"Mr. Ellis strained every nerve to save it and was obliged to desist. Mr. Hastings generously sacrificed several hundred dollars, to try to save the worthless money in which our lands were paid for, but his circumstances compelled him to stop. Besides Mr. Hastings and myself, I know not a person who is any poorer for our enterprise since I took hold of it.

"When I came to close up the concern I found about $200 still due to different individuals. I sold our apparatus [probably to Mr. Patch, of Lagrange Institute] to meet these, though obliged to endorse the notes myself, and for them am still personally bound until they are paid. To meet the last payment on the house I was obliged to hire $300, and give my personal note for it. Mr. Ellis collected a part of the money to pay the note, and the remainder was generously paid by Mr. Melville of New Hampshire. Mr. Melville has also offered to make us a noble donation whenever the college is ready to go forward.

"The lands which we purchased of Mr. Page, on Grand River, with money loaned by Mr. Melville, and which were made over to him as security, he was induced by the importunity of the Oberlin gentleman to give to them, although he now deeply regrets it. On these lands, to prevent their being sold for taxes, I paid out of my own pocket, in postage and traveling expenses, and in trying to effect a good sale of them, not less, gentlemen, than fifteen dollars, for which I was under no more obligation than for lands in another planet. In every possible

way I have made every sacrifice in my power, sacrifices which I shall forever and most painfully lament, to sustain the undertaking committed to my trust. But I have stood alone and have failed. I have passed through bitter disappointments here when situations, most delightful for my deceased family, most eligible for myself, were urged on my acceptance.

"I am once more called away and must resign my office, with the humble prayer that the object of our enterprise may yet, in better hands than mine, revive and prosper.

Respectfully yours,

J. P. CLEAVELAND."

Marshall, Nov. 1, 1843.

There is no record of any meeting of the trustees after this until September 28, 1853, when one was called to meet in the lecture room of the Presbyterian church in Marshall, but not having a quorum it adjourned to meet in Detroit, September 30. At this meeting the resignation of Mr. Cleaveland as president and trustee was accepted and trustees were elected to fill vacancies. The last meeting of the trustees of which record was made was held in Marshall, January 6, 1858, and was evidently called to preserve the organization. The following persons constituted the last board of trustees: Charles G. Hammond, Rev. Calvin Clark, Charles T. Gorham, William H. Brown, Philo Dibble, Rev. Harvey D. Kitchell, Rev. L. Smith Hobart, Rev. Ashbel S. Wells, Rev. H. A. Read, Ira Nash, Charles Dickey, Henry N. Pierce, James M. Parsons, George S. Wright, George H. Barber. Philo Dibble was chosen president of the board; Charles T. Gorham, treasurer; L. Smith Hobart, vice-president; William H. Brown, secretary. Mr. Brown died January 9, 1895, leaving the records and papers of the college in the hands of his law partner, John C. Patterson, of Marshall.

The president of Marshall College sadly called it an "abortive enterprise," but he little knew the wide influence the college exerted. During the years that the organization of Marshall College was in progress, Rev. John D. Pierce and his co-adjutors were busily at work framing our common school system and organizing our State University. Mr. Pierce saw clearly that if the several denominations should withhold their patronage and support from the University and establish colleges of their own, the State University must inevitably fail. Hence he brought all his influence to bear to prevent Marshall College from securing a charter; but he was foiled and the charter granted. But the

sharp contest over a college in his own town taught him how strong the conviction was in the minds of the Christian people that the State University could not give the religious instruction that the churches required. But their objections were merely theoretical. So we are not surprised that at this time Mr. Pierce should place on record the following sentiments: "It is not to be expected that the study of theology as a profession can ever be made a separate department of the University. * * * But so far as the great principles of the science of theology are concerned, they necessarily come within the compass of that general knowledge, with which every well-educated young man ought to be acquainted. The mighty evidences of the divine existence, resulting from the unnumbered manifestations of contrivance and design throughout the universe of matter and of mind, and the basis on which Christianity has reared its stupendous fabric and founds its claims to the confidence and affection of the world, would be fruitful topics for the predilections of such a professorship as is proposed to be established. Besides it will be found to be essential to the prosperity of the University. *Without something of the kind it would be abandoned by all religious denominations.* We should then have presented to our view the spectacle of an university on the broadest foundation, and splendidly endowed, but without students; while private institutions, struggling for existence, with comparatively few advantages, would be filled to overflowing. As Christianity is the religion of our people, it must be recognized as coming within the circle of general knowledge, though they will suffer no interference in the formation of their religious opinions. It is all important to secure the interest of the great body of the people in the welfare of the University. But the great mass of them will be found attached to the different denominations of Christians. * * * No flourishing institution can be found which does not embrace as much as is here proposed; every attempt on a different plan has proved an entire failure. * * * Such a professorship thus filled would secure to any institution unbounded confidence. * * * The fact is not to be concealed that there is a strong prejudice in the minds of many worthy and enlightened men against State institutions. This feeling has originated from the attempt of two or three States to exclude everything in the form of religion from their universities. The moral sense of the community was found to be against the plan, and the institutions could not flourish, for they were abandoned by the great majority of those who patronize the higher seminaries of learning, and the consequence was, difficulties ensued and private institutions rose

up around them and prospered. The truth is the nature of man is such that the result might have been anticipated. * * * It is all important that the University of Michigan in its constitution and order, be such as to secure the confidence of the liberal-minded of all denominations and then it may be expected that they will give it countenance and support."

Dr. Zina Pitcher, one of the regents of the University, addressed a memorial to the Legislature in behalf of the regents in which he speaks as follows: "On the first organization of the board of regents it included no clerical members. For this reason the University, then *in futuro,* was stigmatized as an infidel affair, which it was predicted would fail to perform the functions for which it had been endowed. This prediction was urged with much confidence in certain quarters and an act for the incorporation of a sectarian college [referring to Marshall College] was urged through the Legislature by an appeal to the religious feeling of the members based upon this accusation. Partly to disarm that kind of opposition, and more especially because they believed it to be a duty irrespective of it, the board was careful to introduce the element of religion into the branches which they did by the appointment of clergymen of the different denominations, as principals thereof."

In order to shut off all future efforts of the denominations to establish colleges, Mr. Pierce and the regents determined to give as thoroughly a religious cast to the University as possible. The four leading professorships were filled by clergymen of different denominations. The course of required study embraced as much religious instruction as was given in the best Christian colleges, and the students were subjected to as rigid requirements in regard to attendance upon public worship on the Lord's Day, and upon chapel prayers, twice daily, as they were in any colleges. His sagacity and adroit effort was successful, and saved the University; for if any body of Christians sought to procure a college charter on the ground that the State had no religion and so could not teach it, he was confronted with the fact that the State was giving it as thoroughly as in the best denominational colleges. The religious character given to it largely won the patronage of all the religious denominations, and it was sixteen years before any other college could secure a charter. The success of the Michigan University has contributed greatly to the success of State universities in Ohio, Wisconsin, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, and many other states. So that the "abortive enterprise" over which the founders so sadly mourned, has

contributed largely to the success of many of the great educational institutions of the country.

It is a remarkable coincidence that the death of Marshall College should have marked the birth of Olivet College and determined its location. Indeed Olivet College may almost be deemed a "resurrection" of Marshall College. It is strange that a college, started with the endorsement of a relatively strong denomination, located in a large town, commended by the leading Congregational ministers of New England, and having a legal charter, school buildings and school in operation, should fail; and at the very moment of failure a man without any endorsement or charter should start a college in the woods, remote from railroads and all the great lines of travel, and achieve a grand success.

But the year 1836 was an unfortunate year in which to start colleges. The country was on the top wave of financial prosperity. Men of wealth were ready to promise large gifts to colleges, but in consequence of the unexpected and severe financial depression that followed from 1837 to 1840 they were unable to fulfill their promises. Oberlin came near being swamped by inability of some half dozen rich men to pay the salary of a professor each, as they had promised. Mr. Shipherd's effort started in this year to build a seminary at Grand River City, was nipped in the bud by the financial distress after he had secured a location and subscriptions to the amount of over $10,000. Starting again, eight years later, without any opposition (for it was too insignificant an affair to awaken opposition) by the most rigid economy, success was attained.

Marshall College was launched in the unfortunate year, 1836, and was strongly favored by one who after his appointment as State Superintendent of Public Instruction, brought to bear all his great influence to crush it. While Mr. Pierce could not prevent Marshall College from obtaining a charter he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had adopted measures that rendered it useless and hastened the death of the college. The financial distress made it impossible for some men to make good their pledges to the college. There was no demand for the lands in which the college had invested so heavily. The financial agent was laid aside by sickness and a large religious denomination unexpectedly withdrew its sympathy and support. Bereavement in the family came, and in the face of all these unforeseen obstacles it is doubtful if any living man could have made the enterprise a success unless he had at his control funds unlimited. With the exciting and disheartening experience that the people of Marshall had in building a college we

HON. GEORGE W. THAYER.

are not surprised to be told, as we are, that when Father Shipherd and his little band of colonists passed through the town—"the Marshall people laughed at the old man who had gone off into the woods to start a college."

FROM VERMONT TO LAKE SUPERIOR IN 1845.

BY GEORGE W. THAYER.

A PERSONAL NARRATIVE, DELIVERED BEFORE THE "OLD RESIDENT'S ASSOCIATION OF THE GRAND RIVER VALLEY," JUNE 26, 1902.

The fifty-seven years that have passed since 1845 do not impress those who have lived them, and maybe a score or so more, as being a very long period of time, unless we consider it in its relation to the entire time that is allotted to us for this earthly sojourn of ours; then the fact comes to us that we are a long way beyond the meridian, or the noon day mark that most of us have looked forward to, and after passing which, we begin to look back and begin unconsciously to live two lives, one in recalling the past, the other in the present and future. We need not be startled when we realize this, for the afternoons and the sunsets each afford their wealth of beauty, use and enjoyment, so we may continue to go hopefully forward, living the present in the dawn of a more perfect and glorious future.

On the 17th of May, 1845, the writer, then seventeen years of age, a native of Burlington, Vt., having his scanty apparel in a small trunk, bade adieu to his home and its associations, depressed by the parting, but buoyed by a hope that pictured an alluring future, such as often attends the inexperience and confidence of youth. The solicitude and apprehension of my good mother for her son appealed to me more than all beside. I realized that they would be to her an ever present source of anxiety, until superseded by news of my well being and well doing somewhere in Michigan, into which state my plan took me. Nothing so filled me with a determination to properly conduct my daily life, and to do my best, both physically and mentally, as the love and consideration that I had for my mother and my realization of her solicitude and great desire for my welfare.

The steamer *Whitehall,* Gideon Lathrop, Captain, then running on the

beautiful Lake Champlain, was to bear me away. My uncle, Lucius Lyon, just closing a term in Congress from the western district of Michigan, had come on from Washington to spend a day with his father and take me to Michigan to join, in Detroit, the surveying party of Dr. Douglas Houghton. My uncle had been appointed by President Polk Surveyor General northwest of the Ohio, which then embraced the states of Ohio, Indiana and Michigan. Dr. Houghton, then State Geologist for Michigan, had undertaken a contract from the United States for the linear and topographical surveys in an unexplored portion of the mineral region of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, and with his party I was to have an opportunity to develop my capabilities as a woodsman and surveyor. I was to begin at the very bottom and work my way up, if I developed to be a climber. This was arranged before I started. My uncle, having business in Montreal, we took the steamer going north to St. Johns, a village in Lower Canada on the Sorell river at the extreme northerly point of steamboat navigation. We left Burlington at 1 o'clock p. m., arriving in St. Johns at 6. Seemingly a new world was opening to my vision every hour. My first night from home was in St. Johns. The next morning, Sunday, I rode a few miles from La Prairie to La Chene, opposite Montreal, on the first railroad I had seen. We crossed the river by steam ferry. The now famous tubular Victoria bridge, nearly two miles long, was not built, but Montreal was a city of 70,000 people, and had been founded more than two hundred years. It was full of interest to me. On Sunday I saw marching through the streets hundreds of the various orders of nuns, going to their various places of worship. The present new part of the city was sparsely occupied. In the old portion, the narrow crooked streets, having scarcely fourteen feet for a roadway, and not more than three for sidewalks on either side, made the buildings look tall and massive and the streets gloomy. I went into the great Catholic Cathedral, the most noted and conspicuous building in the city then, and now. It is 241 feet long by 135 feet wide, having a roof of copper and six towers, the main one being 213 feet high. The building was erected from 1824 to 1830. At our hotel, "Doolittle's Coffee House," kept by an American, my uncle met many acquaintances, among them the treasurer of the United States. I was introduced to him, and his son, who was about my age, a dashy young chap, whose fine apparel brought to mind my coarse, homemade suit, for nature carried a full stock of pride under my plain clothes, for which my mother had often chided me, but I have come to know that pride is a necessary element of character, in com-

bination with other qualities. I was shocked when I heard the Treasurer of the United States swear in the most jocular manner in ordinary conversation. I shall never forget him. He was stately and commanding in appearance, but he left a bad impression of himself with me. I was not accustomed to hear such profanity, besides I was impressed with the idea that my uncle was nearly perfect; he never used such expressions. I thought "What would mother say?" The influence for good, of a mother's love and association can scarcely be estimated. It remains with us in some form. In maturer years, in its place, came to me the inquiry, what is right, or what is my duty? After two days in Montreal we were off up the St. Lawrence, passing among its Thousand Islands to Lake Ontario, 200 miles away. No canal then, for boats to pass around the various rapids, as now. We left the boat and took stages around each of them, then another boat. The trip was brim full of interest for a Vermont boy who had just emerged from its mountains, trying to see all possible. We reached Kingston, a city in Canada at the head of the St. Lawrence. Its frowning fortress, with numerous cannon plainly visible, set me wondering how much of a job it would be for the Green Mountain boys to capture it? At Kingston we took an American steamer up Lake Ontario for Niagara river, running up the Genesee river to a point a little below Rochester, stopping long enough to permit passengers who desired to do so, to take carriages to Rochester, which we did, finding it a very live place. By Vermonters it was then considered to be in the West. Our boat resumed its trip, entering Niagara river and landing us at Lewiston, where we entered cars drawn by horses to Buffalo. We stopped at the Mansion House, then considered a fine hotel. Our destination was Detroit. I whiled my time in Buffalo for a day or two while my uncle was closely occupied with business. The lake steamers in those days put up in the hotels and other public places large posters in bright colors, having a cut of the steamer, giving name, date and hour of sailing and the ports at which it would stop. One would see a half dozen or more new ones every day, but they were taken down at once after the boat had departed. One of these posters announced that the elegant, new, fast running, low pressure steamer *London,* Capt. H. Van Allen, would leave for Detroit, through without landing, in twenty-four hours. This was regarded as extraordinary time. Now, sixteen hours are sufficient. We took passage on the *London,* a Canadian boat. Arriving at Detroit we stopped at the National Hotel (now the Russell House), kept by Edward Lyon, an uncle of Charles D. Lyon of this city. Detroit was then a

city of less than 15,000 inhabitants. We found that Dr. Houghton and party had left for Lake Superior a few days before, making me too late to join him there as I had expected to do. In two days we were off for Grand Rapids, a place of special interest to me, as there was my brother, aunt and other persons whom I had known in Vermont in my earlier years. We took the Michigan Central R. R., starting from where the Detroit city hall now stands, running west on Michigan avenue, now a long and populous street. This chief railroad in Michigan would be a curiosity now. They used ties on the road bed as now, but the track was made of sawed lumber about four by six, sixteen feet long, forming stringers on which were spiked for cars to run on, strap iron, about three-eighths of an inch thick and two or two and one-quarter inches wide. The iron was spiked on to the top of the stringers and where the joints of iron met, a spike was put in near the end. By use, these end spikes would work loose, and the end of the iron would curl up. If this curl met a car wheel below its center, the wheel would hold it down, but if it curled so much as to hit a running wheel above its center, then the moving train would force the piece of track up through a car floor and through a car seat, causing the greatest danger in then traveling on the railroads, for not infrequently a passenger was badly injured or killed. This kind of an accident was termed having a snake-head. Trains ran fifteen miles or less, per hour. At that time the railroad was completed only to Marshall. We took stage from there to Battle Creek, then a new little village, but apparently thrifty. We spent the night at the Battle Creek House. At about 4 o'clock in the morning we climbed into a mud-wagon, called the Grand Rapids stage. We breakfasted at a log tavern, in one of the small and infrequent clearings that we meandered into. In the timbered land the road was cut out, but was not worked, only as the feet of the horses and the wheels of the wagons worked it into ruts and pitch holes where roots and stones did not prevent, but it was not so very long before we came into the oak-openings, then so extensive in Western Michigan. No one of the present generation has personal knowledge of what the oak-openings were. They were inviting to the eye and to the pioneer. Large, fine oaks, generally white oaks, formed a forest of trees so far apart that a view could easily be had in all directions from forty to eighty rods. In the openings the track of the road wound about among the trees wherever the surface was most available, and where the few fallen trees could be avoided. A pioneer would go onto his land in the late summer or early fall, build a log-house of the smaller oaks, girdle a few

acres of trees to prevent the leaves from growing in the spring and forming a shade, plough, drag in a crop of wheat right among the standing oaks, and in the spring plant corn and potatoes, and secure a very fair crop of each. As soon as possible, the pioneer would cut and burn the girdled trees, saving the finest ones for rails. As we moved slowly on, now and then a deer or two would be seen, and as the forenoon advanced we began to think and talk of what was to come and of dinner. Yankee Springs! That was the oasis of the trip, so some passengers said; there, good meals were served by the famed Yankee Lewis and his wife. We got there. Four log-houses standing in a row, connecting end to end, a big barn, sheds, a large garden with vegetables and beds of flowers delighted the eye, and made us all look happier. William A. Richmond was one of our passengers. What a lasting impression little things sometimes make! Mr. Richmond was a gentleman of considerable prominence in Michigan, and was a resident of Grand Rapids. One of the passengers was an old lady traveling alone toward some friend. Mr. Richmond was as polite and attentive to her as if she was some person of great note, or a personal friend; getting water and offering to her, bringing a chair to help her in and out of the wagon, assisting her into the cabin, securing for her a seat at the table, seeing that she was supplied with food, and giving her every possible attention. They were entire strangers to each other as Mr. Richmond had previously been to me, but afterward I knew him well for many years until he died. That attention of his to that lone old lady on that trip told me that there was real goodness in William A. Richmond, and I scarcely saw him after that, in all the years that I knew him, but the incidents of that trip, and his part in it, were brought to my mind, always with a feeling of respect for him. On we went until Ada was reached. There another log tavern, kept by Gen. Withey, father of the late Judge Solomon L. Whithey of this city. All log taverns had a bar room, which, on entering, the most conspicuous object the eye would discover would be two rows (one above the other) of plain, smooth glass decanters, each showing an outside well grimed with finger-marks. These decanters were said to contain some known brand of whisky or gin. What was called "Luke's Best" was the favorite. Luke Whitcomb was a famed Kalamazoo distiller. A number of bottles were required for the different qualities, as it was the custom to have what was called for, but in fact, as a rule, each of the several bottles (the number was for display) contained one common grade of whisky costing twenty cents or so per gallon by the barrel. In most of the decanters would

be seen floating some well-faded pieces of lemon. In spring and summer one decanter would have tansy sprigs. When a man took a meal the landlord would offer to treat, generally before going to the table, but when it was a cash transaction, the patron was expected to pay 6d or 6¼ cents, Spanish silver, or 6 cents in the coin of the United States. We arrived in Grand Rapids in eighteen hours, stopped at the Bridge St. House, kept by Gaius Deane. It was a plain two-story, unpainted frame building, standing a little west of the present Bridge St. House. Grand Rapids was said to have a population of 1,200. Lucius Lyon was then operating his salt plant, the first to produce salt in Michigan, making fine salt by boiling brine in pans and coarse salt by sun evaporation. The plant was located between the canal and the river, a little north of the present Berkey & Gay factory. Gaius Deane was superintendent. He had contracted with William Morman, now living on Barclay street in this city, for 1,000 cords of four-foot white oak wood to be delivered on the river bank not far from the present West Michigan Fair grounds. My brother, Lucius, whom I had not seen for seven years, had a contract with Deane to scow this wood into the canal and deliver it on the canal bank opposite the salt plant. I, having failed to join Dr. Houghton's party in Detroit, and having but a few shillings in my pocket, was alert for employment. My brother had a hopeful nature and induced me to join him in his contract for delivering the white oak. Sunrise on the second day after my arrival found us towing by man power, two scows up the river to deep water, through which they were slowly and laboriously poled to Morman's wood piles. The labor of loading, scowing and unloading the wood was done wholly by my brother and myself. At that time the dam was further up the river and there was a long wing-wall of stone to direct the water into the canal. There were no guard gates. At the head of the rapids before entering the canal, the current was strong. Our scows were floated one in front of the other, being lashed end to end. They were guided by the expert use of setting poles by one of us being well forward in the front scow, the other abaft the center of the rear one. When we were successful in our trips from Morman's to the salt works, we did very well, but about half the time we could not avoid running hard on the wing-wall. Then we worked in the water waist deep from two to twenty-four hours in getting the scows off. It proved to be a great field for hard labor and a very small one for recompense, but small as it was we occasionally went to the bakery of O. C. House or W. S. Gunn, then open for patrons on Monroe street below the present Widdicomb build-

ing and appeased our appetites with fried cakes, buns, pies and cheese, scorning to deny ourselves the cost of such palatable food from our scanty earnings. Lucius Lyon had returned to Detroit, after despatching his local business in a stay of two weeks or so, where he was arranging matters in the United States surveyor general's office, which by act of Congress had been moved from Cincinnati to Detroit. After scowing wood until near completion we received a letter from our uncle (enclosing money to pay our way) requesting us both to come to Detroit to join him in an expedition that he contemplated making into the Lake Superior country in Michigan. We started off, full of enthusiasm and anticipations by reason of this unexpected change to new scenes and experiences. Reaching Detroit, we spent most of our time for a week in purchasing the necessary supplies for the expedition, a list of which our uncle, an experienced surveyor and woodsman, had prepared with care. All being ready we started early in August. Our party numbered seven: Lucius Lyon, Henry Ledyard, a Mr. Broadhead of New York city, Dr. Joseph H. Bagg, his man Charley Hopkins, my brother Lucius and the writer. Mr. Ledyard was a son-in-law of General Lewis Cass, and father of the present President of the Michigan Central railroad. Mr. Broadhead was a gentleman of distinction recently returned from Paris where he was an official of the United States government; all the others were from Detroit.

We took passage for Mackinaw on Oliver Newberry's steamer, *Illinois,* Captain Blake. The *Illinois* was considered to be a fine, large boat and big burley Capt. Blake was one of the most competent and widely known of all the lake navigators. We reached Mackinaw Island, where we stopped at the Mission House, still in commission as a hotel. Mackinaw was more interesting to me then than now. Then it seemed to more nearly represent its two hundred years of wild life, so studded with incidents of great historic interest. A few traders among a lot of half-breeds and Indians, whose tents and bark canoes dotted its beach, constituted the main population, aside from the sightly fort, with its white block houses and stockade, and the soldiers stationed there. Its single greyish white lime stone street was hard, smooth and clean. At the island we went on board the steamboat *General Scott* for Sault Ste. Marie. After leaving Lake Huron at De Tour, the beautiful St. Mary's river opened before us in all of its old, quiet beauty, far more picturesque than now. We did not navigate Mud Lake through an artificial channel as today, but in the channel that nature had made. The water was the clearest possible and the forest trees fringed the

water's edge the whole distance, presenting nature in her richest robes, there being no settlers of any race to mar its pristine beauty. We passed the ruins of an old missionary station, established nearly or quite two hundred years before by the Jesuits. The Soo was an interesting village or settlement, apparently belonging to the same family as Mackinac. Its most conspicuous feature was Fort Brady, whose parade ground and all of its block house buildings were within an enclosure termed a stockade, which, as usual, was constructed of cedar posts about eight inches in diameter, placed closely side by side, and set firmly into the ground and extending eight feet above it, the top of each post was sharpened to a point. At short distances a small, square hole was cut through, enabling the soldiers to get sight of outside surroundings and to thrust a musket through and fire upon an approaching foe. We stopped at the Van Anden House for the few days required to complete our outfit for a voyage in an open boat along the south shore of Lake Superior. We added to our numbers two half-breeds and an Indian, each experienced voyagers, and John Richardson, an American white, making our party eleven in all. The supplies we brought were thought to be sufficient for two months for this number. A large, new, strong, unpainted, Indian built Mackinaw boat, having sides of white cedar, was found. It was forty feet long by eight and a half beam; had two handsome tamarack masts, two good sails and a jib; five rowlocks and five roughly made long cedar oars. We had blocks with pulleys, rope of ample length and strength. We bought the boat, sails and oars for $45, by employing the builders for the voyage. The boat was below the rapids; for $10 about that number of Indians delivered it at the head, taking it by water. Our supplies were carted a mile, loaded into our boat, and we were ready to start, having been aided by Mr. Ashman and other whites. We started after dinner, going as far as Taquamenon Island, in the big bay of that name (since called White Fish bay), forming the foot or outlet of Lake Superior, where we camped for the night. Here, and on each night thereafter, when we landed, we unloaded all of our supplies, piled them compactly and covered with oil cloth; then, with a rope and block hitched to a tree by the strong arms of sufficient men, we hauled our boat out of danger of big waves should they come. Pitching tents, gathering evergreen boughs to sleep on, cutting wood, etc., was actively going on while the cook was preparing supper. On the first morning, as we were about ready to leave the island, a sail and a small red boat carrying two men, one with a white hat, was seen passing northwest less than half a mile

away, going in the direction of White Fish point, our next destination. In answer to our inquiry, our half-breeds said, "That's Father Bingham and his man." Who is Father Bingham? "He missionary. He go to White Fish point to preach to the Indians." Father Bingham was the spiritual father of many Indians and the natural father of those well-known ladies of this city, Mrs. Thos. D. Gilbert, Mrs. Dr. Buchanan and Mrs. Dr. Robinson. When our sails filled, Father Bingham was a mile or so ahead, a lead that his boat kept until we reached White Fish point, which we did in ample time to prepare for a night's sleep before dark. Some Indians came to us with large, fresh caught white fish, which we bought. In the night we were awakened by our tents tumbling down on us. We crawled out into a furious wind and the roar of the dashing waves that had nearly reached our supplies and our boat was at the water's edge instead of being 100 feet away as we placed it. Twice during the night both had to be taken further back, and our tents were twice repitched. When daylight came the wind was blowing too hard and the waves were too high for us, so we remained until the second morning, when, on looking out, we found the lake smooth, the morning bright and sunny. Our boat and supplies were 200 feet from the water, but we were early in the boat and away. No wind came with the rising sun. All day we moved on by the power of our cedar oars, in the use of which my brother and myself had our allotment among the six available men for that service. Big and heavily loaded as our boat was, we reached Grand Marais harbor before night, forty-eight miles, so the Indian said. Grand Marais is a pretty harbor only available for boats of small draft. The United States government is now improving it. Here we were again windbound until the second morning. We found an abundance of ripe sand cherries, the Indian said they were; a red cherry about the size of common cherries, growing on small bushes from one to two feet high. They were sour and pungent, better to look at than to eat. The second morning we were again off in pleasant weather with a light but fair breeze off land. We passed the now noted clay banks, being immense banks, high and abrupt, of solid clay. Then we passed along and very near the famous pictured rocks, which consist of almost perpendicular cliffs of rock, extending unbroken for several miles along the lake, affording no landings for boats, with generally deep water at their base. I would say that they would average 100 feet in height. They are named pictured rocks because upon the face of the cliffs may be seen a variety of bright colors, extending from near the top well down toward the water. These colors

are mostly in stripes, like wide ribbon, from four to eight inches wide, caused, it is said, by minerals in solution. Grand Island, containing more than twenty-five thousand acres of land, lies a few miles above the pictured rocks, separated from the main land by a channel two miles or so wide. This was our destination, where was an excellent harbor. Here was one white family, Williams by name, a man, wife and thirteen children. Williams had a number of log-cabins, quite comfortable. One was a store, in which were such goods as the Indians wanted. The store was kept locked, being opened only when the Indians came with furs to trade, or without them to get necessities to be paid for in furs later. There were no white people nearer than the Soo, more than 100 miles away. The Williams were glad to see us and do for us what they could, for which they were compensated. The gentlemen of our party were comfortably housed in Williams' good-sized house; the oar workers and the cook had an unfurnished cabin at their disposal, in which was a big fireplace with a crane. We spread our blankets on the clean floor and laid down to sleep in the light of a fire in the fireplace, for the night was cool. We were here two days, for the surveyor general had sent an Indian fifteen or twenty miles away to call to him a deputy surveyor that he wished to see. The oldest man in our party, and the most visionary and enthusiastic was Doctor Joseph H. Bagg, who, as we passed the pictured rocks beheld them with wondering eyes, and was filled with conceptions of great undiscovered wealth that he was destined to reveal to the world by means of mesmerism, which was then attracting much attention. A book had recently appeared, "Bagg on Mesmerism." The doctor had smuggled into our party as cook, his man Charley Hopkins, that he might continue his practice of using him as his clairvoyant. Charley was a simpleton, knew enough to do fairly well as a camp cook and that was about all that he was capable of, except being a clairvoyant. The doctor became profoundly wise and wanted to go back to view and explore the pictured rocks. He asked my brother and I to go. Confidentially, he told us, that the day before, as we passed the rocks he caught a glimpse, as the water dropped away from the rocks, of a vein of glistening silver, but he had not spoken of it. He simply wanted us to go and row the skiff. Quietly he engaged from Williams, a small, home-made boat that carried two pairs of oars. After an early breakfast we three went cautiously and unobserved into our boat and were soon out of talking distance of people on shore. It was a beautiful, quiet morning. We soon reached the upper end of the pictured rocks. We went under the instruction of the doctor, slowly

along very near the rocks, from one projection on to the next, until we had covered quite a distance, when my short association with the half-breeds taught me that soon there would be a change of wind which was then very light off land, giving us nearly smooth water. I suggested that we had better turn back to avoid danger. The doctor sneered at my suggestion and reproved me in an abusive manner. So we continued on, until we came to a deep cavern, which we cautiously entered, while looking with interest into its water worn cavities the glistening silver was again seen by the doctor, who became intensely excited. We carefully moved our boat further in and discovered the gleaming white silver to be a ray of sunshine that was admitted through a fissure in the rock from an adjoining cavern. The illusion was perfect. The doctor was woe-begone with disappointment and our comments added to his discomfort. In response to the doctor's urging to go on further, I flatly refused. My brother was more yielding, and when ordered, continued to row, I to retard, so headway was stopped. The doctor became furious with rage, my brother soon joined me and we started back in time to meet a head wind which increased to a hard blow, but by the greatest possible effort we barely succeeded in passing the rocks. I wanted to keep close in to a lee shore until we should get above William's cabins and cross the channel of two miles partly with the wind, saying we could not otherwise reach Williams'. The doctor knew better, as it did not look to be much rough from where we were. He really knew no more about rowing or sailing than a cat, but we yielded to him. After reaching mid-channel between the main land and the island we could not make a particle of headway, although we both exerted ourselves to the utmost. We were headed right but we were drifting rapidly side way toward the high rocky cliffs below the harbor of the island, against which we must soon be dashed without a ray of hope for us. The doctor was now white with fear and supplication. Notwithstanding our immediate peril, his condition gave me a grim satisfaction. I told the doctor that he would be silenced in a few moments, and I was glad of it, a fearful fact for us all. And our boat drifted on to within a few rods of the cliffs against which the great waves broke with appalling violence. We drifted over a reef, where the waves were lessened by more shallow water. My brother and I exchanged a few words. If we could turn our boat around on the crest of the next wave without overturning, which was scarcely probable, we might move with the wind and waves down the reef leading into the great open lake, hoping to pass the cliffs and get inshore. It was a

thought promptly followed by an attempt, which in a breath of intense solicitude we carried into effect successfully, the wind and waves rushing us on with great velocity. We soon passed the cliffs and then, in one of the most determined efforts, succeeded in reaching shore in the lee of a point, entering a small, quiet harbor, exhausted, but greatly relieved by our unexpected escape. We had toiled hard a whole day, eaten nothing since an early breakfast. We had no food. It was nearly night. We climbed a high hill from which we could look across the harbor and gladden our souls by seeing Williams' cabins several miles distant. Although inaccessible to us, the sight gave us joy. To go around the harbor was miles, much of which we could make out was swamp. I found some ripe, black currants, which I ate ravenously as long as I could find them by the sense of touch in the dark of night. While picking them, some animal startled me. I could not see one but heard it distinctly several times. I ran hurriedly to the boat where was my brother and the doctor, to whom I reported about the animal. The doctor assailed me with exasperating speech. He had recovered from his boat fright. It was dark. We had a sail and matches. We went back a few rods from the shore to build a fire under the thick foliage of trees out of the dew that was almost rain in the open. There we built a fire, picked boughs of evergreen to lie upon, then pulled the sail over our bodies and heads to keep the mosquitoes from eating us up. They were as hungry as we, but not half as tired. My brother and I were at once in sleep, but the doctor had done nothing but talk and he did not sleep so promptly. All at once we were awakened by the shouts of the doctor, "Boys, what's that?" "What's what?" Then again I had my moment of triumph. The animal was there, and almost paralyzed us by terrific yells as it jumped among the tree tops very near to us. We threw burning brands. We were up all night keeping the fire going and throwing fire brands at our visitor. After an almost endless night the animal ceased its disturbance, and we soon spied through the tree-tops signs of morning, when we went to the boat with our sail, looking out onto the lake, saw a heavy dead sea but no wind, we soon passed back by the cliffs that had so appalled us, on to the point we failed in reaching, when we saw the cabins of Williams across the harbor. How good they did look to us. We were happy. As we moved on, we saw some men getting out our big Mackinaw boat. Soon they spied us. Can't you see them looking? In a moment more every soul in those cabins was out to look at us. They had concluded that we must be lost, and the big boat was to be manned and go in search of our boat to know

with greater certainty our fate. We were heartily welcomed back into the party. The doctor begged us not to tell all, but it was too good to keep, besides we had no love for him. He was teased and jollied by his compeers for days. The half-breeds and Indians told us that the animal that worried us was a lynx, as I afterward had occasion to know. We were one day going from Williams' to the mouth of Chocla river in the outskirts of where today is the prettiest city of Michigan, containing 12,000 people, the city of Marquette. We camped four days. The United States survey of that and adjoining townships had been made by one of Dr. Houghton's parties only a few weeks before. There was no Marquette then. The nearest white people was the Williams family, forty miles away. We went on an exploring trip about fifteen miles back from the lake, all carrying packs, or some encumbrance. We went to a very large ledge, called Iron Mountain, or what later came to be known as the Jackson Iron mine. There was to be seen hundreds of thousands of tons of rich ore exposed above the general level, all the stone on the surface of the ground and in beds of the streams were ore. The mosquitoes were nearly overpowering. My face was so swollen that my eyes were closed. I was shut in a tight tent for a day. The pests found the thin-skinned Green Mountain boy just to their liking. Before starting from the Chocla, a white man with his Indian came to our camp. The white man was Prof. Stacy, a geologist from Maine, exploring the country. We took both into our party, increasing it to thirteen. Stacy went with us to the iron ledge. Coming back, at his suggestion, we took his lightened pack, that he might fish for brook trout in the upper Chocla, which he did successfully, coming into camp an hour or two behind us with trout enough for our entire party. We had previously found, and left undisturbed, a half acre Indian potato patch. No owner could be found. Upon our return, under the influence of appetite, our consciences permitted us to trespass. We dug enough for one meal, about a half bushel of half-grown potatoes. To while away the time and to see it fall, I cut a tall sugar maple tree, about twenty inches in diameter, probably the first ever cut where Marquette now is, at least by a white man. We sailed again. The Indians induced us to stop at Dead River to gather blueberries, which we did in abundance, they being nearly as large as small cranberries. Our next destination was Point Abaye at the mouth of Keweenaw bay, where we were windbound again for thirty-six hours. Our destination was then Copper Harbor, situated about five miles from the end of Keweenaw Point, where was Fort Wilkins and two companies of United States troops,

also where a copper mine was being opened by a French company. At that time Copper Harbor was probably the most noted place on Lake Superior above the Soo. Keweenaw Bay is more than sixty miles deep. Halfway down the bay is Traverse island, by way of which, voyagers who wish to cross from Point Abaye to the point go, then coast along near shore and round the point to Copper Harbor. At the break of day of our second morning at Point Abaye a council of our party was held in which the half-breeds and the Indians were the chief factors. The question to be considered was, the advisability of disregarding the Traverse Island route and heading for the point direct, a distance of sixty miles. The two or three miles of the end of the point was to us below the water level and was not visible, but we could see Mount Houghton. Such a trip was regarded as hazardous. The half-breeds and Indians knew that the leaders of the party wanted to go direct to save time, but they decided not to instruct. After considerable talk the dusky braves said yes. Then the old Indian was, by a unanimous vote, made the Admiral for the occasion. The indications were favorable. We were off before sunrise, with a light, fair wind, but as the sun went up, the wind increased, until when thirty miles from land we were in the midst of immense waves, coming the entire length of the bay. It was a beam wind. For two hours not a word was spoken. Silence and great suspense filled each of us. The doctor looked terrified and pale as a sheet, which I, notwithstanding my apprehensions, enjoyed. As is well known, some waves are much larger than others, these larger waves appearing with much regularity. As these biggest of all waves came, the Admiral watched closely, and as it approached seemingly high enough to bury us all ten feet deep, he would turn the bow of the boat squarely to meet it, and as it came the boat would rise in the most surprising manner. As the wave was passing, a few pails full of water would sometimes drop inside the boat, as the water rolled along on the rail on each side, but the instant it had passed, the Admiral would lay the boat back on its course until the next big wave came, when the same method was repeated again and again. One man was constantly bailing. Our craft was a fine sea-boat, with plenty of ballast, and was splendidly managed. As we neared the other side the waves abated and the wind died away, for we were approaching a lee shore. From the end of the point to Copper Harbor was five miles, which we rowed, entering the harbor in time to catch a glimpse of the stars and stripes at Fort Wilkins, and hear the boom of the sundown gun, both emblems of civilization. I tell you the flag, and a soldier of

the United States in uniform, look pretty good in many places. At Copper Harbor was the depot of supplies and the stationary camp of Dr. Houghton in charge of Omar D. Conger, in after years, much to my surprise, a United States senator from Michigan, who dealt out supplies to Dr. Houghton's different parties, and also took at 6 and 9 a. m., 12 m., 3 and 6 p. m. registrations of both barometer and thermometer. Dr. Houghton himself was there. His party, that I was to have joined in Detroit was full. The only place for me was one to be made by taking away an Indian from the doctor's brother Jake, a slim young man about my age, who was going over the newly surveyed lines taking notes of the readings of a barometer and a thermometer (that he carried strapped on his back), at every stream, at the foot and top of every hill of any importance that the line of survey crossed. By these readings, and readings at Conger's stationary camp at the level of Lake Superior, taken on the same day, could later be worked out in the office when time offered, the height above the level of the great lake, of all of such streams and hills. The Indian with Jake, went to carry a pack of necessities, consisting of a tent, blankets for each, pork, flour, tea and cooking utensils, a small axe, a big knife carried in a belt about the waist. His duties were to pitch tent, provide the necessary wood and water and do the cooking for two meals per day and be general scullion for Jake, who could only carry the barometer, thermometer and his note book. After seeing the doctor, my uncle told me I could have the Indian's position if I chose to take it, and that he would call at my tent in one hour for my decision. My brother urged against accepting. We both got a taste of what it meant when we went to Iron Mountain. Soon after my uncle had left, Doctor Houghton (whom I had before been introduced to), came and talked the matter over with me very frankly, saying the Indian was a good boatman, and he must have him in his boat as the season was getting late. I could have the place, but he so told my uncle because he had no other and he could not discharge a good man in that far away wilderness to give me a better position. He said the place was too hard for any white man to endure. He had not supposed I would be willing to take it or that my uncle would permit me to. The doctor then left. At the end of an hour my uncle came to know of my decision. He would think I had no grit, that I expected to be a parasite of his if I declined. I would go if I died in the woods, but I felt humiliated and disappointed, but gave no expression of it. When I said in as cheerful a manner as I could, I have decided to go, he said: "Don't undertake this and then back out."

That afternoon I was off. As I had made up my big pack at Conger's depot, some of the men stood looking on, and smilingly said: "You won't carry that very far." I was ready, the doctor set Jake and I across Lake Fanny Hoe, from the parade ground of the Fort, in a canoe, he requiring me to lie flat in the bottom for fear I might upset it. Jake and I were only to be together nights. I was to go over only such lines to pitch camp as would enable Jake to go but once on the same line, he being allotted a given number of miles per day. The doctor talked to us both when about to leave us, saying that we must be brothers, we were on complete equality, both to have the same pay. Jake was the doctor's brother. I, Lucius Lyons' nephew, perhaps this prevented close or even pleasant association. However, I did all my duties without help from Jake, until the end, which came when he broke the last of several portable barometers. But Jake and I were boys, with boys' notions. Since getting older and wiser, we have to this day been respectors of each other and are both made glad when we meet. For many years Jake has been an honored citizen of Detroit. We went to Agate Harbor, where we reported to Doctor Houghton for orders. He said we could do nothing more. When I left the Soo there were only three sailing vessels on Lake Superior, the *Algonquin,* the *Merchant* and the *Swallow.* The American Fur Company owned the schooner *John Jacob Astor* on the lake, but it lay an abandoned wreck on the rocks in Copper Harbor, but at the Soo, the propeller *Independence,* the schooner *Uncle Tom,* named for ex-Senator Palmer's father, then a well-known old resident of Detroit, were to be taken over the portage, and the little schooner *Ocean* was on rollers when we left. They were all launched above the rapids. The doctor had heard that the *Uncle Tom* was to sail for the Soo next day from Copper Harbor. He decided to take me there that I might start back to Detroit. He took me in his boat the fifteen miles. He commended me for my service, telling me he wanted me in his office in Detroit through the winter, and to go into the woods with him in the spring to fill a very satisfactory position. He paid me money due, presented me with five dollars and handed me a sealed letter to my uncle. On the rocks near the wreck of the schooner *Astor,* a half-breed cook had a log-house (the only one outside the barracks), where a wanderer could go up under the roof and sleep under his blanket on bags of oats for twenty-five cents per night, and get a dinner of baked trout, pork and beans, bread and butter, dried apple sauce, coffee, tea and sugar for twenty-five cents. It was called the Astor House. When Jake and I came into Conger's camp for supplies, where only Conger

could lodge, Jake, having acquaintances, went to the Fort to eat and bunk until we started out again, leaving me to camp, cook my pork and flour and stay alone. After trying this once or twice I became a patron of the Astor House, and enjoyed its hospitality with great zest. I had no money but the landlord agreed to wait until I should get my pay. When Dr. Houghton gave me money he enquired if I owed anything about there. I said I did. He inquired, who. I said that I owed five or six dollars at the Astor House. He inquired how that came to be. I told him. He exonerated me, saying Jake should have either remained with me or taken me with him. He said I should not pay the bill, that he would, and he did, remarking: "You can't save anything from your pay this way." I said no; that any man who would go through what I had for $20 per month had only a contemptible object in view. "Well," said he, "what did you do it for?" I said, "to show you and Lucius Lyon what I could do." "Well," said the doctor, "you have done it and I want you with me again." He set me aboard the *Uncle Tom,* bade me good-bye, saying he would call in his parties and follow as soon as he could. I never saw him again. Only as I saw him start back in his boat, for a gale and a snowstorm came on very soon and the *Uncle Tom* was blown about the lake in a furious way with six inches of snow on her deck. No fire except in the cook's galley. A Dr. Yates of Albany, N. Y., a geologist, was the only other passenger, who, when we parted at the Soo cut a gilt button from one side of his cap, gave it to me as a souvenir of our trip, and I have it yet. We had a most dreary trip, losing our bearings entirely until the storm abated, when, by chance, we spied the little schooner *Ocean,* that I saw on her way across the portage at the Soo. To me she was like seeing an old and long absent associate. She was at anchor not very far from where Marquette now is. We found where we were, got cheered up, then started for the Soo, reaching there and finding the *Independence* afloat above the Rapids and fired up for her first trip on the great lake. I was invited on board to dinner. There were some passengers. One near me at table asked the colored waiter for butter. The article was then often packed for shipment in firkins holding about 100 pounds. The qualify was generally fair, but the product of March and June would be jammed in together, consequently, often when taken out, a streak of white, with yellow on each side would be found, and such was placed before the passenger. He gave it a withering look, and asked the darkey, "Do you call that butter?" The reply was prompt and vigorous. "Yes, sah, that is conglomerate butter with spar veins in it," which to all familiar with the

geological terms so common, was a most apt and laughable response, as conglomerate rock, spar veins, quartz veins, trap rock, amygdaloid, etc., was rolling out of the mouths of most everybody except those who had newly arrived.

I reached Detroit, found my uncle, who as soon as I entered the room, greeted me with the query, "Have you been discharged?" I said I had. He looked glum. I handed him Dr. Houghton's letter. I thought I could guess what was in it, as I saw his countenance change while reading it. He only remarked that " the doctor has written some very pleasant things about you." In a few days a boat came from Mackinac with a report of Dr. Houghton's drowning off Eagle river in a big snow storm on the night of the 13th of October, 1845, the same in which the *Uncle Tom* was severely handled. Dr. Houghton, whose portrait I saw but a few days ago in the house of representatives at Lansing, was a geologist of note, and had attained an enviable prominence, especially in Michigan. Personally he was small in stature, but pleasant, winning in manner and conversation. In a moment his earthly career was closed in a terrific storm, and his boat dashed to pieces on the rocks of the forbidding coast of Keweenaw Point. Now, after fifty-seven years, I long to go and take a second and final look at that great peninsula along whose shores I sailed with those no longer here; to again cast my eyes upon the hills and mountains I climbed, and where day after day I traveled many a weary mile, with a pack on my shoulders, picking my way alone through its numerous windfalls and its seemingly endless swamps, waking in October mornings with my wet trousers that I never took off, frozen to my knees from wading its icy streams, wondering what my future was to be, and what possible use could come from such service. Long since I ceased to wonder. It was my school, my education in the great university of nature, whose mentor no man hath seen.

PIONEER MEMORIES OF THE WAR DAYS OF 1861-65.

BY ROBERT CAMPBELL.[1]

The chief incident is in relation to a young man named Harrison H. Jeffords, of Dexter, who enlisted in the old Fourth Michigan Infantry of which regiment I was also a member. Two of its companies were enlisted from this county. It was in the service at the first Bull Run battlefield and in almost every action of the Army of the Potomac until the final surrender at Appomattox. And it is known as the regiment that had three colonels killed in battle. It also fought under three different flags.

RIDDLED WITH BULLETS.

In the campaigns of 1861 and 1862 the first flag which had been presented to the regiment by the ladies of Adrian had become very much worn and literally riddled with bullets and the flag-staff broken. It was decided that it should be sent home to Michigan as a relic and a new flag procured. In March, 1863, while our army was lying where the old incident of George Washington cutting his father's cherry-tree is said to have taken place, I was given a permit to go to Washington upon official business. Among the documents was a requisition for a new flag.

Proceeding to department headquarters I was courteously received and was shown some of the finest flags and assisted in selecting one of the best. While carrying it through the streets of Washington on my return I was impressed more than ever with the charm which attended and was attached to "Old Glory." Some of the passers by would salute and raise their hats and the ladies would use such expressions as "God bless the soldiers and the flag." This was about the time that Gen. Hooker was aching for a chance to advance upon the enemy.

Hope had again begun to revive after Gen. Burnside's great reverse at the battle of Fredericksburg. The new banner was joyfully received by the members of the regiment. About this time Capt. Jeffords was commissioned as colonel and took command of the regiment. He was much pleased with the new flag and pledged himself in decisive terms

[1]This was an address delivered before the Washtenaw County Pioneer Society at Chelsea, Mich., June 11, 1902. Col. Harrison H. Jeffords referred to is a resident of Dexter, Mich.

to be its special defender and guardian. It was first unfurled in battle at Chancellorsville where the regiment with its division fought first upon the left of the field of battle.

After the rout of the eleventh corps upon the right flank of the army by Stonewall Jackson's victorious "foot cavalry" as they were called, the division was withdrawn from the left and hastily hurried to the scene of disaster upon the right, where a prominent position was assigned to the Fourth and Sixteenth Michigan Infantry for defense near the place where Stonewall Jackson had just been mortally wounded. It was here that the corp commander, Gen. Meade, rode up to the division commander, Gen. Griffin, and said, "Have you placed suitable regiments in that important position?" "I have," said Griffin. "Are they reliable?" "They are Michigan men," was the answer.

"But will they hold it?" was asked.

"Yes, General, I have placed the Fourth and Sixteenth Michigan there and they will hold it against hell," came the reply.

LINCOLN VISITED ARMY.

And they did hold it until they were ordered back. So near was Gen. Hooker at one time to victory at Chancellorsville that he declared, "I have Lee's army in one hand and Richmond in the other." But he was seemingly not at all disconcerted when a few days afterwards he retreated across the river and resumed his old camp ground opposite Fredericksburg. After the issuing of President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation in 1862, the confederates fought with renewed valor and desperation which gave us the seeming disasters of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville and filled the confederates with hope, daring and bravado. A leading Southerner declared at this time that he would yet call the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill monument.

While we were chafing with chagrin and disappointment at our reverses and awaiting results, Abraham Lincoln visited our army. It gave us a sort of inspiration to look into his fatherly, anxious but determined face.

Soon afterwards our Michigan troops were visited by Governor Blair and his good wife and also Senator Zachariah Chandler who was chairman of the committee on the conduct of the war. They were all very cordial and especially complimented the record of the Michigan soldiers. Col. Jeffords took especial delight in showing them the new flag and repeated his determination to be its especial guardian and defender.

His opportunity was approaching. One sultry afternoon the bugle sounds, "fall in" and with it the cry, "Lee with his army is invading the north." We knew not then of Gettysburg, but we did feel and know that a desperate something was in the near future.

In 1863, for many days in sultry June, the weary soldier tramped beneath the burning sun, at times shrouded in dust through desolate Virginia and fruitful Maryland, at times the distant clouds of dust rising to our left and front above the mountain ranges, told us that the defiant foe were hastening on between us and our northern homes. We hurried on until the citizens with pallid faces tell us that we are now in Pennsylvania, with the daring and defiant foe beyond us. The last night of June, we camped at Union Mills, about fifteen miles from a place called Gettysburg. Early the next morning we canvassed the regiment to ascertain the immediate wants of the men. Being quartermaster I had charge of all the supplies and general paraphernalia.

SOLDIERS WORE HATS.

Col. Jeffords came to me and said, "I see that a large number of the men in the regiment have taken to wearing hats. Of course they are much more comfortable than caps in the hot weather, but it isn't soldier-like and I want you to draw caps for the men." Jeffords and I had been schoolmates together at the high school, several years before and had not met since then until here in the army. When he spoke about drawing the caps, I said to him, "It is for the company commanders to call for caps for their men in their requisition to me. Then I will make requisition for them in bulk through the proper channels." "Well," said he, "I order you to get a cap for every man in the regiment who hasn't one without company requisitions." I smiled in his face at the new departure and said, "All right, Colonel, but you must give me a definite written order before I can do it."

He went back to his quarters, and in the course of about ten minutes returned. "Quartermaster," said he, "you needn't send for the caps. But I want to make you a present. I was at the first Bull Run battle, on the Peninsula, in the seven days fight in front of Richmond, Second Bull Run, Antietam, Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville." Then putting his hand in his pocket he drew out a large six-barreled, self-cocking revolver. "In all these campaigns," said he, "I have never needed to use this and it has been a heavy load to carry. You as quartermaster are liable to be mixed up with the guerillas and have much more need

of it than I have, and besides you have much better means of transportation for heavy artillery." As the occasion was a half-serious, half-comic one, I took the weapon and made a corresponding sophomoric speech in reply. This was my last interview with Col. Jeffords.

Within a few minutes the bugle sounded. We soon heard the distant cannon in the direction of Gettysburg. We felt and knew that a high-water mark was approaching and would soon be on. Before the day was over the roar of cannon and distant din of battle plainly told us where the great historic battlefield was to be. The first and eleventh corps driven back through Gettysburg and Gen. Reynolds, our union commander killed.

HURRIED NIGHT MARCHES.

This was our bit of news for the first day of the battle. Then came the hurried night marches, and on the morrow more than 150,000 valiant men confronted each other with 500 cannon. Our Fourth Michigan reached the field about the middle of the second day of the battle. It manoeuvered at various points on the field, skirmishing near the Peach Orchard, and at last lined up with its brigade in a skirt of woods in front of the historic wheatfield, where such severe fighting had already taken place. And where, perhaps, the greatest charging and counter-charging during the battle occurred.

The confederates broke through upon the right of our brigade and there was a commingling of forces in a hand-to-hand conflict. Our beautiful flag was seized by a confederate, who was triumphantly bearing it off. Col. Jeffords rushed after him, slew him with his sword, and seized the flag. A confederate behind the colonel thrust his bayonet through him. One of our officers, in turn, shot the latter confederate with his revolver, making a ghostly heap. The Fourth Michigan monument stands in the lower bloody angle of the historic wheatfield near the spot where Col. Jeffords fell.

He lived in a semi-delirious condition for a short time. The surgeon, who attended him, told me that the last words that he uttered were, "Mother, mother, mother!"

It is stated that he was the only man killed with a bayonet thrust at the battle of Gettysburg. Some have said that he also shot a rebel with his revolver, but he gave me his revolver just the day before. I still have it as a relic. In this battle the regiment lost about thirty per cent of its number in killed, wounded and missing.

The next day, July 3, Gen. Pickett with about 18,000 men made his

desperate attempt to break the union center on Cemetery Ridge. The artillery duel before the charge was something terrific and awfully sublime. It seemed like madness for men to press forward as they pressed forward, while our artillery and musketry was mowing them down. But they did reach and break through our center, led by confederate Gen. Armistead, who fell dead within our lines. And the tide was turned.

Had Stuart's cavalry met them at this time in the rear of our army as was expected, it is hard to tell what the result would have been. The great cavalry battle upon our right prevented the converging confederate columns from coming together. At Chancellorsville, if any one of a number of seemingly chance mishaps that were against us had been otherwise, the victory would most likely have been ours. And vice-versa, at Gettysburg, seemingly, if any one of a number of mishaps to the confederates had been otherwise, the victory might have been theirs.

After the battle I rode for miles over the ghastly field, was at Culp's Hill, Cemetery Ridge, Wheatfield, Little Round Top with its rocky crest from which a fine view is obtained of a large part of the battlefield and the improvised hospitals. More than 6,000 dead and nearly 30,000 wounded lay upon that field, in places, friend and foe commingled. While all were waiting anxiously for the next move, the signals announced the rebels were retreating.

FELT THE VICTORY.

What a difference in our breathing! Even the wounded and dying seemed to catch the spirit. They felt the high-water mark had been reached and that the victory was ours. Nevertheless we had Grant's overland campaign after that, the bloodiest campaign of the war. And we all realized that the downfall of the rebellion, the death of slavery and the "Last Ditch" had a costly meaning.

But our flag was lost, said to have been torn to pieces in the general melee. I procured another one for the regiment, this time the American eagle surrounded with stars upon a blue field. This flag received its baptism at the battle of the Wilderness, where a shot smashed the head of one of the color guards and threw his blood and brains upon the flag and into the face of the color-bearer. About the same time our third colonel was mortally wounded.

Our first and third flag may be seen at the military museum in the State capitol at Lansing.

About a quarter of a century after the close of the civil war the legislature made a liberal appropriation for the erection of monuments to Michigan regiments upon the battle field of Gettysburg. And all Michigan soldiers who participated in this battle were given free transportation to attend the dedicatory exercises of said monuments. The entablature upon the 4th Michigan monument which stands near the spot where Col. Jeffords fell, represents a soldier firmly grasping the flag.

The survivors of the regiment who participated in this battle, who were present, over fifty in number, were grouped around the monument and a photograph was taken. In the rear of the picture is a part of the historic wheatfield, where glimpses of regimental monuments from other states may be seen.

In the part of the field here represented the ground was literally covered with dead, dying and wounded, the blue and the gray commingled together. To the remnant of the regiment who again assembled upon this occasion it seemed like the awakening from a dream; the memories of the past, the thoughts of the present, that the war was over and the victory ours. The commingling of feeling within us was akin to that of an inspiration.

OTTAWA'S OLD SETTLERS.[1]

BY WILLIAM M. FERRY.

Were your secretary to call the roll of the old settlers of Ottawa county who were members at your first organization, very few would respond.

The first white settlers in the county landed at Grand Haven in November, 1834. My father, Rev. William M. Ferry, my mother, Amanda W. Ferry, and four children: William M., the eldest, the writer of this note, now a resident of Park City, Utah; Thomas W., best known to you as Senator Ferry, who died at Grand Haven in October, 1896; Maj. Noah H. Ferry, killed in battle at Gettysburg, Pa., during our civil war; and Mrs. Hannah E. F. Jones, now of Clairmont,

[1] The following paper was read at the Old Settler's banquet which was held at the Morton House, February 13, 1897. It was written by William M. Ferry, a brother of the late ex-Senator Thomas W. Ferry.

Cal., completes the list. Another of our number, Amanda, now Mrs. Henry C. Hall, was with her grandparents in Ashfield, Mass., where she still resides. Our family came from Mackinac, Mich., to Grand Haven, my father and mother being missionaries at that place from 1821, and where their children, above named, were born. On the same vessel with us came Pierre C. Duverney, a French fur trader, with his Indian wife and four children. All of this family have crossed the great divide.

The year before, in 1833, my father made an exploring tour of Lake Michigan in a birch-bark canoe, with two muscular Indians for power, and paddles, mast and sail for machinery. They passed out from the Straits westward, skirting the northern shores of the lake, passing where Escanaba, Marinette and Menominee were yet to be, across the mouth of Green Bay, thence southward, by the present sites of Manitowoc and Sheboygan, to the bay and river now the site of the beautiful city of Milwaukee; here, Solomon Juneau, a fur trader, was sole occupant, and "Monarch of all he surveyed." Root river (Racine), Pike river (Kenosha), Little Fort (Waukegan), where were the pickets and palisales of an Indian fortification. These uninhabited places intervened, to Chicago, which then included, less than a thousand people, including the United States soldiers in Fort Dearborn. The Blackhawk war terminated the year before; camp followers and stragglers of that affair made up the principal part of the nucleus for the growth of that mighty city.

Continuing his journey around the head of the lake to the St. Joseph river, he there found located a few families of whites. These, with one white family at the mouth of the Kalamazoo river, constituted the only sign of occupancy, other than Indian, of the east coast of Lake Michigan, the entire distance, northward to the Island of Mackinac, their starting point.

In June of the following year, 1834, the Rev. Mr. Ferry with Monsieur Durveney as traveling companion, at the city of Detroit made up their packs of blankets and a brief assortment of cooking utensils, each a gun, ammunition and hatchet, and struck out on foot for the interior of the territory. Reaching Grass Lake, in Jackson county, they there purchased of the Indians a suitable wooden canoe and embarked at the outlet of that lake, the source of Grand river, with the purpose of exploring the entire length of the Grand river valley to Lake Michigan.

Game was abundant and with a varied experience of smooth and swift water, they glided down the stream, by Jackson, Lansing, the capital of our state, then a dense forest untrodden by the feet of white

men; past Portland, Ionia, down the broad river, and after a careful survey, to locate a passable channel, they shot the rapids, and drew to the bank, landing on the west side, where Rev. Mr. Slater, a Baptist missionary, had established a station among the Ottawa Indians. From these rapids the city takes its name, and here Louis Campau had established himself, as had Rix Robinson at Ada, a few miles east, where the Thornapple river empties into the Grand. These were the principal trading posts for this region. Each had a sub-post at the mouth of Grand river, occupied only a portion of the year preparatory to taking their furs and peltries down the lake and northward to the great northwestern depot of the American Fur Company, at Mackinaw. There is a record of the pioneers of Grand Rapids among whom were the Winsor family. The eldest son, Zenos G. Winsor, was then an employee of Rix Robinson, and occasionally looked after the interests of his employer at the mouth of the river. With the exception of young Mr. Winsor there was no occupancy, by a white man, between this city and the lake, a distance of, say, forty miles, being the entire width of the adjoining county of Ottawa. The north bank of Grand river was then the bound to which the Indian title to the lands of our territory had been extinguished.

The treaty with the Indians for the sale and transfer to the United States of the peninsula northward, took place on the west side of the river, at this missionary station. An incident of Indian characteristic occurred here, of noteworthy interest. The Ottawa tribe were assembled, their principal men gathered in grand council, to hear the United States commissioner deliver a message from the Great Father of the American people at Washington, and to secure the signatures of the chiefs of the tribes, ceding these Indian lands to the United States.

The Rev. Mr. Slater was selected as interpreter; he was supposed to be entirely familiar with the Indian language. He had translated into the Ottawa many text books for instruction, spelling and reading books, the Gospels of the New Testament, and many hymns for sacred use. After a formal assembling, the Indians seated in semi-circles before him, the commissioner addressed them in English. Paragraph by paragraph, Mr. Slater translated, and impressively, and oratorically gave utterance to the important words of the President of the United States. Upon concluding, the commissioner waited an answer. He waited a long time, but there was not a word from the grand council in response, to break the solemn stillness. At last, when patience had almost reached its bound, a brave slowly arose and with great dignity

said: "If the Great Father sends word to men, why does he use a woman's tongue!"

The explanation was simply this: In all Indian languages there are words that are only used by the men, and also words that women alone use, same meaning, equally well understood. Mr. Slater had acquired the language from the Indian women of his household, and so far was an accomplished linguist. Mr. Commissioner was at first astounded, but was relieved from anxiety in the selection of one of the Cowan brothers as interpreter, whose thorough knowledge of the Indian language, and ability as a speaker made him an acceptable mouthpiece for the voice of the Great Father. Completing their journey down the river to the lake, Mr. Ferry and his companion, after a satisfactory exploration of the locality, returned along the cost, northward, to Mackinaw.

My father died in 1867, and mother in 1870, thus, leaving, at this date now living, but two of these earliest pioneers of our county, Mrs. Jones and myself. The following year, 1835, Thomas D. Gilbert and Mary A. White, the first a cousin of my mother's, the latter a sister, came from Massachusetts. "Aunt Mary," as all the old settlers call her, is still at Grand Haven, in good health. She opened the first school and for eighteen years was the principal of the Grand Haven school. Mr. Gilbert, after a long residence in Ottawa county, became a resident of Grand Rapids, occupying prominent public positions in that city, and was an active member of this association. His recent death is still fresh in your memories.

You will see by what I have thus far related, that I am now the oldest of the first pioneers of Ottawa county. Of our family in 1837 was born, at Grand Haven, Edward P., and his twin sister, Mary L. Ferry (Mrs. Galen Eastman of San Francisco, Cal.). My brother, Edward is now a resident of Park City, Utah.

When our family landed at Grand Haven, I was between ten and eleven years old, a boy whose physical peculiarities were a white head, broad shoulders, deep-chested, robust in health, with a strong constitution, mentally bright enough, an insatiable thirst for fun and books, and my mother the idol I worshiped. She was a beautiful woman, a wealth of dark hair on a large head, a low forehead above eyes and features so attractive in their unspeakable beauty as to charm and delight all who knew her.

She had a wonderful gift of humor that never failed to throw sunshine over the darkest experiences. One day at the garrison at Macki-

nac, I heard two of the officers bantering each other about going to church. One said to the other, "Oh, now, hold on, what do you care about religion any further than to go to church to see the parsons pretty wife and hear her sing."

In after years she was always the first to rise in the morning, and while breakfast was being prepared, ran through the newspapers received the night before, noting the important items which her retentive memory never forgot. Among those of our household, whenever a question arose of the accurate wordings of even the resolutions of the different political and religious conventions of the then, present or past years, would refer to her, and at once the very words were accurately given, her memory was, seemingly, never at fault. Was it strange that her children worshiped her, and were ever held to obedient devotion? My vernacular was the French language, acquired from my playmates, children on the island, the Ojibway and Ottawa were equally familiar, and the use of the English language a later accomplishment. My name, among the Ojibways of Lake Superior, was Wosh-kin-dib or Kin-dib, for short—the white-headed. When I came among the Ottawa Indians of the Grand river valley, I was dubbed by them O-jib-wance (young Ojibway), because of my Ojibway accent and pronunciation.

My brother, Thomas W., was named Wim-to-go-jahnce, or young Frenchman, from his French brogue. It is well known that an American can acquire and speak Indian languages fluently and accurately, while a Frenchman never loses his native brogue, no more than can a Scotchman or Irishman.

In 1835 or 1836 two bachelors located at Grand Haven, Dr. Sidney P. Williams and Capt. David Carver. The first, though born in Massachusetts, was educated in France, an accomplished gentleman in every respect. Capt. Carver was rather a rough man, a sailor from boyhood, he had sailed all over the world, was full of anecdotes for any occasion or circumstance, and could enliven any surrounding. These men built a residence for their own use, the upper story of which was nicely furnished, the walls adorned with paintings mostly their own work, and each had a large library separate and distinct in this peculiarity. Dr. Williams' contained the classics of ancient and modern times and these only. Capt. Carver's was entirely devoted to works of romance and fiction, tales of adventure by sea and land. These men were somewhat exclusive in their mode of life and companionship, but somehow had a liking for me, and their rooms and libraries were, by invitation, always open to me whenever I could be released from employment. At

night, especially, I made my way there and through these books browsed to my full content. The lumbering business was the principal employment. I acquired my trade of machinist and engineer under the supervision of Demetrius Turner of this city, an accomplished and thorough mechanic, well known, and who designed and built the machinery throughout of the city waterworks.

In 1850 I built the Ottawa iron works, near Grand Haven, and engaged in the manufacture of stationery and marine steam-engines and sawmill machinery, and that was my principal employment until the civil war broke out in 1861. During these earlier years the perfection of sawmills and sawing machinery was the aim of mechanics, and I having an inventive turn of mind, contributed my share in this direction. Crude and primitive as was the early machinery, wherever sawing mills are now used, throughout the world, to the skill, genius and mechanism of the early efforts of the Grand river valley mechanics may be traced in ability and excellence above all others. To the McCrays, William T. Powers and Horace Wilder of Kent county, to George B. Woodbury and Hugh McDowell of Ottawa county, to Esau and John Torrant of Muskegon county (formerly a part of Ottawa), as the originators of this new era, full meed of praise should ever be given. These names occur in the early records, but a very few are now living. The valley was rapidly occupied by lumbermen in the lower part and farmers all along the river. But once in our earlier history were we at all disturbed by the throngs of Indians in this vicinity.

The English government had always maintained a policy of securing the good will, at least, of the entire Indian population around the great lakes. They were cajoled into an annual visit to Penatauquishine, at the foot of Lake Huron, in Canada, to receive presents from the Britannic majesty. Soon after the purchase of their lands north of Grand river the United States government forbade this pilgrimage, or, in disregard, they would be deprived of the recognition as beneficiaries of the United States. This created some friction and resulted in the assembling of the Indians by a disgruntled chief, named Shiawassee. At Battle Point, a few miles above Grand Haven, he, with his following, tried to induce the others to rise in rebellion and a general massacre to extermination would settle the matter. The chief made a long speech, recounting their past woes and tried to arouse a general acceptance of his purposes. An Ojibway Indian was sent from Grand Haven to this place of meeting and for several days before the gathering made himself at home with the Ottawas there encamped. He re-

lated the scene to us on his return. After Shiawassee had closed his incendiary harangue, La Roche, the chief of the Ottawas, was silent, his infirmities and superabundant fat a possible good excuse for not replying. Finally a middle-aged brave, named Bay-chos-e-key, arose and to the astonishment of the whole tribe began a reply. Commencing with a low, measured voice, he slowly recounted the condition of affairs, but soon warmed into a torrent of impassioned eloquence and denunciation of the proposed scheme, so convincing and overwhelming that Shiawassee pulled his blanket over his head and with his followers retreated to their canoes, paddled back to their encampment at the mouth of Crockery creek. The next day they embarked with all their effects and paddled down the river to Lake Michigan, and into Canada, where, under the British flag, they remained.

The next year, Hon. Robert Stuart of Detroit, who had been appointed Indian agent for the Northwest, visited Grand Haven and remained some weeks. It occurred to him that he might sound the Indians and ascertain directly from them an expression of their loyalty to the United States government. The principal men of the Ottawas made frequent visits to Mr. Stuart to chat over their affairs, and a most kindly feeling of friendship for the representative of the Great Father was manifested. Mr. Stuart took occasion one day to tell them that he wanted advice and counsel from them; that they knew very well that he was a Scotchman by birth and until early manhood was a loyal subject to Great Britain; his relatives all were still at their homes in Scotland, thoroughly in harmony with that government. "Now," said Stuart, "should trouble arise between Great Britain and the United States, what would you advise me to do. Remain here with this government that I love, and am fully identified with its interests, present and future, or go back to my old home, the home of my ancestors, and renew allegiance to that great and powerful kingdom?"

The Indians were aware that Mr. Stuart was a devout Christian and an exemplary follower of the meek and lowly Christ. After due deliberation the Indian chief arose and solemnly replied: "You profess to have daily communications with the Great Spirit, in prayer ask Him."

As our country increased in population and I grew up into its best interests and welfare, I became deeply interested in our public schools, and for many years, side by side with that good man, Dwight Cutler, of Grand Haven, whose wealth of good judgment and strong common sense was and is a blessing to our community, together, year after

year, we endeavored to establish good schools and encourage all attempts in that direction.

In the political issues of those days and until now, I was, and am an ardent Democrat, so not in political sympathy with any of my kith or kin. I took active part in each succeeding campaign and received all the recognition I deserved as occasional public speaker. This, of course, drew me somewhat from my daily occupation, but I enjoyed it. I had, however, no special ambition for public office, but have served as supervisor of the township, mayor of the city, regent from this district of our State University. I had the honor of the nomination for Congress for this congressional district as opponent of my almost lifelong friend, Hon. Wilder D. Foster of this city. There is one notable incident of this contest, that not one word from beginning to end of this campaign of detraction or abuse either on the stump or by the press was uttered, the one against the other, for it was well understood that neither candidate would for a moment allow such expression.

In 1876 I was nominated for the office of governor by the "straight" Democrats of the state. As there were five candidates running for the same office from as many political organizations, I did not receive the requisite number of votes, and returned from the field as in my contest with Mr. Foster, fully satisfied that the people did not absolutely require my services in this direction. Governor Bagley thought, no doubt, more favorably of me, and honored me with an appointment for the revision of our state constitution. I took my seat in that convention by the side of the Hon. Solomon L. Withey, from Kent county, and for sixty days agonized in that capacity "for the welfare of our beloved commonwealth." I cherish a commendable pride in my administration of the office of president of the Ottawa County Bible Society. A large store of these good books were held in charge of Elder Henry Griffin of Grand Haven, and as the supply maintained its volumes to the detriment of the public, I concluded, as the people did not call for them, I would devise a way to place a copy in every home, be it cabin or mansion, in the county. I employed two young men, students of Hope College, in the neighboring city of Holland, during their summer vacation to do this work, one on the north side of the river and the other on the south, visited every house between the lake and the county line. I instructed them to sell if they could, or give if they couldn't. This was faithfully and thoroughly done, and gratefully received by all the people. One old shingle-weaver in the very back pineries, when asked if he had a Bible, said, "Yes, but was almost out," and gladly accepted

a new and complete copy, for but few leaves were left between the lids of his old one—he had used it for a shaving tablet. This careless incident may also have occurred elsewhere.

Among the names of the first organization of the Old Settlers' Association is that of Mordecai L. Hopkins. He was the youngest son of Benjamin Hopkins, who with his large family located in this valley, near Eastmanville, in 1837. We became acquainted, while in our teens, in 1838, as I was employed as cook for a gang of men who were clearing up a farm on the bank of the river just above. This acquaintance ripened into a life-long friendship. The elder brothers erected a saw-mill at Spring Lake and Mordecai, after service as clerk in a store in Grand Haven, joined the brothers at Spring Lake and for many years engaged in the lumber business. In the debating school of our little town we practiced our voices in many a contest, and with the growth of the county, kept pace with each other in political lines. In every campaign we stumped the county together. We were both fair, off-hand speakers, though entirely unlike, and both Democrats.

Hopkins never attempted a pleasantry or humorous address. With serious dignity he would lay down his premises, and step by step with logical precision present arguments and conclusion. A wondeful memory sustained him in relating the position of parties in American history. His specialty was the sovereignty of the people and as a patriot denounced any approach to a paternal government, or the assumption of rule by right of birth or divine authority. Any form of monarchial authority, especially that of the aggressive English ideas upon a republican government he held in utter detestation, the existence of an aristocracy of either birth or wealth was his abhorrence.

At the breaking out of the civil war he enlisted as lieutenant in the Second Michigan cavalry, but on the way to the front was taken dangerously ill at Cairo and was obliged to return home, and was, more or less, an invalid from that attack to the end of his life. He died in this city only a few years ago. Wilbur F. Storey, of the Chicago Times, was attracted by the strength and vigor of his contributions to the political press, and employed him as a writer for that paper, the Times, when he became its political editor.

Mr. Storey once said to me: "I understand you are an old acquaintance of Mr. Hopkins. Can you tell me what his educational facilities have been, for he is the most remarkable man in his knowledge of the political affairs of the nation that I have ever met? Can you tell me what his course of education was?"

"Yes," I replied, "we grew up together in the Grand river valley of Michigan. His father was a pioneer of our county. The extent of his library was the Bible, Rollin's Ancient History, Shakespere's Dramatic Works, and the History of the United States."

Mr. Storey repeated the list, and exclaimed, "What more can a vigorous mind require!"

In addition to this I must tell you of his family. Col. Ethan Allen, of Ticonderoga fame, had one son, Gen. Hannibal Allen of the United States army, who married Agnes Lowe, a sister of Mrs. Hopkins' mother. After Gen. Allen's death his widow made her home with the Hopkins family, and came with them to the Grand river valley, and lived and died there. This widow Allen was an intellectual, highly educated and accomplished woman. The early history of our country, its revolutionary struggles and governmental policy was for her an inexhaustible theme. From her Mordecai imbibed his hatred of England and his knowledge of the formative conditions of our republic. Mordecai's wonderfully retentive memory could complete the sentence of any quotation from Shakespeare or from the Bible to the very conclusion of any chapter either from the prophecies of the Old Testament or the gospels or epistles of the New.

His mother was a devout religionist, and from these two the boy came to know his Bible and his country.

Mr. Hopkins ably represented this district both in the House and Senate of our State Legislature.

I was married in this city in 1851. My wife Jeannette Hollister, sister of H. J. Hollister, was also a native of Michigan. Upon the breaking out of the Civil war, in August, 1861, I enlisted as a private in Company B, the Fourteenth Michigan Infantry Volunteers, United States army. R. P. Sinclair of this city was our colonel. A greater part of this company was from this city, and the regiment, with the exception of one company, from Saginaw, was principally from the Grand river valley. I continued in the army until the close of the war, April, 1865, receiving promotions as I merited them to the rank of lieutenant colonel. I was over two years on the staff of Maj. Gen. James B. McPherson, Seventeenth Army Corps, Army of the Tennessee.

Eighteen years ago I left Michigan and from our pleasant home in the Wasatch mountains in Utah, we send our greetings. Our daughters, Mrs. Mary M. F. Allen, is with us at Park City, and Mrs. George R. Hancock residing in Salt Lake City. The graves of four younger children are near the shores of Lake Michigan. Our six grandchild-

ren are growing up here, with a remembrance of Michigan and the Grand river valley always kept fresh by pleading for "stories" that relate to the Eastern home. We would not take from our lives the experiences here. As lovers of our country, its laws and policy we have seen the transition from alienage to fealty, from Mormonic rule to a professed, apparent conformity to the other states of our republic.

The history of these years, in this territory is unique, and has no parallel.

To the old settler's fathers and mothers, such a reunion as this may not again occur. Diminishing in numbers each year tells us there is but "one more river to cross."

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CAPTAIN JOHN G. PARKER.

In the spring of 1846 as mate, I left Milwaukee with Capt. Calvin Ripley bound for Lake Superior. After arriving at the Soo we shipped a crew and fitted out the schooner *Furtrader*, loading her with supplies for the North Shore for Capt. Peck's exploring party. Sixty people, five whale-boats and a barge in tow landed the first party at Huron River, the second at Pigeon River, the third at Island River on the North Shore, the fourth at the mouth of the St. Louis River, the fifth at Montreal River and went in the Ontonagon River in June and back to the Soo light. I made regular trips from the Soo up the Lake during the summer and laid up the vessel in the Ontonagon River the sixth day of December.

The captain, myself and crew started from Ontonagon and walked through to L'Anse and spent the holidays at the Indian mission where Abner Sherman was an Indian trader. After New Years I left for Milwaukee with the mail-carrier. In crossing Huron Bay, I fell through the ice. The mail-carrier hauled me out, but my clothes froze so that I could not travel far, so they cut wood and we camped. I had several hundred dollars in my pocket which took the greater part of the night to dry.

We traveled on the lake shore to Marquette then Carp River, stopping with Charley Bogan, the only house, which was a bark lodge. Then

to Gunner Island and crossed over to Bay de Noquette. We walked on the ice to Green Bay and took the stage to Milwaukee. In the spring of 1847, I went up to the Soo. While waiting for the *Furtrader* to come down from Ontonagon I went on board the schooner *Swallow,* Capt. Brown's.

One night I dreamed seeing the *Furtrader* coming down under reefed canvas. She came to anchor under the stern, I thought I saw a number of men in a boat, when I looked again the boat went down out of sight. It woke me up; next morning I told Capt. Brown my dream. That day, June 10th, the *Furtrader* came down just as I saw her in my dream. It was blowing from the northwest. She came to anchor under our stern, so we took the boat and went alongside of her. Capt. Brown went ashore. I stayed with him until he was ready and we went ashore in the boat, when along came the captain. He had been down over the portage and got a lot of men with Capt. John Stannard to run the rapids, to sound the water and to run down the *Uncle Tom.* Capt. Brown asked me to go and pull stroke oar, so we left the dock and the boat landed over in the big shoot. I was under her until she righted. She struck a rock, I lost my hold, swam with my oar and was about opposite McKnight's dock, where I saved Capt. John with my oar. Redman Rider, William Flen, Thomas Richly and Doctor Brocety were picked up at dawn on Sugar Island. Mr. Seymour, lying on the bottom was picked up by an Indian chief who was fishing. He took him ashore and while rolling the water out of him, Little Duncan came running down saying, "Roll him, roll him, he owes me ten dollars," so they brought him to life. The next day Capt. More broke his leg so that he could not go out in the *Merchant* as master; he asked Capt. Brown to take his place and on June 11th left with the schooner *Merchant* and cargo of supplies for the Portage, and was never heard from again. There were seven passengers, seven crew and one cow on board. The *Merchant* companion-door was picked up on the north shore in the fall.

In November we left the Soo in the *Furtrader* bound for Ontonagon; landed freight at the Dead River for the Jackson mine. We had on board Major Beader and family going to the governmental farm at L'Anse. When off Persian Island I fell overboard from the vessel, off the wind wing and wing.

Captain hove the vessel to and sent a boat for me, (the same boat in which we ran the rapids) but spliced as she was on east side on deck, it took some time to get her into water. In about half an hour the

boat picked me up. We landed all our passengers and freight. Alex Sibley and his horse were on board. We had lost our boat off the Grand Marais the trip before. We laid up in the Soo in November. I shipped on the schooner *Chippeway* with Capt. Clarke, got the vessel ashore at Eagle River trying to land Judge Bacon. Mr. Purdy and Mr. McKnight walked from L'Anse to the Minnesota mine. I went from Eagle River to Milwaukee by way of Menominee. In the fall of 1849, I bought the *Furtrader,* with Capt. Martin Blasner and the Minnesota Mining Co. Gus. Cabourn chartered her to go down to Eagle Harbor in December to get supplies to start the Ridge, and two other mines. We got back December sixth, there was two feet of snow on the ground. Laid up that winter, Josiah Jeffery and I got out timber over the river. In March, 1853, Mr. Burtenshaw and I left Ontonagon for Milwaukee to buy a vessel to carry copper to Detroit, light draft, as only six feet of water was coming in the river. After arriving at Baraga we fell in company with C. C. Douglass, Simon Mendlebaum and Father Baraga. We all started with three dog-trains of two dogs, one train went through to Menominee. We hired horses and a sleigh of a man in Marinette and sent the men and dogs back. In driving across Green Bay the horses broke through the ice at a drift of snow on the ice. The crack was about 20 feet wide. Simon Mendlebaum and Father Baraga were sitting on the bottom of the sleigh in the after end so they did not get hurt, but stepped out behind. Mr. Burtenshaw, C. C. Douglass and myself sat on the bottom of the sleigh and were tipped in the water. I got out after a while and pulled Burtenshaw out and then Douglass. They all started for the light-house, about a mile away. The teamster got out on the ice over the horses, and all helped to get the horses and sleigh out of the water before they left. I helped the driver hitch up and then followed. We cut through a crack that hove up fifteen feet high. It was a cold freezing day. Father Baraga was on his way to have his Chippewa book translated into English.

The schooner *George W. Ford* was lying in the mouth of the Menominee River. I looked her over, Capt. Shopkeeper told me she was new, built in Milwaukee by Mr. Barber and owned by G. D. M———— in Milwaukee. When we arrived in Milwaukee we bought her for five thousand dollars. She was near one hundred tons burthen. I went back to Menominee, fitted her out and sailed for Milwaukee. Loaded her and went up to the Soo, hauled her over the Portage, which took two weeks, launched her in the river above and sailed for Ontonagon.

I loaded her with copper for the Soo from the Minnesota mine, carrying copper down and supplies up. She went through the new Canal with the first load of copper down. The Minnesota Mining Co. owned one-half, Burtenshaw one-quarter and myself one-quarter. I bought out the other partners, and sailed her seventeen years. One of my men got her on the Eagle Harbor reef and she went to pieces.

SOME DISTINGUISHED WOMEN OF MICHIGAN.

BY HELEN V. WALKER.

Paper read before Flint "Columbian Club", January 26th, 1904.

I am requested by the Chairman of "Michigan Day" programme, to say something about some of Michigan's distinguished women. As old Polonius said: "Still harping on my daughter."

I asked instruction as to any particular class or type of women, and was given *carte blanche* as to selection.

Tribes of Indians roamed over the soil of Michigan long before the white man put foot upon it. If I had a Longfellow's knowledge or imagination, perhaps I should be able to bring before you the sketch of some Indian maiden distinguished for grace and beauty among the braves of her own and surrounding tribes—some laughing Minnehaha, some Atala made famous by the pen of Chateaubriand, or some "bright Alforata whose light canoe skimmed over the blue Juniata." But, alas, my pen is slow, my imagination is dull.

For about a hundred and thirty years, beginning with 1622, France held dominion over the territory which now bears the name of Michigan. Towards the close of this time, in 1701, came the cavalier, Antoine de la Motte Cadillac, and made the beginning of the settlement of Detroit. With him, according to the annals of history, and the page of romance, came Madam Cadillac and flashed out her loveliness on the wild country, and from point of time, became Michigan's first distinguished woman. Detroit, in its bi-centennial celebration a few years ago, tried to reproduce some of the scenes of that time, most especially those in which were Madam Cadillac.

The French surrendered the whole region to the English in 1760, who made Detroit the base of their military operations in the northwest

during the revolution. The peace of 1783 ended English control, but in point of fact, Detroit, which was the key to the northwest region, was not evacuated until 1800. In 1805 Michigan was organized as a separate territory and then began the influx of that steadily marching army of brave pioneer men and women. They were strong of frame and stout of heart, staunch of grit and courage, working steadily with an unfaltering purpose to lay deep and broad the foundations of a commonwealth that should not be behind their mother states. As they were mainly from New England ancestry and they brought with them as the ethics of their lives the love of law and liberty, the Church, and the schoolhouse, their fixed purpose was to establish and upbuild these institutions for the children who should come after them.

How well they wrought is attested by the development and condition of the magnificent commonwealth of Michigan at the close of this its first century. I call this first thirty years from 1805, the heroic age of Michigan. I do not think the pioneer woman has been given just meed of praise for her achievements. With absolutely none of what we call indispensable helps today, keeping in memory the old ways of her youth, she builded and made with the scanty means at her hand muscle and brain and clothing for husband and children. They are nameless to me but I bring them before you as distinguished women of Michigan because of the results of their labors—"by their fruits shall ye know them"—and as they pass in review in homely unfashionable garments, with bent backs and bowed shoulders, faces lined and seamed with many cares, hands knotted and hard, I pray you see only their treasures of heart and give them highest honor. A broad-hearted western pioneer said of his wife, when he saw her so pleased with a little pale blue silk scarf which had been given her; "Women can't help liking fine things; they have all kinds of good ways, and that's why they make such a difference here. They make it good or bad, more or less, 'cording to how they want it." Could the pioneer woman's praise and appreciation be more truly expressed? This is indeed the whole matter in small compass. As that brave multitude of women desired the good and true development for their children, their labor for that purpose, with an unshrinking self forgetfulness, became largely the seed of today's fruition.

Not long after the half century mark was reached the principal State institutions of learning were in full operation. The University, the State Normal School, with some sectarian colleges and seminaries, had been founded, and the beneficent work of higher education had begun.

Then began to come to the front women teachers of the highest grade of excellence both in attainments and character. I do not mean to say that the teachers of forty and fifty years ago were better teachers or better women than the teachers of these later years, but from the condition of that time they had a more commanding influence in moulding thought and action, not only in the schools, but in the communities generally. We find many distinguished women among the type of teachers of that time. I do not know *how* these teachers gained their education, but I do know it was by self denial and labor, more strenuous than would willingly be undertaken today.

I was happy to find, in a recent newspaper, a short sketch of the way in which Lucy Stone obtained an education which serves to throw some light on the question.

"What would the modern Vassar or Wellesley girl do if, in order to get her college education, she were obliged to hustle in the way Lucy Stone did? It is told that when Lucy Stone said she wanted to go to college, her father turned to his wife with, "Is the child crazy?" He would give her no financial help. The young girl had to earn her own money and she did it by the painfully slow method of picking berries and chestnuts. She taught district schools, studying and teaching alternately, says the New York Tribune. It took her until she was twenty-five years old to earn the money to carry her to Oberlin, then the only college in the country that admitted women. On the passage from Buffalo to Cleveland she could not afford a stateroom, but slept on deck on a pile of grain sacks, among horses and freight. She earned her way through the preparatory department of Oberlin by doing housework in the ladies' boarding hall at three cents an hour. The college furnished its students, most of whom were poor, with board at $1 a week, but Lucy Stone could not afford even this small sum, and during most of her course she cooked her food in her own room at a total cost of less than fifty cents a week. She had only one new dress during her college course—a cheap print—and she did not go home once during the four years."

By the consensus of the Federation of Clubs, Mrs. L. H. Stone stands in the front rank of educational women of Michigan. Although Mrs. Stone was a teacher both before and after she came to Michigan I think her commanding position was gained by her educational work outside the schools. She knew that young girls leaving school, unless they returned to homes where they would mingle with cultured thinking people and thereby gain the training of right thought and action and

speech for themselves, would naturally drift into frivolous ways and society. Hence she influenced the young girls or women to meet and read or study history and, when they could, invite others to join them and in a little while the club life of Michigan had begun to grow. In this broader work, reaching mature life, as well as the young, together with the influence of a most gentle spirit, which never arrogated to itself the pride of intellect and great gifts and attainments, but was possessed by a sweet child-likeness, gave to her whole life, as it were, the winning power of a Kingdom of Heaven.

Miss Abigail C. Rogers, whose name is linked with the "Michigan Female College," was another teacher of similar type of noble character. She was a New York woman, born in Avon in 1818. I do not know how she obtained her education but I do know it was through untiring energy and perseverance against seemingly insurmountable obstacles, and at the age of nineteen she took charge of a Young Ladies' Seminary at Coburg, Canada. In 1847 she came to Albion in this State to assume a similar position, and from there went to Ypsilanti as preceptress of the Michigan State Normal School. About 1855 the question of admitting women to the University began to be agitated.

Miss Rogers was much interested in the question and wrote strong papers favoring the project. At the session of the legislature that year the subject was brought up and strongly advocated, but received no encouragement. It was finally decided by those much interested to establish in Lansing a school for young women in the hope that the State would take it under its fostering care and eventually endow at its capital a college for young women which should afford them the same opportunities for higher education as were enjoyed by their brothers at the University at Ann Arbor. The name "Michigan Female College" was given it by ardent friends, rather as an earnest of what it aimed to become than to imply what it really was. The school opened in September, 1855, with Miss Abigail C. Rogers at its head. It was granted the use of the State Capitol, where it held its daily sessions for two years.

Twenty acres of land for a site and $20,000 were donated by citizens of Lansing. The commodious plan was drawn comprising a main building and two wings. The north wing was completed and occupied by the school in 1858. It was the longing to help the women of her adopted State to a higher education that led Miss Rogers to found the college.

Besides having two friends who were graduates of the school, I am

indebted to a niece of Miss Rogers for much interesting detail of the school and its founder and have put myself in touch with some of the older residents of Lansing who all express the thought that the residents of Lansing received from Miss Rogers their first awakening to a high ideal of social pleasures and a taste for intellectual enjoyment and improvement that they had never known. Her pupils date their first serious views of life and earnest resolve for its best service from the beginning of their school life at the Michigan Female College, and especially to the personal influence and example of Miss Abigail Rogers.

To her, perhaps, more than any other women of the State, is due the present elevation of sentiment in regard to the higher education of women. And her work shall follow her through all the coming years. She died in 1869, not having seen the door of the University open to admit women, in answer to her desire, although their betterment had been accomplished in a different way from that she had planned.

The beloved chairman of this day's programme, as Miss Mary Rice, followed Miss Rogers as preceptress of the normal school. In ordinary schools the pupils are young and restless boys and girls and work with them is often like sowing by the wayside where the seed takes little root, but the pupils of the normal school, in the main, are mature men and women, with an intense interest and purpose to make all improvement possible. Furthermore they are pledged to the State to give as teachers what they receive.

It is easy for us to comprehend how the warm sympathetic nature of our beloved friend, coupled with her intense enthusiasm and broad culture would be an unending influence when carried by those embryo teachers to others, who in their turn imparted again. Indeed it seems to me that the long service at the normal school must have sent an influence and impetus through the length and breadth of the State which can never cease to be felt.

I wish to make mention of Mrs. John J. Bagley and Mrs. James B. Angell as socially distinguished women of Michigan. Also of Mrs. Margaret Sullivan, whom her eulogists say was one of the most forceful and convincing editorial writers in the United States, and who is called the brightest and intellectually the strongest woman this nation has produced. As a Michigan woman, Mrs. Sullivan must surely have a place among our distinguished.

My heart prompts me to speak briefly of one whose life was passed in our midst. I refer to Mrs. Sarah T. Thomson, who for nearly fifty years was the foremost woman in Flint. Foremost in every effort of

education and uplift to others; foremost in every good word and work for benevolence and helpfulness; foremost in intellectual gifts, enriched by study and travel; but foremost chiefly by a kindliness of heart and spirit, which unlike the fountain at the "Gate Beautiful," which needed to be stirred to make it give out its healing power, was a kindliness like a flowing fountain fed from a living spring, full enough and freely given to every need of humanity, none too far, none too near who were in need. I sometimes think such a spirit could have no place in this commercial age where the worship is to bits of gold and silver and pieces of paper and that she was the last of her kind.

"When the ear heard her then it blessed her, and when the eye saw her, it gave witness to her. Because she delivered the poor that cried and the fatherless and him that had none to help him, the blessing of Him that was ready to perish came upon her and she caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. She put on righteousness and it clothed her; her judgment was a robe and diadem. She was eyes to the blind and feet was she to the lame. She was a mother to the poor, and the cause she knew not she searched out."

I call every *true* mother a distinguished woman. Her life must needs be a continual battle-field of self discipline; for she must make herself what she would have her children become. For verily, my friends, I hold that precept without example is a nullification. Those who are able to say at the end of life, "Here am I Lord, and the children thou hast given me," are surely the most grandly distinguished women.

NARRATIVE OF THE SETTLEMENT OF GEORGE CHRISTIAN ANTHON IN AMERICA,[1] AND OF THE REMOVAL OF THE FAMILY FROM DETROIT, AND ITS ESTABLISHMENT IN NEW YORK CITY.

BY CHARLES EDWARD ANTHON, ONE OF HIS GRANDCHILDREN.

PREFACE.

A gentleman of Detroit, engaged in antiquarian researches, applied to the writer for information as to the connection between the family of the latter and that city. The following summary was accordingly drawn up. The loss of a similar one which, in times gone by, had been communicated to an applicant under somewhat like circumstances, without any use being made of it by its recipient or any copy kept by the compiler, led to the plan of printing the present document in a few impressions, with a view to its preservation, and also its correction and enlargement both at Detroit and at New York.

To preclude any other than a wilful misconception of the motives which have induced the adoption of this course, let it be understood that they are, on the one hand, the desire to save the labor of copying; and, on the other, these three purposes: First, that the document may serve as a memorandum to the lineal descendants of George Christian Anthon in regard to the American founder of their family; secondly, that it may be furnished to members of collateral families, of the Navarre kindred, who may desire to complete their pedigree; thirdly, that local historians, antiquarians, and genealogists may be supplied at once and without trouble, when inquiring, of either lineal members or collateral relatives, for records, reminiscences, and traditions relating to the beginning of the Anthon family in America.

NARRATIVE.

George Christian Anthon[2] was born August 25, 1734, at Salzungen, in the Duchy of Saxe-Meiningen. His grandfather, John Caspar Anthon, back of whom my knowledge of that side of the family does not extend,

[1] For this sketch we are indebted to Charles Moore of Washington, D. C., private secretary to the late Senator James McMillan, of Detroit, Mich.

[2] The name of George Christian Anthon occurs very frequently in the first volumes of these Collections. In Vol. 8, p. 461 may be found a short biography. He applied for an ensigncy but refused to purchase one. Vol. 19, pp. 68, 119, 172.

is recorded in the Register of Births and Baptisms of the town of Salzungen, to have been president of the town council (Rathsmeister). His father, John Michael, son of John Caspar, died 1738, at the age of thirty-nine, being a clergyman and Fourth Teacher (Collega IV Scholae) in the Town School for Boys at Salzungen. John Michael married, October 23, 1731, Dorothea Rosina Louisa, daughter of John Theophilus Cramer, pastor at Interella, and she was the mother of the chief subject of this notice.

After the death of the father of George Christian Anthon, his mother married John Gottlieb Baumhart, a surgeon of Salzungen. George accordingly studied medicine, first, at his native place, afterwards at Gerstungen, under Dr. Mackel. In 1750 he passed an examination before the medical authorities in Eisenach; and in 1754 quitted Germany, as it proved, never to return. Seeking his fortune abroad, he repaired, at the age of twenty, to Amsterdam, and there, having passed a second examination, before the college surgeons in that city, he engaged himself as surgeon in the Dutch West India trade. Having safely made one voyage of this nature, to Surinam and back, in the *Vrouw Anna,* the vessel was less fortunate on her return to America. She was, when bound again for Surinam, captured near Port-au Prince, by a British privateer from New York, and carried into that port and condemned. Thus in the latter part of 1757, we find this young man of twenty-three placed friendless in a new and strange country, with no reliance except his principles and no resource but his profession. In this latter respect his usefulness seems to have been at once recognized, for, having served as assistant surgeon in the General Military Hospital at Albany in 1758, he was, when it was broken up in that year, appointed assistant surgeon to the First Battalion, Sixtieth Regiment, Royal Americans.[1] The only commission which he appears to have held in the British Army, at least the only one in my possession, is dated Albany, June 25th, 1761, signed by the Commander in Chief, Sir Jeffery Amherst, and appoints him "Surgeon's Mate to His Majesty's Hospital in North America." The chief incidents of Dr. Anthon's life, from his first going to Detroit in 1760 to his final removal to New York in 1786, are known from a document in my possession, written by my father from his dictation. In 1760, he was detached with the party which, under Major Rogers, took possession of Detroit, November 29. During this time he was the sole medical officer of the post, for "navy and army" in his own words,

[1] For organization and composition of this regiment, which comprised four battalions of one thousand men each see Parkman's conspiracy of Pontiac, p. 354, and note.

and also "to the Indians," as appears from an order, in my possession, for his pay in that capacity, drawn October 4, 1763, on George Croghan, Esq., Deputy Superintendent of Indian Affairs. In 1764 he returned to New York, with Colonel Gladwin, at the close of Pontiac's siege. In the course of it a little incident occurred, which is a matter of family tradition. Dr. Anthon, living at the time in the Government House, which afterwards became his private residence, desiring on one occasion to have a look at the enemy, climbed up into an old pear tree which grew near by. The Indians thereupon began to fire at him with rifles, so that he was in great danger, and Gladwin, being unwilling to lose his medicine-man, thought proper to create a diversion by making a sortie, so saving in all probability, the doctor's life. When my uncle, Prof. Charles Anthon, was at Detroit, in 1826, he was presented with some leaves from this tree which was then still standing. In 1765, Dr. Anthon received, from Sir William Johnson, another appointment as "surgeon for the Indians," and accompanied Johnson's deputy, Col. Croghan, on his expedition to the Illinois country.[1] Taken prisoner with the survivors of the surprise of June 8, below the mouth of the Wabash, by the Kiccapoos, he was led with the rest, to the Indian village of Ouattonon, and afterwards on foot the whole way to Detroit, where he was at length released after a general council between Croghan and the tribes. He was a captive almost three months, and used, in after days, to tell his children of the avidity with which he ate the giblets and other refuse which the Indians, while devouring their repasts, would occasionally fling to him. The doctor now returned to New York a second time, but in 1767 once more went to Detroit, which now became his place of residence till after the War of Independence. Again on this occasion he speaks of himself as surgeon to the Indians, but also says that he was afterwards "appointed, by General Haldiman, Surgeon of the Garrison." Although, in a letter in my possession, to Dr. Anthon, from Henry Hope, Lieutenant Governor of the Province of Quebec, dated September 3, 1786, the letter says that a warrant is lodged with the Paymaster General for the amount of pay due the doctor "as Surgeon to the Garrison of Detroit," August 4, 1786, when he resigned and was succeeded by Mr. Harpley,[2] yet the Lieutenant Governor finds him entitled to a grant of land in Canada only as "Surgeon's Mate to the General Hospital reduced at the conclusion of the late war with America," and I can discover no other commission than

[1] Narrated in Parkman's pp. 539-559.

[2] Vol. 19, p. 620 in the Haldimand Papers this name is given as Harffy. Vol.20, p. 186 we find Harfly, Hospital Mate, Dr. Harfey is mentioned on page 503.

the one which I have mentioned, from Amherst, June 25, 1761, giving him that rank.

Whatever may have been his grade in the British army, Dr. Anthon practiced his profession at Detroit in three capacities, as surgeon to the Garrison, as surgeon to the Indians, and as physician to the inhabitants of the town. During the War of Independence, Detroit, as the center of the operations of the English against the insurgents, from the Northwest, became a frequented and stirring place. Its history, at that time, is to be found in "The Northwest during the Revolution," an address before the Historical Society of Wisconsin, January 31, 1871, by Hon. Charles I. Walker, of Detroit. That author also shows that it was a scene of much festivity and elegant gaiety, particularly at the moment of organizing an expedition against the frontier Colonists, which was carried into effect without success, in the spring and summer of 1780. In a letter by Mr. Walker, dated October 20, 1871, now before me, he remarks in regard to Dr. Anthon's social position: "I have an old account-book kept here in 1780, in which are charged the usual articles of family wear and consumption; and among other items indicating a fair income is a cask of Madeira wine at forty shillings a gallon. He was at the same time credited eighty-four pounds for medical services among the Indians." It would be wrong to infer from this provision of wine that the doctor's habits were of a convivial character. He was, on the contrary, while in New York, almost abstinent in that respect, restricting himself, strangely enough, to one glass of wine weekly, which he was wont to take on Sunday after attending church. He was, however, addicted to snuff, which he indulged in profusely when occupied with serious cases of illness.

In the course of his last and long-continued sojourn in Detroit, Dr. Anthon was twice married, and each time to a lady of the family of Navarre, his second wife being niece to his first. Two records, in his own writing, one in English, the other in French, form my sources of information, down to his death, for marriages, births and deaths in his own immediate household; but as to the family of Navarre, my knowledge is incomplete and partly conjectural, and it needs to be supplemented and corrected, in Canada and in Detroit.

On the 13th of August, 1770, Dr. Anthon was married to Mariana Navarre, at Detroit, by Chaplain Turring, of the Fifty-third Regiment. Mariana Anthon, who was born at Detroit October 14, 1737, died October 8, 1773, leaving no child by this marriage. She was, in my opinion, the daughter of Robert Navarre, and granddaughter of a first

Robert, whom I find described in the following words:[1] "Robert de Navarre came to America in 1682, landed at Quebec in Lower Canada. He was of a noble French family, a man of extensive erudition, was appointed under the French government *sub-délégné* and *notaire-royal* at Detroit on the first settlement of the colony. He married Mde Barrois." I learned from an aunt, daughter of G. C. Anthon, that his first wife Mariana was, at the time of her second marriage, the widow Saint Martin, and that by her first marriage she had a son called Saint Martin—Saint Martin who died early in life, and two daughters, Archange, who married a Mr. Mackintosh; and Finon, who married a Mr. Fry.

On the 18th of July, 1778, Dr. Anthon was married at Detroit, by Governor Hamilton, to Geneviève Jadot, who was born at Detroit, May 20, 1763, a few days only after the commencement of Pontiac's siege. She was therefore a little past fifteen, while the doctor had almost reached the mature age of forty-four. She was indeed quite a child at the time, and it was related among the family stories, that her husband had, in the first days of their married life, some trouble to induce her to give up her doll.[2] This want of proportion in years was however justified by the fact that she was the orphan niece of the doctor's first wife, and, as such, an inmate of his household and now left unprotected. Geneviève Jadot was the daughter of a sister of Mariana Navarre (Saint Martin, Anthon) and of Major (commonly called in the family, Colonel Jadot). I do not know his first name; according to my grandfather's words, dictated to my father, "he was born in Lorraine, near Alsace, was major in the militia, sent to the Indians at Miami with presents and killed." Information in regard to the date and circumstances of his death is not in the possession of the family, but could perhaps be obtained at Detroit.[3] That he was still living in the autumn of 1764 I should infer from Parkman's Pontiac, p. 526. He is there called Mr. Jadeau, and the connection shows that he was one of those Frenchmen, who, after taking the oath of allegiance to the British, remained faithful to them. Such too was the case with Messrs. Navarre and Saint Martin.

[1] In a manuscript copied from "The Cabinet" of 1830, a scarce periodical publication issued at New York, 1829-31. I have not followed this manuscript where it asserts that Genevieve Jadot was the daughter of the widow Saint Martin; or where it calls Mariana Anthon the daughter of the first Robert.

[2] Farmer's History of Detroit, Vol. 1, p. 340 speaks of these early French marriages and reports a tradition of Mdme Jadot holding her doll in her arms during the marriage ceremony.

[3] His fate was related to Prof. Chas. Anthon at Detroit in 1826, in the words: A colonel in the French service, he commanded Fort Wayne, and was killed by the savages when they stormed the place.

An Indian grant[1] to Robert Navarree, in which he is designated as *"Robiere fils de l'Ecrivain,"* is in accordance with the view here taken that Robert, or *"Robiere,"* of the grant, was the son of the *"notaire-royal."* The mention of this document leads me to the subject of Dr. Anthon's property in Detroit. It is the constant family tradition that he lived in the "Old Government House," and that there my father, John Anthon, was born. My uncle, Prof. Charles Anthon, who, in August, 1826, visited the house, then occupied by Governor Cass, wrote of it at that time as "a plain, gray wooden building, in a very antiquated style." He remarks that it was the best house in Detroit in its time, and "the residence of the early French governors." He also speaks of himself while in this house, of which, by the way, he made at the time two rough sketches, now in my possession, as being "under the ancient roof of the St. Martins." I am hence induced to believe that this building, having been perhaps the residence of the French governors, as it was afterwards of the English, then became a private dwelling of the St. Martin family and passed into Dr. Anthon's possession through his marriage with the widow. But all this conjecture requires verification, and it is at least certain that the Doctor, when he finally settled at New York, retained no property at Detroit.

In 1786, after the close of the War of Independence, but before the surrender of Detroit to the United States, Doctor Anthon, with much judgment and foresight, removed permanently to New York. He journeyed by way of Montreal, with his wife and three children. A letter written not long after his arrival at his destination, is not without interest, and I give it verbatim.

New York 24th Feb 1787.

Dr Sir

Your favor Novembr last came only to hand a few Days ago; we are glad to hear you and your familie are well, we arrived here 4th Octobr and a few Days after my familie had recovered from their travelling fatigue I inoculated them for the small pox; Mrs. Anthon and the second Boy had them exceedingly favorable, but the aeltest boy, the little Girl, and my Panie Whench[2] had them very severe, whoever they got all safe over it, and are not disfigured.

I hired on my Arrival a House in Wall Street at an extravagant rent, for £70; besides taxes to the 1 May, and glad to get it, as houses ware

[1] Truman's History of Michigan. N. Y., 1839. App. pp. 339-40.

[2] This expression, denoting a Pawnee slave-woman, is fully explained by a note in Parkman's Conspiracy of Pontiac, p. 300, on the words "a pani woman, a slave, etc.

very difficult to be got at that time, but now I have hired one near Oswego Market in Dye Street for less than half that sum, and a much pleasanter situation. I have been this winter to see a Farm for sale, near New Rochelle, it contains 350 acres with a very good House and several other Buildings, but the demand is £4400 and will require about £1000 or 1200 more to put it in proper order, besides there is no school for my children and I believe very indifferent society. I am therefore determined to remain for some time in the city, untill some more convenient place may offer.

We have been offten at Mr. Lawrences, and have received many civilities from them and Mr. Embree's. We are much obliged to your introducing us to those worthy people. Mrs. Anthon is very fond of Mrs. Schieffelin's sisters.

Our frend Governor Hamilton is appointed Governor for Cape Breton with £500 sterl pr an. Mr. Alexr Macomb received some time ago a Letter from him, acquainting him that he would embark this spring for his Government, for farther news give me leave to refer you to St. Martin,[1] you will find him intelligent, as he has been very inquisitive during his stay here about local & foreign news. Mrs. Anthon joyns with me in best respects to you and Mrs. Schieffelin and belive me that I am with great regard

Dr Sir

Your sincere frind and

Obet humble Servant

GEORGE ANTHON.

Lieut Schieffelin.

This letter illustrates Dr. Anthon's anxiety for the education of his children; and his care was amply justified in the eminence attained by three of his sons, all graduates of Columbia College, N. Y. From the house in Dey street he removed to Broad street, occupying, according to the directory, the house No. 6 in the years 1789-1793. From 1794 to his death, which occurred on Friday, Dec. 22, 1815, in his 82 year, his dwelling was No. 11 Broad street, on the east side, a short distance from Wall. It was his own property, a modest two-story edifice of yellow brick, provided with an ample porch, where it was his delight to sit and converse with neighbors of his own age. Such

[1] Probably the step-son of the writer, who has been mentioned before, and appears, from the tenor of this letter (which is without direction as to place) to have been at the time on a visit to New York from Detroit.

reminiscences as have been preserved in regard to his person and character may be here introduced.

Born in the vicinity of Milila, the home of Luther's family, he had features and a general facial mould not unlike those of the old reformer, and indicating an origin from the same Thuringian-Saxon race. This massiveness and severity of countenance are however, in Dr. Anthon's portrait (taken originally in water-colors by Martin, but twice copied in oil by Waldo, all three pictures being now in the possession of the family) relieved by a mild and sympathetic expression of the eyes. With these external traits the inward man was in exact concordance. Habitually stern in manner, he was nevertheless remarkable for affection and tenderness towards his family, attention and kindness to his patients, and benevolence in regard to the community during seasons of trial. Both professionally and socially he maintained an eminently respectable position. In 1802 we find him elected, in conjunction with some of the most prominent citizens, one of the "thirteen Governors of the New York Lying-in-Hospital" (Evening Post, July 12, 1802,) and from 1796 to 1815 he was one of the trustees of Columbia College. In 1789 he was affiliated in the Holland Lodge of Masons, and the records of the Order show that he was then Past Master of some other lodge not in New York. A silver medal or "Jewel," once belonging to him, now in the possession of John H. Anthon, also proves by its devices that he was a "mark-master" Mason. I have myself heard him cited, by the late Joseph Mather Smith, M. D., Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, N. Y., in a public lecture, as one of the most distinguished advocates of the non-contagious nature of yellow fever. Of any medical publications of his I have however no knowledge. His refraining therefrom may be easily accounted for through that somewhat imperfect command of written English which is apparent in the letter above quoted. His knowledge of French seems, on similar evidence, to have been of the same degree. He spoke English, on the other hand, fluently and without accent. For his vernacular German, which he of course perfectly possessed, there was but little field in the New York of his day. His name was commonly, if not generally, pronounced in the German manner, with the "h" silent. It is however written with the "h," correctly and in accordance with ancient usage. Identical with the personal name "Anthony," its old-fashioned, correct, orthography is exemplified on coins in my possession, for instance, a

broad Brunswick dollar of 1706, bearing as legend, "D: G: Anthon Ulrich Day Br: & Lu:".

Dr. Anthon attended, first the old German Lutheran Church "in the swamp," and afterwards the French Protestant Episcopal Church "du Saint Esprit," in Nassau street. In the yard attached to the latter his remains were interred, and afterwards those of his second wife; but on the sale and demolition of the edifice they were removed to a vault which has thenceforth been the family burial place, in St. Mark's churchyard, corner of Second avenue and Tenth street.

Doctor Anthon never became wealthy. Living liberally, and having no other dependence than his profession, he left an estate of not over fifteen thousand dollars. There is a tradition among his descendants that he once hazarded a large sum in a China voyage, an investment which proved a total loss.

Geneviève (Jadot) Anthon (whose date and place of birth have already been given) died at New York, April 16, 1821. She is remembered as in person a decided brunette, of medium stature and a frame inclined to thinness, with bright black eyes, and jet black hair never tinged with gray. It is a subject of regret that no portrait of her was ever taken. It does not appear however that she was particularly remarkable for beauty any more than for extraordinary mental endowments. She spoke English with a noticeable French accent. If, as is represented, the first Robert Navarre was "a man of extensive erudition," she may have inherited from him and transmitted to her sons a peculiar intellectual susceptibility which was latent in herself, but it is more probable that they derived this from their German than from their French ancestry. In her early youth, Mrs. Anthon took her part in the gaieties of the garrison at Detroit; but it is a family story that a severe injury to the knee received through incautiously kneeling on the hearth-stone to break sugar for the hasty tea of a party of friends proceeding to one of these balls, caused her long-continued suffering, and soon put an end to such recreation. In New York, Mrs. Anthon's character was that of a good wife, mother and housekeeper. She was in fact devoted to her husband and children; and a strong sense of family respectability, which in her was a marked trait, led her to be always on the alert to maintain the consideration to which she thought him and them entitled. She mingled with the society of that time, chiefly through an interchange of tea-parties then customary. On these occasions, her manner of dress was that of the ladies around her, while

her husband, who in his ordinary attire was, it must be confessed, rather negligent, appeared arrayed in the mode then already obsolete, of knee-breeches, silk-stockings, shoes with buckles, and luxuriantly ruffled shirt, presenting altogether a striking likeness to some incarnation of the old regime. During the visitation of yellow fever which afflicted the city of New York in 1798, alarming and widely fatal as it was, Dr. Anthon, true to his professional theory of non-contagion, as well as to his sense of duty and his kindly nature, did not accompany the mass of well-to-do inhabitants in their flight, but remained manfully at his ordinary dwelling. Hence he daily went forth to visit the sick, who were mostly destitute also, taking no other precaution than the entire change and purification of his garments on his return home. While he was thus engaged abroad, his faithful and courageous wife was occupied in preparing soup and other necessary and comforting supplies for the sufferers, and these articles were then distributed among the needy by George and John, the two elder sons, who though still but boys, were yet entrusted with this duty, and did not shrink from its danger. The whole family, it is satisfactory to add, escaped infection, with the exception of John, who had a slight attack of the pestilence from which he easily recovered.

The three children born at Detroit, and brought thence to New York by their parents in 1786, were George, John and Dorothea Louisa. George was born May 24, 1781, and baptized, as his father's French record notes, *"pr. Mr. Williams, Jage."* He died, unmarried, January 1, 1865. At one time a lieutenant in the United States navy, he is understood to have commanded a gun-boat in the war of 1812-15, and was always thereafter entitled "Captain." During the latter half of his life he was disabled bodily; and his infirmities so increased that during the last twenty years he was entirely confined to his room. He was, like his father, a member of Holland lodge, the date of his initiation being 1803. Nothing definite is known about his earlier history, and he is only mentioned here as an important family-link between Detroit and New York. Dorothea Louisa, born January 28, 1786, (*"appellé apres sa Gr. mere. Batis; pr. Mr. Veizeburger* Mission Moravian Detroit," says the French record) died at New York August 14, 1787. Before however we pass to the third of these children, John, who with two younger brothers born at New York, Henry and Charles, gained in that city his part of a joint distinction which gives these researches any general interest that they may possess, it is proper to mention that the sole surviving child, at this moment (April 1, 1872,)

of George Christian Anthon and Geneviève Jadot, is Louisa, born at New York, May 31, 1793, unmarried.

John Anthon, born at Detroit, May 14, 1784 (*Batissé p. Jage Williams, appellé apres son Gr. pere*), died at New York, March 5, 1863, one of the most eminent lawyers in the latter city. He was at the time of his death, president of the N. Y. Law Institute; and, in a printed address delivered before it on that occasion, Mr. Gerard commemorates his extraordinary ability and industry. He was the chief practitioner in the Superior Court during the first years of its existence, author of several valuable legal works, deeply interested withal in general literature and culture, and in every private relation exemplary and amiable. Rev. Henry Anthon was born at New York, March 11, 1795, and died there January 5, 1861. When he went to his rest he had been for a quarter of a century rector of the ancient parish known as St. Mark's in the Bowery. As a devoted and faithful minister of the Protestant Episcopal denomination, and a sound and learned theologian in its "Low-Church" branch, he was an object of respect and affection to a wide circle of friends. A zealous worker in the business of his calling, he exhibited therein the family trait of superiority of intellect combined with love for labor; and a missionary-church, to establish which had been his earnest endeavor, being just completed at the moment of his decease, was called after his name and will long preserve his memory in the city where he preached the Gospel in what he deemed its purity.

Prof. Charles Anthon was born at New York, November 19, 1797, and died there, unmarried, July 29, 1867. Beyond dispute the most accomplished Greek and Latin scholar whom America has yet produced, he was a man of decided and incisive character. Some details as to his career may be found in the printed "Commemorative Discourse" thereon by Prof. Drisler; and similar particulars of his brother Henry's life are contained in the printed memoir by Bishop Eastburn, and funeral sermon by Dr. Tyng.

The scope of this paper does not however call for any minute account of either of these three distinguished and useful men. Neither does it require any mention of the other children of Dr. George C. Anthon, or of those of his sons John and Henry, except that these two lives maintain at the present time their respectable standing in New York.

It may be said, in conclusion, that this history of the establishment of a family in the New World seems to have not only an antiquarian

but an ethnological interest. We here see three brothers, of Franco-German blood, with no Puritan or other English admixture, highly endowed yet "patient of toil," not aiming at wealth, or political distinction, yet, under the influence of American institutions and surroundings, achieving, by somewhat exceptional paths, a considerable degree of success and reputation and leaving to their descendants an honorable name.

THE FIRST MAN OF MARQUETTE.

SKETCHES OF HON. PETER WHITE.

FROM THE MARINE REVIEW, CLEVELAND, OHIO.

The Lake Superior region, in a commercial sense, is only fifty years old. This is an incontestable but stupendous fact. It brings its entire development within the life of our subject and is the very circumstance which gives to his career its magnificent setting. No other man has moved so continually upon such a stage. It is simply Titanic.

LEFT HOME EARLY.

Born at Rome, Oneida county, New York, October 31, 1830, Peter White, at the age of nine, removed with his parents to Green Bay, Wis., where he attended school until he was fifteen, when, attracted by the tales of the great copper discoveries in the upper peninsula of Michigan, he started out to make his own way in the world. Peter at first went to Mackinac. It was just when the copper excitement was at its height and the imagination of Peter was greatly inflamed by it. In a little while he left for the Sault in the hope of reaching the promised land. * * * He endeavored to obtain passage on the steamer *Merchant* for the copper country, but they would not let him work his passage, and as he had no money he could not go. Peter returned to Mackinac Island and from there set out for Detroit on the schooner *Bela Hubbard,* plying between Detroit and Sault Ste. Marie. After about half a dozen trips the schooner capsized off Thunder Bay Island. Fortunately no one was drowned. The crew managed to reach the island, and were taken to Bay City in the propeller *Chicago.*

HON. PETER WHITE,
Marquette.

REMEMBERED A GOOD FRIEND.

While going aboard the steamer one dark night Peter fell into one of the holds and broke his arm. When he reached Detroit the injured member had swollen frightfully, and a physician to whom he was taken at once decided that amputation was necessary. The doctor invited a number of fellow surgeons and students to witness the operation.[1] Just as the operating surgeon was about to select his instruments, there entered the room a surgeon whose reputation, already wide, was soon to become national. His name was Zina Pitcher. After examining the arm, Dr. Pitcher advised that the operation be delayed for a few days. He then took charge of the case, and the result was that although Peter White carried his arm in splints for four months, it was saved to him. At the death of Dr. Pitcher a subscription paper was circulated in Detroit for the purpose of raising funds to erect a monument over his grave. When the petition fell under the eye of Peter White he promptly subscribed, but owing to the poor mail facilities of the time his contribution did not reach Detroit until the subscription account was closed. But Peter Whites' money was devoted to a more tender and beautiful purpose—the planting of flowers each succeeding year upon the grave of the good doctor who had rescued him from the unfeeling surgeons who had been too ready to amputate his arm. The next year of Peter White's eventful life was passed as a clerk in the store of Freeman & Bro., on Jefferson avenue, and the next two years at Mackinac Island, where he was employed in the summer time in the light-house service and in the winter time as a clerk.

PIONEERS AT WORK.

When Robert J. Graveraet, who was one of the pioneers in the development of the region, and a man of indomitable energy and perseverance, appeared upon the island in search of men to develop the iron mines of Lake Superior, Peter White was urged to join the expedition. He was then but eighteen years of age. The voyage was one of peril and hardship, in which the winter elements and the scarcity of provisions figured. The tramp to the iron hills was a long and weary one.

[1] Mr. White stopped at this time at the old Wales Hotel, Detroit. He tells a gruesome story of being brought into a room and strapped to a table. No anesthetics were then known or used, so he was compelled to watch the six or seven doctors file in and line up like bearers at a funeral. The sight and sound of the surgeons whetting their knives preparatory to cutting off his arm was not very pleasant. But his gratitude to Dr. Pitcher for saving his limb was very touching.

The country was jagged, broken and mountainous, densely wooded and thick with underbrush, with only a tree blazed here and there by the Indians to guide the way. Peter was tired when he dropped his pack. Graveraet set Peter to work clearing brush. Thus he denuded the ore of its covering and prepared the way for those immense shipments which have since swung the pendulum of the world's manufacture of iron and steel west of the Alleghanies. It is needless to say that Peter could not foresee the result of his handiwork. He did not know that he was making history.

With the coming of machinery and mechanics everyone was excited and buoyant. All were seized by the same thought—the founding of a great city. Peter White had the distinction of being the first to fell a tree on the site of the prospective great city, and his action was followed by other enthusiastic spirits. Methods were primitive indeed. Boilers were plugged and thrown overboard, and the other machinery for the mines was landed into a barge. Cattle and horses were invariably pitched overboard to swim ashore. Passengers and perishable freight were landed in small boats.

Meanwhile Graveraet went to Milwaukee and recruited a number of Germans, some Irish and a few French to develop the mines. Ship-fever broke out on the little schooner *Fur Trader,* on which they were carried. It being the great cholera year the disease was mistaken for that dreaded visitation, and when the schooner arrived and the news spread of her tragic voyage, during which many of the sick men had died, there was a stampede among the Indians, who deserted the country as fast as their canoes could carry them. Dr. Rogers, who afterward gained great distinction in his profession in Chicago, abandoned the ax for the bedside of the afflicted. He soon came down with the fever himself, and then Peter White was pressed into service in the rude hospital that had been constructed. Peter was advised to bathe the patients constantly in cold water, and he faithfully carried out his instructions, with the result that the majority of the little colony were soon restored to health, and the Indians cautiously put the noses of their canoes against the beach in Iron Bay again.

A MEMORABLE TRIP.

Peter's next job was filling the first steam boiler ever set up in the peninsula. He was installed as fireman and engineer and only left this place to enter the machine shop to become a mechanic. The people of

the settlement were subjected to a good deal of hardship and privation during the winter. Graveraet, whose dream was to make the peninsula an industrial empire, was greatly attached to Peter White, for they had a common facility of language. Graveraet, whose mother was a half-breed Indian, spoke French, German, English and several Indian dialects. Peter White spoke several languages also, a gift wholly native, for his mind was practically undisciplined. The Chippewas liked Peter because he could tell them stories in their own language. It was even said that he had a greater hold upon the Indians than Graveraet. One day he sent Peter upon a mission of some delicacy to Escanaba. This meant a trip overland across the peninsula—a mere nothing nowadays, but a considerable undertaking through a continuous forest for a boy of eighteen. Two Chippewas volunteered to accompany Peter. This is one of the chief recollections of the man's life, which is not surprising since it was the first trip he ever undertook through the wilderness on foot. They carried their provisions on their backs. The Indians were of incalculable aid to Peter in following the trail. When one tree is blazed the Indian seems to know by instinct where to look for the next blaze, and so the trail was followed with reasonable accuracy. There is nothing more monotonous, however, than following a trail, either on horseback or on foot. On the fourth day Peter began to despair. The woods seemed endless. On the seventh day he came to Escanaba, then known as Flat Rock.

PETER WHITE AS A MAIL CARRIER.

The first part of the second installment of the sketch is devoted to the tragic phases of pioneering and to the contentions that arose between various interested claimants to the mineral properties. The fame of Lake Superior iron was beginning to spread and was attracting practical iron-makers from Pennsylvania and Ohio. They brought men and horses with them, and the natural population of Marquette was swelled to a considerable extent. The winter closed in without any provision for the delivery of mails on the part of the government. Every man at Marquette had left either a mother or wife or children behind. After a month or more had gone by without a mail the population became restless. A council was called in the Marquette Iron Co.'s store to consider the mail question. Several substantial sums were offered by the various companies toward the establishment of a mail service and Peter White, whose eyes had been standing out like saucers at the

mention of the big sums of money, volunteered to become the mail carrier.

He was laughed at because of his youth and apparent physical inability to stand the hardship that such a job entailed. White, a powerful, broad-shouldered man, nowadays, was at that time a slender chap. He was full-bearded, however, and looked more than his age. His dress was picturesque. He wore a red flannel shirt over his hickory shirt, summer and winter, and in the winter time wore moccasins large enough to accommodate two or three pairs of stockings. This was the usual garb of the pioneer.

White was persistent in his application for the position, and he was given the opportunity to show what he could do. He got two Indians to go with him. Hundreds of letters were written by the men when they learned that Peter was going to carry the mail. The whole town saw him off. The mail was very heavy, and what with the provisions, which also had to be carried, made a staggering load for his back. The mail was taken to L'Anse, where other carriers were met. Peter established a station where he might meet the carriers in the woods. It was as primitive as it well could be, Peter hanging the mail-bag to the limb of a tree where the relay might get it. On the second trip he secured a dog sled and a team of dogs to ease his burden. The sled was flat like a toboggan and the dogs were mongrels, stout curs capable of making between four and five miles an hour. They had to be fed at short intervals to keep their temper and spirits at normal pitch. They became wildly excited at the scent of wolves and were almost unmanageable upon such occasions. The mail was securely strapped to the sled, Peter traveling alongside of it on snowshoes, controlling the leading dog by a string rein and using a staff to stop the sleigh by pushing it into the snow. He made nine of these trips during the winter, and they furnish the base for many of the legends of the upper peninsula. The lore of the French-Canadian, in particular, is full of stories of Peter and his Indians and his dog sleds.

The intrepid young mail-carrier never received a cent of pay for his services, though one man, who had pledged $3, tendered the amount, which White refused to accept, telling him that he didn't want him to stand the whole expense of the nine trips.

ELECTED TO OFFICE WHILE ABSENT.

The summer of 1851 was a period of woeful stagnation in the district, and there being nothing doing, Peter White went fishing. When he

returned he found that the county of Marquette had been organized and that he had been elected county clerk and register of deeds. The appointment of clerk carried with it membership in the school board, and he was elected treasurer of that body, an office which he has held continuously since. Marquette had previously been attached to Houghton county, the county seat of which was Eagle River. One of Peter's thrilling experiences had been a trip to Eagle River, on foot and alone, to get the county clerk's certificate to a lot of legal documents. This intrepid young man, who seems to have been born without fear, went first to L'Anse, then across the ice to Portage Entry, then up the river and over Portage Lake and across the portage to Eagle River.

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

When he was ready to return the inhabitants insisted upon féting him, and for nine days he was the social lion of the hour. His return trip was a very adventurous one. Peter White was afterward made postmaster of Carp River, the name by which the mining settlement was known. The name was afterward formally changed to that of Marquette. The narrative goes on to tell of the gradual development of the mines and the growing importance of the country. Meanwhile Peter White was doing a lot of thinking. He saw the gradual unfolding of the industrial panorama, and he began to perceive opportunities for making money on his own account. He first opened a store. He conducted it with profit, but sold out when he saw a better opening in the insurance business. Then he began the business of banking in a small way. * * * Among the property purchased from the old Marquette Iron company by the Cleveland company was sixty-four acres of land in Marquette, and in 1855 the company turned the management of this estate over to Peter White. This got the young man into the real estate business head over heels, in which he has continued ever since with marked success, for Marquette is practically built upon land which Peter White has sold.

A FRONTIERSMAN IN THE LEGISLATURE.

The legislature of 1857 was to distribute the lands granted by congress and it was of vital importance that a person familiar with the situation in every detail should represent Marquette in the assembly. The result was that Peter White ran for the legislature. Peter's appearance at Lansing created a sensation. It took him fifteen days to get there. He

made the journey on snowshoes from Marquette to Escanaba, took the stage to Fond du Lac and walked the rest of the way to Lansing. Everyone was on the *qui vive* at Lansing for the representative from Marquette, for they realized the almost insurmountable obstacles which stood in his way. Peter was heartily cheered as he took his seat among them. Something of his reputation had preceded him and he always had an audience in the committee room eager to listen to the story of his experiences in the trackless north. There was much wrangling over the distribution of the grant and Peter quickly observed that with the lobbyists out of the way the representatives could readily dispatch in an honorable manner the business for which they had gathered. He made a speech in which he pointed out the unwarranted interference of those who were serving no great constructive interest and who did not have the development of the State at heart, and declared they were "thick as autumnal leaves which strew the brooks in Vallombrosa," a simile so apt and so sonorous as to establish a reputation for erudition instantly. They did not know that Peter the evening previous had begged a learned friend to furnish him some quotation that would fit the particular point he wished to score. Peter did good work in the legislature and the grant was carefully distributed. He walked back to Marquette and it was twenty years before he again served the people in a legislative capacity.

When the civil war broke out Peter White organized a company to go to the front and was elected its captain. At this stage Marquette protested. It felt that it needed him more than the war required his services and he was persuaded not to go. In 1863 Peter White incorporated his bank into a national bank, calling it the First National Bank of Marquette. In 1868 the town of Marquette was burned to the ground, but Peter White's house on the Ridge was not a part of the catastrophe.

Since those early days Peter White has come to be the very embodiment of the spirit of the country in which he lives. As the town grew he was recognized clearly and unmistakably as the first man in Marquette. As banker, real estate agent and capitalist he was invariably consulted when any new enterprise was started in the town. If it was worthy he encouraged it by a personal investment, and by this policy he both made and lost money.

PETER WHITE'S MONUMENT.

Peter White's monument is Presque Isle. This is a tract of land, densely wooded, 328 acres in extent, and is, as its name signifies "almost an island." It lies a little to the west of Marquette harbor. It has a rock-bound shore which lends itself to rugged and picturesque effects. Recognizing its natural adaptability as a park, Mr. White, receiving no encouragement from the peninsula's congressman, who was of the opinion that as the light-house board having established a station on Presque Isle, that island was forever dedicated, as far as the board was concerned, to that purpose, went to Washington. There he met his old-time friend, Senator Palmer, who introduced him to other senators. The personality and record of the man from Marquette had its influence upon them, and the bill giving Presque Isle to the city of Marquette for park purposes was passed at once. Peter White got the president to sign it and he returned to Marquette with a draft of it in his pocket. The bill contained the natural provision that the park was to be accepted by the council of Marquette and maintained by the city. An obstructionist in the council raised the point that the park "would benefit only the rich and that the citizens of Marquette would be forever saddled with the expense of keeping the driveways in condition for those who rode in carriages." Then Mr. White showed him how mistaken he was by offering to personally pay the most of its improvement and maintenance during the next five years. This represented a figure of about $65,000. The park was accepted instantly, as soon as Mr. White's intentions were made known.

A GRAND CHARACTER.

A review of this man's life would be a review of the history of the peninsula of Michigan. His life compasses all that is modern in the history of that princely territory—the richest in a mineral sense that has ever been discovered. Though he belongs in the United States Senate as a fine type of American citizen, we will leave him at his camp, sitting before a crackling fire of wood and telling stories to a little circle of companions. He has lived an upright life and he views the past with satisfaction and the future without concern.

"The way to riches is through hard work and thrift," he said.

It is not always the pioneer who prospers, but this pioneer wrested a fortune from the frontier and is putting it to honorable use. There are innumerable legends concerning him. Some think that he is French-Canadian and that his name is Pierre le Blanc; some think he is an Indian and that his real name is Shob-wau-way; and some believe that he is the reincarnation of Pere Marquette. But he is a simple American gentleman, seventy-one years old, and sturdy as an oak.

FROM THE DETROIT SUNDAY FREE PRESS, SEPT. 24, 1905.

Down to Washington goes Peter White. One trunk; one dress suit; one object. Mr. Peter White appears in Secretary Taft's office.

"Good morning, Mr. Taft; I am Peter White."

"Sit down, Mr. Peter White."

"Mr. Taft, I came to collect $50,000 for our celebration."

"My dear Mr. White—"

"Sir, I may say it is a national, nay, an international incident. Will you kindly provide regiments of soldiers to give color to the gay scene? Secretary Morton of the navy will doubtless loan us the national ships of war."

"Nothing is too good for you, Mr. Peter White. I know you of old. Many, many years ago you were special master in chancery in the celebrated Pewabic case. Those rascally directors, who wished to sell the property to themselves for $50,000 settled with you for $710,000. How you fought for seven long years. And is dear Don M. Dickinson with you in your Ship Canal semi-centennial? Listen, will this letter suffice? If not, I will make it stronger. (Mr. Secretary reads): 'My dear Mr. Secretary Morton—This will introduce you to Mr. Peter White of, Marquette. If you don't know Peter White, it is time you did. He is the 'whole thing' up in Northern Michigan. He is a Democrat—just to be peculiar—but he runs the Republican and other organizations, too. He is trying to get up a celebration of the fiftieth birthday of the Sault Ste. Marie canal. He was in at the birth and wants to have the celebration worthy of the greatness of that institution. He thinks that the navy has some of its vessels in that neighborhood, which could be used to add to the general festivities. I bespeak for him the attention which the occasion deserves. Very sincerely yours, W. H. Taft.'"

"My dear Mr. Taft, I am more than delighted."

"The pleasure is wholly my own, my dear Mr. Peter White."

MR. PETER WHITE, THE DIPLOMAT.

At 12 midnight, the last night of the session, Mr. Peter White's private bill to take from the emengency fund the sum of $10,000 became a law. Peter White was up and doing—oh, well, you know that! There had been a little dinner, you see—Mr. Peter White, as usual, had carried off the honors. "The Wreck of the Julie Plante" had brought the happy result. Speaker Cannon, Senator Burrows and Congressman Hemenway (soon to be a senator) drank Peter White's wine and listened to Peter White's droll stories.

Diplomacy is Mr. White's specialty. And it is diplomacy that now takes Mr. Peter White to Oyster Bay. Briskly he enters the presidential offices, only to be stopped by an official in charge.

"It is impossible to see the president!"

"But I have letters from Mr. Secretary Taft, Mr. Secretary Morton, Senator Alger."

"It is no use," he replies, firmly.

"But I came 1,500 miles. It will be 1,500 miles back again—in all 3,000 miles to see the president. I am here for the Sault Ste. Marie celebration."

"The president won't see you."

"Young man, this is a matter that concerns the whole nation. I will not open my business with you. It is for the president's ears alone."

"It matters not. The president will not see you, will have nothing to do with you, or your business."

Two great tears roll down Peter White's cheeks. "These tears, sir, are not tears of anger!" thunders Mr. Peter White. "I can scarcely restrain myself. I demand that something be done. I return to New York; but you, Mr. Assistant Secretary, shall hear from me again, I promise you that."

MR. PETER WHITE'S GREATEST TRIUMPH.

At 12 midnight a telegram comes to Mr. White's New York hotel. "The president will see you tomorrow, at 3 p. m., if you care to come. Signed, Assistant Secretary."

Peter White notes that "if you care to come."

"Mr. Peter White?" blandly asks the guard at the president's gate.

"Mr. Peter White?" politely inquires still another servant, at the

president's door; "you are expected. The president is busy, but will see you in twenty minutes."

Mr. Peter White is now in the president's library. From his pocket he takes a speech—the semi-centennial speech—and slips out certain pages, for a special purpose—a special purpose, mark you that. Bounding into the room comes Mr. President.

"Mr. Peter White, of Marquette! Make yourself at home, Mr. White!"

"This is a proud moment for me, Mr. President. I have come 1,500 miles to see you."

"I know all about you, Mr. White; your fame has, you see, preceded you."

"Mr. President, I came here to invite you to the fiftieth birthday celebration of the Sault Ste. Marie ship-canal. We want to make it a national—I may say, an international episode, and ask your presence, Mr. President. Would you kindly read from pages five to eight, Mr. President?" (handing over MS.) "It will take you just one minute to read each sheet, or three minutes in all. I have timed the thing carefully. I know how precious your time is, Mr. President. It tells you of the wonders of the canal. In 1855, tonnage 700,000; in 1905, tonnage 18,000,000! Suez canal, in twelve months, 6,000,000 tons; Sault Ste. Marie, in six months, 36,000,000 tons!"

Mr. President sits back and reads. "Ah, good!" he comments, with spirit. "It is astonishing, Mr. White. By the way, where is page one of your speech?"

Mr. Peter White for once loses his diplomatic aplomb. "Really, Mr. President, my little effort—you have no time."

"Oh, let me go through it from end to end. It interests me."

"You flatter me, Mr. President."

"Not at all; I wish to read every word of your address."

"I protest, Mr. President—"

Mr. President is ripping off page after page.

"This is excellent! Good! Very good, indeed!"

Mr. Peter White sits there, as helpless as a schoolboy. Years ago Peter White went to a half-breed Indian school on Mackinac Island, under Capt. Gage. And now behold how the whirligig of time makes all things even. The president of the United States is reading with satisfaction the manuscript of the self-educated poor boy from the half-breed Indian school. Is it not fine? Is such a dramatic moment possible anywhere except in a republic? No caste, no station—the best man wins!

"Very good, very good, Mr. White," concludes the President. "And now, Mr. White, to be frank, I must tell you that I cannot go. There are grave reasons, Mr. White; some of them reasons of state."

And Mr. President leans over and whispers something in Mr. Peter White's ear. Think of it—the confidante of presidents!

"In that case, Mr. President, you are entirely right in not going. But, it is to be a great occasion, sir. It will become historic, like the opening of the Erie canal. That was before your time, Mr. President. All nations sent ships to New York harbor. What a fleet it was. At last the moment came to admit the waters. Just far enough apart to be seen, the one by the other, the guards were posted, each carrying a red flag. The signal comes; one stroke up, another down, of the flag—so! It takes four hours, Mr. President, to flash the glad tidings from Albany to Buffalo. And today it can be done in the twinkling of an eye. How times change, Mr. President! And a ship from the Mediterranean brought a barrel of water, holy water, I may say, from the River Jordan. It was emptied into the canal, to give religious significance, as it were. But the Sault Ste. Marie canal is greater, greater far. The mind cannot grasp the prodigious commercial value of the canal. The imagination fails. Steamers from Duluth will bring 40,000 people to see you, Mr. President—"

MR. PETER WHITE REDEEMS HIMSELF.

Thus did Peter White make the greatest oration of his life; quietly, with distinguished reserve, in the president's library. Oh, that silvery-tongued Peter White of Marquette! Deftly switching the conversation, Mr. Peter White began, quite naturally, to tell a few French-Canadian habitant stories. It was, as it were, the fine dessert, after the substantial dinner. Peter White has vanished, and in his stead there set, in the presidential mansion, the rough backswoodsman, Johnnie Courteau, in river boots, all studded with hob-nails, coarse, red woolen shirt, lumber-jack's knitted hood; lounging lazily before the president—and Johnnie Courteau's nasal twang, sometimes mellow, sometimes sharp, always absurd, caused the president's eyes to roll with delight.

On wan dark night on Lac Ste Pierre,
De win' she blow, blow, blow
An' de crew of de wood scow Julie Plante
Got scar't, an' run below:

For de win' she blow, lak hurricane,
Bimeby she blow some more
An' de scow bus up on Lac St. Pierre
Wan arpent from de shore.

PETER WHITE IN THE IRON HILLS.

Up in the north woods is Peter White's camp. William Henry Drummond, who dedicated his book, "Johnnie Courteau," to Peter White, always goes there in January, with other choice spirits, to get a shot at a deer. Here, Peter White renews his youth; becomes Peter White the *coureur de bois,* is no longer banker, millionaire or politician, but Peter White, backwoodsman. Pushing Time's clock backward fifty years, Peter White finds himself again a red-headed boy, just out of the half-breed Indian school, starting for the "iron hills," with his forty-pound pack. These are some of the tales told by the campfire:

"We were in possession of iron mountains west of the Jackson and were fighting mosquitoes by night, black flies by day. A. R. Harlow and Ed Clarke, of Worcester, Mass., led the party. At once we began clearing the site of the present city of Marquette. We called it Worcester, in honor of Mr. Harlow's native city.

"It was the year of cholera. The schooner *Fur Trader* came in with a sick man and another man dead. The report spread that it was cholera. There were about 100 Indians there at the time, and all of them got into their canoes and paddled away. Dr. Rogers told us it was not cholera, but ship-fever. Many of the settlers were taken, and in turn everybody had to act as a nurse. I was driving an ox-team, and hoped to get the cholera, thinking it would be a relief from the hard work. I had no such luck. My turn came to be a nurse. The doctor was taken down with the others, and I had to play doctor. I threw away the medicines and began bathing and rubbing the patients. My treatment was successful, but Dr. Rogers, who could not account for it, said: 'If I told the fool what to give, he'd surely have killed us all.'

"The first money I made was a job filling a boiler, by hand. It was an old locomotive boiler, and later was placed on the side-wheeler *Fogy.* I was offered fifty cents a day to bring water from the lake, in a pail. I forget how many thousand pails there were, but it took me three days, and they paid me $1.50. I then hired out as the engineer and fireman. At that time I knew nothing about machinery, and the wonder is that I did not blow up the whole camp."

PETER WHITE LOSES THE TRAIL.

"We were, you see, far from civilization. The Indian runner Jimmica used to make long trips on his snow-shoes, as *coureur de bois,* after the mail. I think they paid him $10 a trip. I remember a run I once made myself in the dead of winter, to Eagle River. Kelsey wouldn't let me go home till he had entertained me for two weeks. There was Dr. Clarke and John and George Senter, Bill Morrison and a man named Hill. They loaded me down with agates and specimens of silver ore, and to cap the climax made me pick out the best suit in Senter's store. I came away feeling very proud. Just as I was leaving the boys told me to take a farewell present, anything in the store, and I took two cans of cove oysters. I thought how delighted the folks at home would be to eat oysters. I started on snow-shoes, but at the Portage country got very sick with snow-shoe sickness, or what the French call *'mal de racket.'* I was laid up for three days and began again. I had to cover about sixteen miles to the mission. It was about twenty-two below, and I was following a blind trail. At last I saw some tracks and pretty soon I saw some more. They were just the size and shape of the tracks made by my own snow-shoes. I had been walking in circles all that day, and now the sun was going down and I didn't know where I was. I had a few matches, managed to find a dead cedar, which I set afire. I then cut some balsam boughs and dug a hole in the snow, which was five feet deep, and made my camp for the night. I thawed out the oysters and broke all the blades of my new congress knife trying to open the can. Next day I walked for a long time to find the trail, and along about three o'clock met an Indian who had been sent out to look for me. I tell you I was glad to reach home."

And these and scores of other adventures, in endless succession, filled Peter White's life in the early days. Then came a period of misfortune. The Jackson mining company "wen' bus' all to pieces," and enterprise languished in the iron hills.

PETER WHITE AND THE DOG SLED.

The winter closed without any provision for mail. The last letters and papers were received in October, and after that the settlers were lost in the deep snows until the late spring, when the service was resumed. Many had wives and children at other distant points, and naturally chafed under the idea that no news could be had till late in

the following spring. Peter White prepared his long sled like a toboggan, put on his snow-shoes, and hitching up his mongrel curs started through the snow-clad forests. The dogs made about four miles an hour. Occasionally the howling of wolves, near by, made the dog-team unmanageable. French-Canadian poetry is filled with many tales of Peter White with the dog-team.

De' neares, place for fetch de mail was over by Green Bay
A portage beeg an' purty tough for man built de wide way.
He got a sled an' four-five dog, an' tie heem up a pack
To carry mail to dat Green Bay, two honder mile an' back.
De dog is good for long portage wen not too full an' fat
Peter wuz mos' de wisest man, an' sure was on to dat
He start hee's dog ver' hungry close on de peep of day,
But carry meat in much plentee, to feed dem on de way.

Soon, along the route, over the mountais, Peter's dogs became a matter of talk; especially the women had much to say about the cruel way in which he starved his dogs.

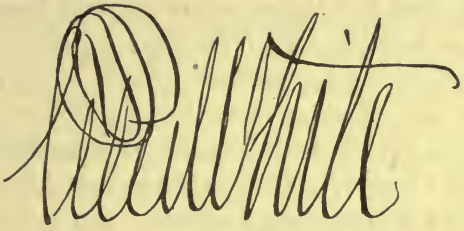
"She's bad man sure," de femme all say, "keep dog so poor an' raw
He starv' de dog wat pull de sleigh, "he hav' no strength to draw."
When he come back in week tree-four, dey scole heem back hee's face
De femme, she's hat heem yet; he wish he nevare see de place.

The scandal of the lean dogs spreads everywhere. The priest hears of it. Spring comes again, and Peter is sorting out mail in the postoffice. Napoleon Courteau is expecting a letter; none comes for him; he insists on having one, and Peter White hits him a blow in the eye. Then Courteau repeats the scandal about the dog sled and promises to make it warm for Peter White.

"I know bad ting 'bout you, by gar, you mee-ser-able hog
You run de dog sled mail, mai foi, you starve you starve de dog!
De femme hees know it all, yees sair; we know; de cure he know
An' I'm going to tell in one more day, our Uncle Sam, also,
You hav' no bienveillance, no heart, more as de log
You mos' baddes' man Marquette;—bad man, bah, what starve de dog."

SIGNS HIS OWN MONEY.

Peter White's signature is characteristic. F. E. Spinner and T. W. Olcott, two great national bankers, never wrote with the originality of Peter White. Olcott's signature looked like two goose eggs, Spinner's like a rail fence. White's name is the tallest, boldest, most striking. He has signed his name upon millions of bank bills. They tell many stories about the White signature. Recently in a New York hotel Mr. White, the modern Monte Cristo, wishing to settle his account, borrowed a pen from the clerk, and sticking his hand in the big inside pocket of his vest, brought out a handful of fresh greenbacks, to which he added his signature. "I have always the satisfaction of handling new money," said Peter White.



The following poem by Mr. Walter S. Russel on "Le Blanc's Signature" is here given.

Can mak' run on de State w'erever you pleas',
  Tak' bateau[1] for go pas' Marquette,
Kip going an' go till de bad place freeze,
  Go t'ousand mile an' kip go yet.
Ma frien' it's a fack, you will never fin',
  In book, de bes' of literature,
Any "sig," so beeg, for it fill ten lin',
    Bel[2] Pierre Le Blanc Grand Signature.

Don' mak' no matter on w'at page is writ',
  If you get on hees curve so swell,
Mos' evrywan t'ink it was clean out of sight,
  An he work it to beat de—well
About as mouche as un Banquier[3] dare;

[1] Boat.
[2] Handsome.
[3] Banker.

For dat "sig" is no p'tit miniature.
Oh it curl de blood, an it raise de hair,
Feroce[1] Pierre Le Blanc Grand Signature.

W'en un vrai[2] Banquier is mak' l'argent[3] lent,
You s'pose he go lef' discount slip,
An writ' dat beeg "sig" for less ten per cent,
Besid' hav' collat', in hees grip.
Not mouche, me dear frien', he tak grand beeg slice,
And he buy mahog' furniture.
Some tim' he even tak' de discount twice
Mauvais[4] Pierre Le Blanc Grand Signature.

Da't "sig" fool des Indian when he's still garcon,[5]
An' hees dog, dey was tryin' eat,
De shadow it cas' on de snow below,
For de flourish grand seem surely meet,
For such as un honnette homme[6] would ecrire,[7]
Or one at leas' w'it some culture
Instead of a courrier avec no fear,
Malin[8] Pierre Le Blanc Grand Signature.

Oh it's wide an' it's high and got plaintee dash,
If you see it on tail d'un draf',
Maybee' jus' as good and better d'an cash
For by gar' it mos' mak' me laf',
But now I tell you, an' I tell you encore,
Dat "sig" so lak' reg'lar French gesture
Is twice more better d'an fort jaune d' or[9]
Bon[10] Pierre Le Blanc Grand Signature.

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[1] Fierce.
[2] True.
[3] Gold.
[4] Bad.
[5] Boy.
[6] Honest Man.
[7] Shrewd.
[8] Write.
[9] Hard Yellow Gold.
[10] Good.

PETER WHITE AS A MYTH.

When a man becomes a myth he is a great man, indeed. Most men have to die to be canonized; not so Peter White. In writing about the real Peter White it is also necessary to write about a fabled Mr. White. The two are inseparable. The mythological Peter White is immortal. Some say he is already 400 years old. The real Peter White, hard-headed and shrewd, strongly resembles the late British statesman, Robert Arthur Cecil, Lord Salisbury. Peter White is a big man. Otherwise he never could become a myth. And the poor boy who once went to the half-breed Indian school on Mackinac Island has lived to become a regent of Michigan university. It shows the strain. He might have remained a backwoodsman, hard-riding, deep-drinking, like his companions; but he had a streak of ambition. He kept his eye on the main chance. Peter White saw the dregs of rough life in the pioneer country. The wonder is that he rose above his surroundings. White is, for a fact, a singular combination of the Chauncey M. Depew element of sociability and the Cecil Rhodes spirit of the pioneer and the empire-builder. No wonder fables are told about him. In the early days Frenchmen in the Upper Country believed no deed good unless Peter White's name appeared on it three times—as notary, again as register, and lastly as a witness. To the habitant Peter White can do anything; he entertains the ghost of Father Marquette, and the two talk over things. Peter White, the myth, is unique. Nor does the folk-lore overlook the Peter White punch, a concoction as powerful as the liquor offered by Henry Hudson's men to Rip Van Winkle. Peter White alone has the secret. It takes a week to make the punch. Pere Marquette once fell under the influence of this Peter White punch. Once tasted, he couldn't stop; the world spun around like a top; the shade of Pere Marquette had great difficulty in getting back to his canoe before cock-crow.

PETER WHITE AMONG FRIENDS.

Peter White, the social friend, is playing the role in which he will longest be remembered. At the dinner party he becomes a fashionable beau, an aristocrat among aristocrats. Such is the versatility of his genius—*coureur de bois* and epicurean devotee; backswoodsman and commercial voluptuary. Peter White is a welcome guest when the choicest wines of the French chateaux are served. Let us look for a last happy glimpse at Peter White, under the evening lamps, amidst jovial

company, the life of the dinner party. The clergy, men of the world, club chaps, find Peter White a congenial companion. Young and pretty belles adore Peter White, add to his social victories.

"James, the Peter White punch," says the host as the head waiter comes in with a silver bowl. The punch consists of slices of tropical fruits, swimming in Burgundy made smooth with Jamaica rum. By way of "a backbone," cognac has been added. While the glasses are uplifted, the host proposes:

"Peter White, the friend of Pere Marquette and hero of 400 years ago."

The Peter White punch is so smooth that even the old heads desire another bumper; and Peter White, amidst murmurs of delight, proceeds to recite the dialect verses, "The Cure of Calumette."

Perhaps some guest, in the following words of Moise St. Pierre presents Mr. White with some token of respect and esteem.

For sure mebba, I don' do right, to sen' pres'sen' to Petare W'ite,
Of co'rs' he's man I've heard good deal, but jus' de sam' I halways feel
Dat w'en you try to 'blige a man, 'tis bes' furs t'ing to onnerstan'
Wedder dat man weel welcom' you, een w'at you say or try to do.
An' so—but den, oh dear, L'enfant!—I of'en heard of Pierre Le Blanc;
He's kin' of man who'll halways greet de poores' purson h'on de street,
An' so ma frien', I don' feel frade, to spick wit dis beeg ace o' spade,
Nor h'am I farde he'll fin' eet hard, to tak' dis' token of regard
From wan who knows heem but een nam', but t'inks he's "W'ite man"
'jus de sam'.

So, Pierre Le Blanc, or Petare W'ite, for sure you'll geev me great delight,
Eef you'll accep' dis leetle cane, dis paper knif', wit nice h'oak grain,
An' las' of h'all, dis gavel, too, w'ich I 'av' mad' express for you.
Dey each wan formed—now, ain't dat queer—formed part of dat h'ole pioneer,
Dat steamed de lake—I jus' forget—I tink 'tween here an' h'ole Marquette,
For sure dat's honder year ago, you's here dat tam', so you mus' know;
For I' av heard, you're purty h'ole, tree honder years so I've been tole,
Excuse to me, for spick of h'age, dough dat's de garmin' of de sage,
An' wan I know you wear jus' right, for peop' h'all say dat, Petare W'ite.

H'am yours vera trula. MOISE ST. PIERRE.

MR. WHITE'S PUBLIC WORK.

We can not close this sketch of one of the greatest of Michigan's pioneers without reference to some of his services. One of the most beautiful edifices in Marquette is the chapel erected of brown stone, which adjoins St. Paul's cathedral. It was built by Peter White in memory of his son Morgan. This chapel which is known as the Morgan memorial chapel, has never been consecrated, as it is the wish of Peter White that it should be available at all times for the use of the guilds for entertainments, both musical and dramatic. Mr. White is an Episcopalian but he has assisted every church in Marquette. He was instrumental, too, in founding St. Luke's hospital.

In 1893 Peter White was appointed one of the World's Fair commissioners, and to his energy is due the extraordinary mining exhibit that Michigan made at the fair. Tons of metal were transported to the fair and there was reproduced out of the material strata showing the formation of the mineral deposits in the earth.

When the state of Wisconsin placed a marble statue to Father Marquette in the rotunda of the capitol at Washington, A. E. Archambeau, president of the St. Jean Baptiste society, suggested to Peter White that it would be fitting to have a bronze replica made for the city of Marquette. Mr. White heartily approved of it and undertook the labor of getting the necessary subscriptions. The statue was unveiled at Marquette, July 15, 1897, with appropriate ceremonies, Hon. Don M. Dickinson making the principal speech. Later Peter White put an oil painting of Don M. Dickinson in the court house of the county in the upper peninsula named after Mr. Dickinson.

As a member of the State Library Board of Commissioners Mr. White rendered such valuable and practical service that its influence is still felt in this important work of the State. Could his experience have been given to this department for a longer time, Michigan would have come very near to, if she did not lead all other states, in this greatest of educational work. Theory has little or no place in Mr. White's curriculum, but deeds which tell the story of practical, wise efforts, and the libraries scattered throughout the State, speak for his labor in this cause.

Since 1875, almost from its inception, Peter White has been closely connected with the State Pioneer and Historical Society. For years he has been an honored member of the historical committee, and several valuable articles from his busy pen have been printed in our col-

lections. To him the Society owes a great debt for his services, so quietly rendered, to secure the small appropriations given by the State whereby this work has been kept up even in such a modest and economical manner. We can not afford to loose such men, and none can possibly replace them. We would be glad to reckon his years by 400 to come, instead of the mythical 400 past.

The University of Michigan conferred the degree of LL. D. on him in 1900. He was elected a regent of the University in 1902. He has always been a very strong and influential factor in the cause of education, and in his own city has served in the humble capacity of a member of the school-board, longer than any other citizen of Michigan. Never having had the opportunities of a high-school education, he tried to furnish others chances for mental improvement, and started a public library in Marquette as early as 1872. This has grown until a fine structure, known as the Peter White library, was dedicated in September, 1904. In this building the citizens of Marquette have placed a marble bust of the founder. He has been a noted benefactor to the schools, giving a thousand dollars a year to the art department of the normal school, and in recognition of this fact one of the halls is named in his honor.

In 1899 he was appointed one of the Mackinac Island State Park Commission, and to his services and enthusiasm many of the improvements are due, almost transforming this beautiful spot.

To him more than to any other man can be attributed the successful celebration of the Soo canal anniversary spoken of in the beginning of this article.

But all the business and philanthropic triumphs he has achieved, the scores of friends proud to greet and welcome him all over the country, could not stay the great sorrow that came to him as the gate which swings on noiseless hinges closed years ago on the loss of his five children, and recently on the wife who made his the ideal home for so many years. She was the daughter of Dr. Morgan L. Hewitt who moved to Marquette in 1853. Their beautiful home, situated in one of the loveliest spots on the shores of Lake Superior, is now broken, and only a retreat for him.

A bronze statue of him has been proposed for his child, Presque Isle Park, and in the near future this tribute will no doubt be raised. In the meantime from all sides and from all classes come testimonials to his ability, his tact, his wonderful persistency and faithfulness, his many acts of beneficial charity, and public spirit which has brought him

into close touch with all the interests that have had for their aim the betterment of Michigan. Dr. H. C. Potter wrote that "Had there been no Peter White there would have been no upper peninsula." Dr. Drummond, of Montreal, gives this eulogy on his life-long friend: "Strong in his gentleness, wise in his simplicity, practical in his enthusiasm, pioneer in an age of pioneers, the man whom children on the street know only as Peter White, stands today, it seems to me, the very highest ideal of that civilization of which the American people are so proud. When such men build the foundations, easy it is to raise the superstructure, and the trail Peter White has cut through life is blessed by acts of private charity and deeds of public devotion that will serve as a guide to those who follow in the footsteps of a truly great, and above all, good man."

MEMORIES OF THE "SOO."

BY MRS. THOMAS D. GILBERT.[1]

The recent notice of the death of Edward Ohshawano of the "Old Sault," with a sketch of his life, taken from the Sault Ste. Marie News, in a recent issue of The Herald is deserving of more than passing notice His strange, sad life seems a fitting end of the modest dynasty of which he was the last, and his death breaks another link in history with the mysterious and most interesting race who were our predecessors in this fair land of Michigan.

Edward Ohshawano was a real and not a manufactured chieftain, being regularly descended from a line of chieftains, but he was a chief without a nation and without a country. He was one of the few of his race left in his native place.

When a boy, or perhaps a very young man, he with his brother, were for a time members of the boarding school of the Baptist mission of the Sault, placed there by his father, old Chief Shawano, a man of great natural intelligence and dignity of character, appreciating the white man's advantage in education, and who died so recently as to be still well remembered by very many of the present inhabitants. The old chief was the last who had any portion of the tribe to rule, and that, so small a portion as to make his rule hardly more than nominal.

[1] From the Grand Rapids Sunday Herald, Oct. 8, 1899.

But he was a man of influence among the few of his people and respected and treated with consideration by those paler faces who replaced his vanished subjects. I very well remember Edward Ohshawano as a bright and promising youth, capable, ambitious and proud, feeling his own capacity and his position as "crown prince;" but the circumstances of life were against him. "The man with the firewater" has had more to do with the vanishing of the Indians, than any seeming governmental injustice or the bullets of Indian fighting soldiers. That same man with the fire-water has been the most successful of all "missionaries to the Indians" in teaching them not only to vie with, but to excel their white brethren in the capacity of drink themselves to speedy and dishonorable death. The sister, Lizzie, became the wife of John Logan Chipman, well known in Michigan politics, who was therefore brother-in-law to Edward. A little incident connected with this marriage may not be out of place here, the parties to it being mostly gone. Lizzie lived with her parents in their romantic island home at the foot of the rapids of the St. Mary's river. Mr. Chipman, then a young man, was practicing law in the old town. He was bright and capable, but with not much there, to draw out his brilliant talents, and he, too, was struggling with the foe in the hands of "the man with the fire-water," and subject at times to great mental depression. One Saturday evening in the "long ago" he visited Lizzie and persuaded her to become his wife, and started out for a parson to perform the ceremony at once. He found the Methodist minister, who was, if I mistake not, the Rev. Mr. Pitezel, now an old man, if living, and a "superannuated" of the Michigan Methodist conference. Mr. Pitezel hesitated, trying to persuade him to change his purpose, thinking it would be a matter of life-long regret, but without avail. "I asked you to marry me, not to advise me, and if you will not, someone else will," he said. Seeing reasoning was useless, the clergyman performed the marriage ceremony, and Mr. Chipman for a while took up his abode with the old chief on Shawano's island. On Sunday evening there was a little underhand commotion among the group of young people and friends assembled at the chapel service in the Baptist mission, where Mr. Chipman and his comrades usually attended. A young West Point lieutenant, now a grave, retired general of the army, secretly passed a slip of paper among the members of the choir on which were written these words: "Chip has married the chief's daughter." After service there was a gathering together, and gossiping over the news, and much regret was expressed for his hasty action, but, to his credit be it said,

he stood by it loyally and honorably, showed his wife every courteous attention and interested himself greatly in the welfare of her family. It was undoubtedly to his efforts that Edward, the brother-in-law, owed his educational opportunities and his ambition to rise, which, but for his misfortune, might have made him a unique figure in Indian history.

Old Chief Shawano lived to an honorable and respected old age. In an article prepared for another occasion is the following description of a visit to his romantic home a few years ago by some well-known Grand Rapids people:

At the foot of the rapids, near the American shore, but still in the swirl and foam of the falls, is a small island covered with green of balsams and cedars. It stands like an emerald in a setting of white; nothing could be more picturesque. Above, and at one side, a magnificent background, rises the river higher and higher, the water quickly descending, a great slope of rushing, tumbling, dashing white foam, emblem of intensest life. Below, the deep blue of the broad river, settling into calm after its wild frolic, moving majestically on. At the other side of the great ship-canals, emblem of man's power and force. On this romantic spot, when the Indians were removed from the reservation on "The Pointe," old Chief Shawano, the last of the petty chieftains of that region, built a home. It was not a palace, but it was comfortable. He kept a birch-bark canoe to bridge the narrow channel between the island and the shore. Shawano was a man of medium height, with a fine, intelligent face, a grand "Websterian head" with a shock of iron-gray hair. His manner was courtly, his speech grave and dignified, with a tinge of sadness. Here, with his old wife, he lived for years, and here, I presume, he died.

One lovely summer evening, just before sunset, a party of guests at the quaint, old-time hotel set out for a call on old Chief Shawano. There were ohs! and ahs! and little feminine shrieks as the uninitiated stepped into the swaying, tipping canoe in the swirling water, but the dark hand guiding it was steady and sure. The old gentleman received his guests with courteous hospitality. One of the party the chief had known as a child, who, familiar with his language, acted as interpreter for the rest. He was glad to see her and to meet her friends, spoke feelingly of the time long past when he knew her father and mother, of the school, the religious services at her father's "mission," especially the singing there, of which he was very fond, mentioning some of the hymns, and occasionally using an English word. Someone asked if he would not like to hear again one of the old hymns in his

own tongue. Assenting, the song began, when instantly the old chief removed his hat, reverently bowed his head and stood in impressive silence while the hymn was sung. It was another rendering of Millet's "Angelus," and the eyes of more than one in the group were suspiciously moist. Bidding them farewell, he still stood with bared head as they went down the narrow path through the sweet scented firs and cedars to the bank. Turning for a last look, no one of that party will ever forget the picture presented to view.

The sun was setting in brilliant hues right into the high background of white foaming waters; the sunset sky was rarely beautiful even for that country of lovely sunsets; the green island amid the boiling waves, the winding path leading up to the little house, and there in the sunlight, the "grand old man" with the Websterian head and iron-grey hair, hat in hand, kingly in manner, waving his last farewell.

What were his thoughts Were these his guests, his friends or his foes? Was he glad that he stood there in the sunset of his life and of his race? And was there a crown for that noble head waiting in the "happy hunting grounds" beyond the glowing sunset?

Edward Ohshawano was buried in the new Riverside cemetery of the city of Sault Ste. Marie among his pale-faced contemporaries; but near the spot where his father lived so long, and through which the great ship channels were built, was the Indian burying-ground where were laid the remains of his dark-faced ancestors. The first shaft of the first canal, was sunk right down through their bones, to the great distress of the surviving Indians, to whom this spot had been reserved forever by treaty with the government. Another chief, Shegud, a man of noble presence, of unusually intelligent mind, of great oratorical power, eloquent, impassioned in speech, on that sorrowful day when he saw the first shaft sunk, went to the missionary, who was also his pastor, and in never to be forgotten words expressing his deep feeling, asked if Mr. Bingham would go with him to the "great father at Washington" to remonstrate against the desecration, and claimed fulfillment of government promise. The matter was thoroughly discussed, and unjust as it seemed, it was decided, protest was useless. The car of progress like the car of Juggernaut, does not pause or turn aside in its relentless march, lest dead men's bones be crushed, or living hearts be broken. The saddest face I ever saw, was the dark face of that native nobleman as he yielded to the inevitable.

With the mention of these names, characters and scenes of this ancient city by the great waterway, are recalled many others, whose writ-

ten lives would read like the masterpieces of fiction, and whose curious histories should not be allowed to be lost in the dim, hushed past.

It is said that with the passing away of every human life, is irrecoverably lost some portion of important or interesting history. No one having any imagination or any depth of feeling, can wander through any old cemetery without "reading between the lines" on the old tombstones, and without the thought that could the quiet sleepers arise and tell the real story of their lives it would prove anew, "Truth is stranger than fiction." Even if thus many wrongs might be righted, it is best that the "seal of silence" is fast set upon the grave.

In the old town of Sault Ste. Marie there was a burial place first used probably over two centuries ago by the early French Jesuit missionaries, explorers and fur-traders who penetrated this then wild region, inhabited only by numerous wandering tribes of savage Indians at war with each other. It was directly on the bank of the noble river, shaded by magnificent forest trees. It has been obliterated well on toward a century, levelled and built over as far back perhaps as the memory of the present "oldest inhabitant," its locality and existence almost forgotten. A most interesting relic found not long ago in an excavation there is a little crucifix made in France, exquisitely wrought in iron or silver, much discolored but otherwise perfect, buried who knows when with some faithful French priest of the Roman Catholic church.

How quietly the sleepers have lain there on the bank of the river, unmindful of the changes passing by—summer and winter; the swift flowing water, and the solid ice; the wild war-whoops of savages in fierce, deadly combat, and the planting of the cross and intoning of chants of the Christian church; birch canoes flying past with quick sharp strokes of the paddle, accompanied by shouts yells and weird songs inspiriting enough to send the light canoe over the waters without hands; batteaux of the fur-traders from Montreal and Quebec with their *voyageurs* keeping time to their oars with their quaint Canadian boat songs; the patient gliding of sail vessels with their modest freights; the little high-pressure steamboat puffing its way up in great importance at stated periods; the larger steamers in occasional trips with their loads of tourists, until in the march of civilization the birch-canoe with its paddle, the batteaux with their *voyageurs* have given place to floating palaces and immense "whalebacks" carrying rich cargoes—and still, the "fathers" sleep on by the river side while the modern world rushes past unmindful, too, of them.

Three burial places were in use during the past century, one by the conglomerate citizens of the town, one by the military when Fort Brady was established, and one by the Indians on the point of land jutting into the rapids. The first two have been removed to the same range of hills south of the city to which Fort Brady has been removed more recently. It was in these old cemeteries that I wandered with my childhood companions, reading and hearing the inscribed and uninscribed histories of the sleepers lying there.

In the military grounds civilians were sometimes buried. On the most imposing marble there, was a long elaborate inscription; name, John Johnstone;[1] age, eighty; native land, Ireland; rank, noble. By his side the wife of his youth and age, a princess of the Ojibway tribe of North American Indians. About this couple hovers romance enough for the wildest fancy, and a mine of wealth for the "founded on fact" novelist. Far separated as were the places of their birth, they were connected by a wonderful waterway, a chain of unequal but unbroken links. Lake Superior, St. Mary's river, Lake Huron, St. Clair river, Lake St. Clair, Detroit river, Lake Erie, Niagara river, Lake Ontario, St. Lawrence river, Gulf of St. Lawrence and the broad Atlantic.

Somewhere about one hundred and twenty-five years ago (1792), John Johnstone, a young Irishman of rank and fortune, left his home for the wilds of North America. There is a story extant of fraternal treachery and scheming to get him away never to return for the brother's advantage in place and power. However that may be, Cupid called him, though he knew it not. Brave little Cupid! Beside the Indian maiden in her forest home he had bent his bow and sent his arrow straight to its mark in the heart of the young noble far away in the Emerald Isle. There is yet in the family an elegant gold watch brought by John Johnstone when he left home, and closely fitted into the inner case is still the bit of fine tissue paper, skillfully cut into hearts and doves and cupids, placed there by the "girl he left behind him," as was the custom then for gentle maidens to do.

Mr. Johnstone's business in America was with the Hudson Bay Fur company. He landed in Canada and took the birch canoe and paddle line to the far interior, where the royal dusky maiden unconsciously awaited his coming. They met, and loved, and married, "Indian fashion," rearing a large family of sons and daughters.

Retiring finally from active business, Mr. Johnstone settled at the Sault de Ste. Marie and built a large house near the site of the old

[1] For portraits of the Johnstone family see Vol. 32, p. 305. Mrs. Gilbert spells this name Johnstone; Schoolcraft and other authorities give it Johnston.

cemetery on the river bank, and just below where old Fort Brady was built later on. The house was elegant for its time, and has become historic. The modern purchaser encased it with clapboards to preserve the original, and in alteration for his own occupancy left it as nearly as possible of the old design—the large parlor and dining-room in the center, at the east end a large kitchen, at the west end and in the rear the sleeping rooms.

In the "Tale of Two Cities"[1] written 1899 for the "Pioneers" is this description: "A long, low, well built log-house in a beautiful old-fashioned garden, roses in perfection, lilacs, sweet-williams, bachelor-buttons, marigolds and other flowers of long ago grew luxuriantly in front, while back of the house was a kitchen-garden, where long rows of currant bushes hung full of rich-colored fruit, the taste of which lingers in memory yet. Here had gathered from away back many notable people, and here was kept up all possible of the state and ceremony of a noble house of Ireland; the presiding genius a dignified and stately woman, daughter of a noted Ojibway chief. The sons and daughters of the house were sent away to school, but trained at home to the strict conventionalities of the social life in which their father was reared. Some were sent to Ireland to be educated. On the great sideboard in the dining-room were arranged many pieces of solid silver service brought from Ireland, and always exactly in the same places. On the walls were old portraits, and about the rooms many foreign articles, exciting in our childish minds great wonder and admiration."

Of the daughters one married Henry R. Schoolcraft, Indian agent for the government, once known in that "upper country" as "Uncle Sam's pet," who lived in Washington many years. It was Schoolcraft's book on the Indians from which the poet Longfellow drew for information in "Hiawatha," in which Longfellow's absolutely correct use of the Indian words is very remarkable. Another sister married a brother, James Schoolcraft, a very handsome man, and she a very handsome and elegant woman. When a child I used to think that if ever I grew up and could sweep the train of my gown in the same grand fashion Mrs. James Schoolcraft did as she walked with stately tread up the aisle of the little mission chapel, life would be worth living. She wore mostly black, brightened with rich red, as most becoming to her fine brunette complexion and the rich red of her cheek. It was her husband's murder at the old homestead which gave the town its great tragedy of July 6, 1846, called the "Tanner summer." He had spent

[1] Published in Vol. 29, p. 322.

Saturday, the "glorious Fourth," with a gay party of friends in Canada at the Hudson Bay company's station, of whom Major Julius Kingsbury, in command at Fort Brady, was one. The daughter of Major Kingsbury was the first wife of General Simon Bolliver Buckner, late candidate for vice-president on the gold democrat ticket. They stayed late and both had rested until Monday afternoon, when Mr. Schoolcraft went for a walk in the above mentioned garden, going on a little into the near woods, when he was shot through the heart from the ambush of a near tree and fell forward dead. That is a long tale by itself, with a mystery still unsolved. Mrs. Schoolcraft's children had complexions as fair and veins as blue as though no drop of Indian blood coursed through them.

Another sister, also an elegant and charming woman, married the Rev. William McMurray of the Episcopal church, afterward a long and well-known bishop of Canada. When the Rev. Abel Bingham first went to the Sault as missionary to both whites and Indians, Mrs. McMurray sat by his side in the Sabbath afternoon service and interpreted his sermon into the musical phrases of her mother tongue, and he always retained for her a most tender regard. It was a granddaughter of Mrs. McMurray, living in St. Louis, who not long ago married Farrer Cobb, son of the Rev. Sanford H. Cobb, recently of this city.

The eldest sister, "Miss Eliza," never married, and was the most picturesque of this famous family. She delighted in her lineage, kept a maid, a young Indian girl named Equa-zhan-shis, who followed her everywhere at a stated, respectful distance, and was as picturesque and familiar a figure as her mistress.

In winter "Miss Eliza" wore a long blue pellise, or cloak with wing-like capes, a square of plaited folds at the back trimmed with black velvet; a copper-colored satin bonnet with round, high crown and broad front; a long green barege veil tied over the front with a ribbon, always drawn to one side, and held back by her right arm. In summer she wore a "blue-black silk" gown, a bonnet with a heavily embroidered black lace veil, drawn over the face and reaching nearly to the feet, or a large green silk calash made like the top of a covered buggy, with rattan cords shirred in, to fold up or let down, managed by a ribbon attached to one side. In Quebec there is a carriage called calash in common use. Whether the carriage gave the name to the bonnet or the bonnet to the carriage, I cannot say.

"Miss Eliza" never changed her style of dress. In season she always carried a sprig of sweet-scented green, like eglantine, or a fragrant bud

or blossom, which she twirled in one hand, while with the other she carried a blue-beaded bag. Exacting due consideration, she was kindness itself; and when left alone in the great homestead it was a great resort for "us children," who were fascinated with its air of state, the wonderful stories told with her own peculiar language, intonation and pride, and the sponge cake no one else could make so deliciously delicate as she. They were all famous cooks.

The last time I saw her she lay on her bed waiting for death—eighty years old—home, family, fortune gone. Dear "Miss Eliza!" After these many years she stands out a clear cut, unique memory of a happy childhood.

Mrs. Johnstone, the Indian mother, was a strong character and of great influence with her people. She it was who discovered, and by skillful maneuver prevented, the intended massacre of the government party at the time of the treaty with General Cass when he purchased the land for the government. Uneducated in books, reared among a savage people in the wilds of forest life, she possessed that innate dignity, intelligence, self-respect and courage which "rises to occasion," superior to circumstance.

She wonderfully adapted herself to her strange position; was the head of the household, loved by her family, meeting on equal terms guests of the house from palace or wigwam.

I have described these women in detail because they were fine types of a class that has vanished. What is said of them may be said with equal truth of many other dames similarly situated at the old Sault de Ste. Marie. The "grand dames" and lovely "daughters" of America have not all been fair of face or descended from Pilgrim or Puritan.

Of the sons, George Johnstone was a very well educated man, conventional and very ceremonious in manner, uniting in himself very noticeably, the studied manners of his "rank" in both nations, the Irish and the Indian. He frequently held government positions and was for several years stationed by the government on Traverse bay, somewhere near what is now called Old Mission. He was a great reader and gave his brother-in-law, Henry R. Schoolcraft, valuable assistance in researches among the Indians in compiling his books. In Schoolcraft's "Characteristics of the Red Race of America" will be found a chapter by him. His first wife was an Indian woman, who left two sons and a daughter, one a fine looking girl. For his second wife he married Miss Mary Rice of Boston, Mass., a member of the Baptist mission. She was a very bright, capable, energetic woman, holding up the failing for-

tunes of the family as long as she lived. Her three sons, Ben, Jamie and Sam, all died in the army I think, during the Civil war. Her daughter, "Miss Eliza" the second, the only one left, lives with her mother's relatives in Boston. The last and youngest of the original family, John Johnstone, Jr., died only a few years ago, a fine looking, venerable man of three score and ten, whose life, so strangely blended and mingled with varying conditions, gave him an endless fund of wonderfully interesting stories. He was educated at a school in New York state, I think in Fredonia, and for a long time acted as interpreter for the Rev. Abel Bingham at the mission.

With both of these men have died much of great interest to the student of early Michigan history and Indian lore. That generation has about all passed away. A very few remain who can from natural intelligence, education and personal experience, give reliable and interesting information concerning the curious conditions of this frontier country, or do its more curious people justice, during the earlier years of the century now so near its end.

One man, not very old, still lives on Sugar Island, near the Sault, whose life has been an eventful one. Many years ago the Rev. Abel Bingham, in one of his trips with snowshoes and dog trains to the winter camps of the Indians, went to Gouley's bay, on the north shore. He found that dreaded scourge, smallpox, raging in the little colony, which had nearly depopulated the settlement. Whole families had been swept away, and many dying. One little Indian boy of four years had pluckily lived it through, his face a mass of scars, while his whole family had died, leaving him with hardly a relative in the world. He had no clothing but rags, and nowhere to go. Mr. Bingham begged a man's old coat, in which he wrapped the naked little body, tucked him up in the blankets and furs of his toboggan and took him home to the mission-house. Here he was put into a tub and scrubbed, his head close shaved, the old coat burned, and "Little Moses," newly clothed, stood out with his twinkling black eyes, his round, laughing face, well started on the road in his new life. "Little Moses" will never be forgotten by those who knew him. He was uncommonly bright; in school he learned easily, was capable in almost every way, and with a bit of quick, fiery temper which sometimes brought him into trouble. He lived to young manhood at the mission, and then went forth to shift for himself, being abundantly able to earn his own living. For many years he carried the United States mails in winter over the snows and ice, having many strange experiences and narrow escapes, sometimes going along

through the dense wild forests. During the Civil war he enlisted in the army and fought bravely for the Union. It was said his courage not only never failed, but was an inspiration to others, and that he made an uncommonly fine soldier. Moses Greenbird, the "veteran," has his own little home and receives a modest pension from the government. The scars on his still expressive face have faded with the years, and his life is not all romance, but "Moses" will walk many miles through any stress of weather to look once more upon the face of any of the mission family who may wander northward to the childhood home.

Mrs. Dr. J. C. Buchanan returned a short time ago from a hasty visit to the "Old Sault." Edward Ohshawano and Moses Greenbird, hearing she was there, came many miles to see her and to grasp her hand; indeed, could hardly lose sight of her during her short stay. It was less than a fortnight before Edward's death, and he was apparently well. He was elegantly dressed and very gentlemanly in manner. "Moses" was "Moses" still, and his warm heart showed in his still twinkling eyes.

John Gurnoe and wife, who celebrated their golden wedding a few weeks ago; William Shaw and wife, old residents, and Lewis Cadotte and some few others of the French and Indians of olden time, still live as connecting links between the modern "Soo" and the old Sault de Ste. Marie; but soon these, too, will reach the boundary line and "pass on," and the old familiar names will belong only to unfamiliar people, modern, like the city, and the curious past will be "A tale that is told."

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